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A SINGULAR LIFE.

IV.

It is manifestly as unfair to judge of a place by its March as to judge a man's disposition by the hour before dinner. As the coldest exteriors may conceal the warmest loves, so the repelling Cesarean winter holds in store one of the most alluring summers known to inland New England. The grass is riper, the flowers richer, the ranks of elms are statelier, the skies are gentler, and the people happier than could be expected of Cesarean theology. Nay, theology itself unbends in April, softens in May, warms in June, and grows sunny and human by the time the students are graduated and turned loose upon the world, — a world which is, on the whole, so patient with their inexperience, and so ready to accept as spiritual leaders men whose own life's lessons are yet to be learned, and whose own views of the great mysteries which they dare to interpret are so much more assured than they will be ten years later.

Emanuel Bayard and Helen Carruth walked together beneath the ancient trees that formed the great cross upon the Seminary green.

The snow-professor was melted out of existence; head of ice and lecture of sleet had vanished months before. Dandelions glittered in the long grass. Sparrows built nests under the awful chapel eaves. It was moonlight and warm, — a June night, — and the elms cast traceries of fine shadows, like a net, about the feet of the young people; they seemed

to become entangled in the meshes, as they strolled up and down, and to and fro, after the simple fashion of the town; which pays no more attention to a couple sauntering in broad day, or broad moonlight, in the sight of gods and men, across the Seminary "yard," than it does to the sparrows in the chapel eaves.

They were not lovers, these two; hardly friends, at least in the name of the thing; she was not an accessible girl, and he was a preoccupied man. A certain comfortable acquaintance, such as grows without drama in the quiet society of university towns, had brought them together, as chance led, without distinct volition on the part of either. He would graduate in three days. He had called to say good-by to the Professor's family, and had taken Miss Helen out to see the shadows on the cross where the paths met, — the mild and accepted form of dissipation in Cesarea, for Professors' daughters. They walked without agitation, and talked without sentiment. Truth to tell, their talk was serious above their years, and beyond their relation.

The fact was that Emanuel Bayard had, that spring, with difficulty received his license to preach. There was a flaw in his theology. The circumstance was momentous to him. His uncle, for one thing, had been profoundly displeased; had rebuked, remonstrated, and commanded; had indeed gone so far as to offend his nephew with threats of a nature which the young man did not divulge to Miss Carruth, for his natural reserve

was deep. She had noticed that he did not confide in her as readily as the other students she had known. But he had told her enough. The Professor's daughter, too well used to the ecclesiastical machinery and ferment of the day, was as familiar with its phases and phrases as other girls are with the steps of a cotillion or the matrimonial chances of a watering-place. She knew quite well the tremendous importance of what had happened.

"I understand," she said in her deep, rich, almost boyish voice, "I understand it all perfectly. You would n't say you did, when you did n't."

"How *could* I?" interrupted Bayard.

"You could n't, and so they stirred up that fuss. You were more honest than the other fellows; and you were punished for it."

"You are good to put it in that way, but what right have I to take it in that way?" urged Bayard wistfully. "The other fellows are just as good men as I; better, most of them. Fenton passed all right, and the rest. I don't feel inclined to parade my ecclesiastical honesty and set myself above them, — in my own mind, I mean. I have dropped below them in everybody else's; of course I know that."

"Whom do you mean by everybody else?" demanded Helen quickly. "Your uncle, Mr. Hermon Worcester? The Trustees? The Faculty? And those old men on the Council? Oh, I know them! Have n't I dined and breakfasted on Councils and Faculties ever since we came here? Have n't I eaten and drunken and breathed Trustees and doctrines, and what is sound and what is n't, and — Don't you tell, but I *never* was afraid of a Trustee in my life, — never! I don't know another soul in Cesarea who is n't, — not even my father. When I was a little girl, I used to ruffle up their beaver hats the wrong way, out in the hall, so they would look dissipated when they went over to the chapel. Then I hid

behind the door to see. But I never told of it — before. You won't tell your uncle, will you? I hid a kitten in his hat, once, and when he came out of the study the hat was walking all over the hall floor, without visible means of locomotion."

Bayard laughed, as she had meant he should. The tense expression of his face relaxed; she watched him narrowly.

"Come," she said in a changed tone, "take me home, please. The house is full of Anniversary company. I ought to be there."

He turned at her command, and took her towards her father's house. They walked in silence down the long Seminary path. She was dressed in light muslin with a violet on it, and wore ribbons that matched the violet. She had a square of white lace thrown over her bright hair. The meshes of the tracery from the elm-trees fell thickly under her quick tread. At the stone posts which guarded the great lawns she hesitated; then set her feet resolutely out from the delicate net into the bright spaces of the open road.

"Mr. Bayard," she said in her clear voice, "you *are* an honest man. It is better to be that than to be a minister."

"If one cannot be both," amended Bayard. "But to start in like this, with a slur attached to one's name at the beginning, — I don't suppose you understand how it dooms a fellow, Miss Caruth. Its equivalent would be almost enough to disbar a man in law, or to ruin him in medicine."

"I understand the whole miserable subject!" cried Helen hotly. "I am sick to my soul of it! I wish" — She checked herself. "Let me see," she added more calmly. "What was it they tormented you about? Eternal punishment?"

"I managed to escape on that," said Bayard. "I don't know anything about it, and I said so. I think, myself, there is a good deal of cheap talk afloat on that subject. Our newspapers and novels

are full of it. It is about the only difficult doctrine in theology that outsiders understand the relations of ; so they stick on that, and make the most of it. It is an easy way of making the Christian religion intolerable — if one wants to. My difficulty was rather with — I see you know something of our technical terms — with what we call verbal inspiration.”

“Oh yes.” Helen nodded. “Whether ‘The Lord will have war with Amalek from generation to generation’ was inspired by Almighty God ; or Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, — Reuben, Gad, and Asher, and Zebulun, Dan, and Naphtali, and all that. I know. . . . Inspired moonshine ! I am a little bit of a heretic myself, Mr. Bayard ; but I ’m not — I ’m not as honest as you ; I ’m not pious, either.”

“I hope you don’t think *I am pious!*” began Bayard resentfully.

But she laughed sweetly in his frowning face. They stood at her father’s high stone steps. The Anniversary company were chatting in the parlors.

“Good-night,” she said in a lower tone ; and then more gently, “And good-by.”

Bayard started slightly at the word ; turned as if he would have said something, but said it not. He took her hand in silence ; then perceived that she had withdrawn it suddenly, coldly, it seemed, and had vanished from him up the steps of stone.

He walked back to Galilee Hall slowly. His bent eyes traced the net of shadows around his reluctant feet. What was that ? Inspired moonshine ? Inspired moonshine ! He lifted his face and looked abroad on Cesarea Hill.

His head was heavy, and his heart throbbed. Perhaps at that moment, if he had been asked which was the greater mystery, God or woman, this honest man could not have answered.

With sudden hunger for solitude, he went to his room. But it was full of fellow-students. Fenton was there, and

Tompkinton, Jaynes, Bent, and Holt, and the middler. They received him noisily, and he sat down among them. They related the stories current in denominational circles, — ecclesiastical jokes and rumors of sectarian conflicts ; they interchanged gossip about who was called where, and what churches were said to lack supplies, the figures of salaries, the statistics of revivals, and the prospects of settlement open to the senior class.

Bayard listened silently. His heart was not with them, nor in their talk. Yet he criticised himself for criticising them. Besides, *he* had received no call to settle anywhere.

Almost alone among the intellectual men of his class, he found himself, at the end of his preparatory education, undesired and unsummoned by the churches to fill a pulpit of them all.

He had done his share, like the rest, of that preliminary preaching which decides the future of a man in his profession ; but he stood, on the eve of his graduation, among his mates, marked and quivering, this sensitive fellow, that most miserable of all educated, restless, and wretched young men with whom our land abounds, “a minister without a call.”

He had said nothing to Helen Caruth about this. A man does not tell a woman such things until he has to.

Something in his face struck the students quiet after a while, and they dropped away from the room. His friend Fenton made the move.

“It is said,” he whispered to Tompkinton, as they clattered down the dusty stairs of Galilee Hall, “that his trouble with that New Hampshire Council has followed him. It is reported that his license did not come easily. It has got abroad that he is not sound. Nothing could be more unfortunate — or more unnecessary,” added Fenton in his too cheerful voice. There had been no doubt of *his* theology. *He* had received three calls. As yet he had accepted none.

He expected to be married in the fall, and looked for a larger salary.

Suddenly he stopped and clapped his hands to his head.

"Bayard!" he called loudly. "Bayard, come to the window a minute!"

The outline of Bayard's fine head appeared faintly in the third-story window, against the background of his unlighted room. The moon was so bright that his face seemed to be a white flame, as he looked down on his classmates from that height.

"I brought up your mail," said Fenton, "and forgot to tell you. You'll find a letter lying on your table behind the third volume of Dean Alford. You keep your room so dark I was afraid you might n't see it."

Bayard thanked him, and groped for the letter; but he did not light the lamp to read it; he sat on in the moonlit room, alone and still. His heart was hot within him as he remembered how the students talked. That vision which sets a man apart from his fellows, and thus makes him miserable or blessed, or both, beckoned to him with distant, shining finger. His face fell into his hands. Great God! what did it mean to take upon one's self that sacred Name in which a Christian preacher stands before his fellow-men? What had common pettiness or envy, narrow fear or little weakness, to do with the soul of a teacher of holiness? How easy to quibble and evade, and fall into rank! How hard to stand apart, to look the cannon in the eye, alone!

It is not easy for men of the world, of ordinary business, pleasure, politics, and those professions whose standards are pliable, to understand the noble civil war between the nature and the position of a man like Bayard; and yet it might be worth while to try.

There is something so much higher and more delicate than our own common standards of ethics that it is refining to respect, even if we fail to comprehend,

the struggles of a man who aspires to the possession of perfect spiritual honor.

Bayard had not moved nor lifted his face from his hands, when a step which he recognized heavily struck and slowly mounted the lower flight of the old stairs of Galilee Hall. It was his uncle, Trustee of Cesarea Seminary and of the faith of its founders, returning from the home of the Professor of Hebrew, where he had been entertained during Anniversary week.

Bayard sighed, and groped for a match. This interview could not be evaded, but he winced away from it in every nerve. It is easier to face the obloquy of the world than the frown of the man or woman who has brought us up.

Hermon Worcester was bitterly mortified that Emanuel had received no "call." He had not said so yet, but his nephew knew that this well-bred reserve had reached its last breath. As Bayard struck the light, he perceived the forgotten letter in his hand, and, perhaps thinking to defer a painful scene for a moment, said, "Your pardon, Uncle," and tore the envelope. The letter contained a formal and unanimous call, from the committee of the seaside parish whose vacant pulpit he had been supplying for six weeks, to become their pastor.

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"Helen! Helen!"

The mild, cultivated whine of the Professor's wife complained through the hot house.

Helen ran in dutiful response. It was late, and the Anniversary guests had scattered to their rooms. The girl was partly undressed for the night, and stood in her doorway gathering her cashmere wrapper about her tall, rich form. Mrs. Carruth looked through the half-open door of her own room.

"I cannot get your father out of his study, Helen," she urged plaintively. "He has one of his headaches at the

base of the brain — and those extra Faculty meetings before him this week, with all the rest. Do go down and see if you can't send him up to bed."

Helen buttoned her white gown to the throat, and ran softly downstairs to the study. The Professor of Theology sat at his study table with a knot between his eyes. A pile of catalogues lay before him; he was jotting down statistics with his gold pencil on old-fashioned foolscap paper. He pushed the paper aside when he saw his daughter, and held out his hand to her, smiling. She went straight to him as if she had been a little girl, and knelt beside him, crossing her hands on his knee. He put his arm around her; his stern face relaxed.

"You are to put the entire system of Orthodox theology away and come to bed, Papa," she said, with her sweet impiousness. "Mother says you have a headache at the base of something. It is pretty late — and it worries her. What are you doing? Counting theologues? Counting theologues! At your time of life! As if you could n't find anything better to do! What is this?" She caught up a stray slip of paper. "'Deaf — deaf as an adder: 10. Blind — stone-blind: 6.' What in the name of — Anniversary week does *that* mean?"

"That is a personal memorandum," replied the Professor, flushing. "Tear it up, Helen."

"I know," said Helen, nodding. "It's a private classification of theologues. Which does it catalogue, their theology or their intellects? Come, Papa!"

"I'll never tell you!" laughed the Professor, shutting his thin, scholarly lips. And he never did. But the laugh had gained the point, as she intended. He took his German student lamp and started upstairs. Helen walked through the long, dim hall with her two hands clasped lovingly upon his arm.

"I *am* bothered," admitted the Professor, stopping at the foot of the stairs, "about one of my boys. He is rather a

favorite with me. There is n't a finer intellect in the senior class."

"But how about his Christianity, Father?" asked the girl mischievously.

"His *Christianity* is all right, so far as I know," admitted the Professor slowly. "It is his theology that is the hitch. He is n't sound. He has received no call."

"Do I know him?" asked Helen in a different tone.

The Professor of Theology turned, and held his German student lamp at arm's length above his daughter's face, which he scanned in silence before he said: —

"I am not prepared to answer that question, Helen. Whether you know him I can't say; I really cannot say whether you know him or not. I'm not sure whether I do, myself. But I am much annoyed about the matter. It is a misfortune to the Seminary, and a mortification to the young man."

He kissed his daughter tenderly, and went upstairs with the weary tread of a professional man at the end of a long day's work.

Helen went to her own room and shut the door. But she did not light the candles. She sat down at her open window, in the hot night wind. She leaned her cheek against her bare arm, from which the loose sleeve fell away. The elms were in such rich leaf that she could see the Seminary buildings only in broken outline now. But there was wind enough to lift and toss the branches, and through one of the rifts in the green wall she noticed that a light was burning in the third-story northwest corner of Galilee Hall.

It was past midnight before she went to bed. As she closed her blinds, for the first time in her life the Professor's daughter did deliberately, and of self-acknowledged intention, stoop to take a look at the window of a student.

"His light is still burning," she thought. "What can be the matter?"

Then she flushed red with a beautiful self-rebuke, and fled to her white pillow.

Night deepened into perfect silence on Cesarea Hill. The last light in Galilee Hall went out. The moon rode on till morning. In the deserted green the clear-cut paths shone wide and long, and the great white cross lay as if nailed to its place, all night, between the Seminary and the Professor's house.

V.

"Goshamighty, stand off there! Who in — are *you*?"

This candid remark was addressed by a fisherman in blue flannel shirt-sleeves to a gentleman in afternoon dress. It was in the month of September, and the fleets were busy in and off the harbor of the fishing-town. The autumn trips were well under sail, and the docks and streets of Windover buzzed and reeled with crews just anchored or about to weigh. At the juncture of the principal business avenue of the town with its principal nautical street — from a date passing the memory of living citizens irreverently named Angel Alley — a fight was in brisk progress. This was so common an incident in that part of the town that the residents had paid little attention to it. But the stranger, being a stranger, had paused and asked for a policeman.

The bystanders stared.

"There ain't none nigher 'n the station," replied a girl who was watching the fight with evident relish. She wore a pert sailor hat of soiled white straw, set on one side of her head, and carried her hands in the pockets of a crumpled tan-colored rcefer. Her eyes were handsome and bold. The crowd jostled her freely, which did not seem to trouble her. "There's a fellow just arrested," she explained cheerfully, "for smashing his wife with a coal hod; they're busy with him down to the station. He fit all the way over. It took four cops to hold him.

Most the folks are gone over there to see the other game. 'This fun here won't be spoiled just yet awhile."

Something in the expression with which the gentleman regarded her attracted the girl's attention. She took her hands out of her pockets, and scanned him with a dull surprise; then, with a motion which one could not call abashed, but which fell short of her previous ease of manner, she turned her back and walked a little away towards the edge of the crowd.

The fight was at its hottest. Two men, an Italian laborer and an American fisherman, were somewhat seriously belaboring each other, to their own undisguised satisfaction and the acclamation of the bystanders. Both were evidently more or less drunk. An open grogshop gaped behind them. Similar places of entertainment, with others less easily described, lined both sides of Angel Alley, multiplying fruitfully, till the wharves joined their grimy hands and barred the way to this black fertility.

It was a windy day; the breeze was rising, and the unseen sea could be heard moaning beyond.

Just as the stranger, with the indiscretion of youth and inexperience, was about to step into the ring and try to stop the row, a child pushed through the crowd. It was a boy; a little fellow, not more than four or five years old. He ducked under the elbows and between the legs of the spectators with an adroitness which proclaimed him the son of a sailor, and ran straight to the combatants, crying:

"Father! Fa—ther! Marm says to please to stop! She says to ax you to *please* to stop, and come home wiv you little boy!"

He ran between the two men, and put up his little dirty fingers upon his father's big, clenched hand; he repeated piteously, "Father, Fa—ther, Fa—ther!"

But more than this the little fellow had not time to say. The father's dark red face turned a sudden ominous purple, and before any person of them all could

stay him his brutal hand had turned upon the child.

Cries of shame and horror rose from the crowd; a woman's shriek echoed from a window across the street; and the screams of the boy pierced the bedlam. The Italian, partly sobered, had slunk back.

"Stop him! Part them! Hold him, somebody! He 'll kill the child!" yelled the bystanders, and not a man of them stirred.

"Why, it's only a *baby*!" cried the girl in the reefer, running up. "He 'll murder it! Oh, if I was a *man*!" she raved, wringing her hands.

At that moment, before one could have lifted the eyelash to see how it fell, a well-aimed blow struck the brute beneath the ear. He fell.

Hands snatched the writhing child away; his mother's arms and screams received him; and over the fallen man a slight, tall figure was seen to tower. The stranger had thrown down his valise, and tossed off his silk hat. His delicate face was as white as a star. He quivered with holy rage. He trampled on the fellow with one foot, and ground him down; he had the attitude of the St. Michael in the great picture of Guido. He had that scorn and all that beauty.

A geyser of oaths spouted from the prostrate ruffian. The stranger stooped, and pinned him skillfully until they ceased.

"Now," he said calmly, "get up. Get up, I say!" He released his clenched white hand from the other's grimy flesh.

"He 'll thresh the life out'n ye!" protested a voice from the increasing crowd. "You don't know Job Slip's well's we do. He 'll make short work on ye, sir, if you darst let go him."

"No, he won't," replied the stranger quietly. "He respects a good blow when he feels it. He knows how it ought to be planted. He would do as much himself, if he saw a man killing his own child. Would n't you, Job Slip?"

He stepped back fearlessly and folded his arms. The rapidly sobering sot struggled to his feet, and instinctively squared off; looked at the gentleman blindly for a moment, then dropped his huge arms.

"Goshamighty!" he said, "who in — are you?"

He took one of the stranger's delicate hands in his black and bleeding palms, and critically examined it.

"*That*? Why, my woman's paw is stronger 'n' bigger 'n *that*!" contemptuously. "And you did n't overdo it, neither. Pity! If you'd only made it manslaughter — why, I could ha' sent ye up on my antumortim deppysition."

"Oh, I knew better than that," replied the stranger calmly, turning for his hat. He thought of the boxing-lessons that he used to take on the Back Bay, years ago. Some one in the crowd brushed off the hat with the back of a dusty elbow, and handed it respectfully to the gentleman. The girl in the reefer picked up his valise.

"I've kep' my eye on it for you," she said in a softened voice.

"Well," said Job Slip slowly, "I guess I'll keep my eye on *him*."

"Do!" answered the stranger heartily. "I wish you would. They don't fight where I'm going."

"Who be you, anyway?" demanded Job Slip with undisguised admiration. He had not made up his mind yet whether to spring at the other's throat or to offer him a drink.

"I'm in too much of a hurry to tell you now," answered the gentleman quietly. "I've missed the most important engagement of my life — to save your child."

"He's goin' to his weddin'," muttered a voice behind him. The girl started the chorus of a song which he had never heard before, and was not anxious to hear again.

"You have a good voice," he said, turning. "You can put it to a better use than that."

She stared at him, but made him no reply. The crowd parted and scattered, and he came through into the main street.

"Sir? Sir?" called a woman's voice from a window over his head.

The young man looked up. The mother of the little boy held the child upon the window-sill for him to see.

"He ain't much hurt!" she cried. "I thought you'd like to know it. It's all along of you. God go with you, sir! God bless you, sir!"

He had put on his hat, but removed it at these words, and stood uncovered before the drunkard's wife. She could not know how much it meant to him — that day. Without looking back he strode up the street. The Italian ran out and watched him. Job Slip hesitated for a moment; then he did the same, following the young man with perplexed and sodden eyes. The Italian stood amiably beside his late antagonist. Both men had forgotten what they fought about, now. A little group from the vanishing crowd joined them. The mother in the window — a gaunt Madonna — shaded her eyes with her hand to see the departing figure of the unknown, while she pressed the bruised and sobbing child against her breast. The stranger halted at the steps of the old First Church of Windover; then ran up lightly, and disappeared within the open doors.

"I'll be split and salted," said a young man who had not been drinking, "if I don't believe that's the new parson come to town!"

The speaker had black eyebrows which met in a straight and heavy line.

"I'll be ——!" said Job Slip.

The church was thronged. Citizens and strangers jostled each other in the porch, the vestibules, and the aisles. It was one of those religious festivals so dear to the heart of New England, and so perplexing to gayer people. No me-

tropolitan play could have collected a crowd like this in Windover.

The respectability of the town was out in force. The richest fish-firms, the largest ship-owners, and the oldest families shed the little light of local glory upon the occasion. Most of them, in fact, were members of the parish. Windover had what an irreverent outsider had termed her codocracy. The examination — to be followed that evening by the ordination — of the new minister was an affair of note. Windover is not the only town on the map where the social leaders are fond of patronizing whatever ecclesiastical interests are dependent on the generosity of their pockets and the importance of their names. Nothing tends to the growth of a religious sect so much as the belief that the individual is important to it.

Upon the platform, decorated by the Ladies' Aid Society with taste, piety, and goldenrod, sat the Council called to examine and to ordain Emanuel Bayard to the ministry of Christ. These were venerable men; they drove in from the surrounding parishes in their buggies, or took the trains from remoter towns. A few city names had responded; one or two of them were eminent. The columns of the Windover Top-Sail had these already set up in display type, and the reporters in the galleries dashed them off on yellow slips of paper.

As the minister elect, panting with his haste, ran up the steps and into the church, the first thing that he perceived was the eye of one of his Cesarea Professors fastened sternly upon him. It gave him the feeling of a naughty little boy who was late to school. This guilty sensation was not lessened by a vision of the back of his uncle's bald head in an eminent seat among the lay delegates, and by the sight of the jeweled Swiss repeater, familiar to his infancy, too visibly suspended from Mr. Hermon Worcester's hand. The church clock (wearing for the occasion a wreath of purple

asters, which had received an unfortunate lurch to one side, and gave that pious timepiece a tipsy air) charitably maintained that Bayard was but seven minutes late. The impatience of the Council and the anxiety of the audience seemed to aver that an hour would not cover, nor eternity pardon, the young man's delay. He dropped his valise into the hand of the sexton, and strode up the broad aisle. The dust of the street fight still showed upon his fashionable clothes. His cheeks were flushed with his fine color. His disordered hair clung to his white forehead in curls that the strictest sect of the Pharisees could not have straightened. Every woman in the audience noticed this, and liked him the better for it. But the Council was composed of straight-haired men.

Somebody beckoned him into the minister's room to repair damages; and as he crossed the platform to do so, Bayard stooped and exchanged a few whispered words with the Moderator. The wrinkled face of that gentleman changed visibly. He rose at once, and said:—

"It is due to our brother and to the audience to state that your minister elect desires me to make his apologies to this parish for a tardiness which he found to be unavoidable, — morally unavoidable, I might say. And I should observe," added the Moderator, hesitating, "that I have been requested *not* to explain the nature of the case, but I shall take it upon myself to defy this injunction, and to state that an act of Christian mercy detained our brother. I do not think," said the Moderator, dropping suddenly from the ecclesiastical to the human tone, "that it is every man who would have done it, under the circumstances, and I do not consider it any less creditable for that."

A sound of relief stirred through the house as the Moderator sat down. The audience ceased twisting its head to look at the tipsy clock, thus enabling the Ladies' Aid Association to get that aster wreath for the first time out of mind.

Mr. Hermon Worcester's watch went back to its comfortable fob. A smile melted across the anxious face of Professor Haggai Carruth of Cesarea. The minister elect reappeared with plumage properly smoothed, and the proceedings of the day set in, with the usual decorum of the denomination.

It is not a ceremonious sect, that of the Congregationalism of New England; and its polity allows much diversity upon occasions like these, whose programme depends a good deal upon the preference of the Moderator. Bayard's Moderator was a gray-haired, kind-hearted, plain country minister, the oldest man in the Council, and one of the best. It was not his intention to subject the young man to one of the ecclesiastical roastings at that time in vogue, and for the course of events which followed he was not responsible. This was a matter of small moment at the time, but Bayard had afterwards reason to remember it.

He listened dreamily to the conventional preliminary exercises of the afternoon. His mind was in a turmoil which poorly prepared the young man for the intellectual and emotional strain of the day. That scene in the street flashed and faded and reappeared before him, like the dark lantern which an evil hand brings into a sacred place. The blow of the man's fist upon the child seemed to fall crashing upon his own flesh. Across the crescendo of the chorus of the hymn the cry of the little boy ran in piteous discord. The organ rolled up the oaths of the wharves. While the good gray-haired Moderator was praying, Bayard was shocked to find that the song of the street girl ran through his burning brain. The gaunt Madonna in the window of the drunkard's home seemed to be stamped — a dark photographic letter-head — upon the license to preach the Christian religion which he was required (with more than usual precision) to produce.

"Why," said a sour voice suddenly

at his elbow, "why do you consider yourself a child of God?"

Bayard recalled himself with a start to the fact that the personal examination of the day had begun, and that the opening shot had come from the least important and most crabbed man in the Council. And now for three quivering hours the young man stood the fire of the most ingenious ecclesiastical inquisition which had been witnessed in that part of the State for many a year.

At first it rather amused him than otherwise, and he bore it with great good nature.

He was patient beyond his years with the small clergyman from the small interior parish, whose hobby was that theological students were not properly taught their Bibles, and who had invented a precious catechism of his own, calculated to prove to the audience how little they or the candidate knew of Boanerges, Gog and Magog, and the four beasts which are the chief zoölogical ornaments of the Apocalypse. Having treated these burning questions satisfactorily, Bayard fenced awhile with the learned clergyman who was alive only in the dead languages, and who put the candidate through his Greek and Hebrew paces as if he had been a college boy.

Bayard had felt no serious concern as to the outcome of the examination, a mere form, a husk, a shell, with which it was not worth a man's while to quarrel. The people of the church — he had already begun to call them his people — were enthusiastically and lovingly pledged to him. He smiled into their familiar faces over the heads of his inquisitors, and manfully and cheerfully stood his ground. All, in fact, went well enough, until the theology of the young man came under investigation. Then a cloud no bigger than a man's tongue, if one may say so, appeared to darken the interior of Windover First Church. The oldest and deafest men in the Council pricked up their ears. The youngest and best

natured grew uneasy. The candidate's people looked at him anxiously. His uncle flushed, Professor Carruth coughed sternly. The Moderator ruled and overruled, and tried with troubled kindness to quench the warming flame of ecclesiastical censure in which many a bright, devout young life goes out.

Suddenly Bayard awoke to the fact that the smoke was curling in the fagots at his feet; that the stake was at his back, the chains upon his hands; that he was in danger of being precondemned for heresy in the hearts of those gray old men, his elder brothers in the church, and disgraced before the eyes of the people who had loved and chosen him.

The house was now so full and so still that a sigh could be heard; and when a group from the street pushed noisily in and stood by the entrance, impatient expressions leaped from pew to pew. Bayard looked up at the disturbance. There by the green baize doors stood the Italian, Job Slip, and the young fellow (with the eyebrows) who did not drink, two or three other spectators of the fight, and the girl in the reefer. An uninvited delegation from Angel Alley, these children of the devil had crept among those godly men and women, and stared about.

"A circumstance," complained Mr. Hermon Worcester afterwards to Professor Carruth, "which might not happen on such an occasion in our New England churches once in twenty years."

Bayard had been singularly gentle and patient with his tormentors up to this moment. But now he gathered himself, and fought for his life like a man. Brand after brand, the inventions of theology were flung hissing upon him.

Did he believe that heathen, unacquainted with Christ, were saved?

What did he hold became of the souls of those who died in infancy?

If they happened to be born dead, what was their fate?

Explain his views on the doctrine of Justification by Faith.

State explicitly his conception of the Trinity. Had none? Ah — ah!

Were the three Persons in the Trinity separate as qualities or as natures? Did not *know*? Ah — ah.

State the precise nature, province, and character of each Person. Did not feel qualified to do so? Ha — hum.

What was the difference between Arianism and Socinianism?

Did the Son exist coördinate with, and yet subordinate to the Father?

What is the distinction between the attributes and the faculties of the Deity?

Did an impenitent person ever pray?

Describe the doctrine of Free Will.

Is a sinner ever able to repent, of his own choice?

Is he punished for not being able to do so?

Is the human race responsible for the guilt of Adam?

Why not?

Explain the process of sanctification, and the exact province of the Holy Spirit.

Carefully elucidate your views on Total Depravity.

Could a man — did we understand you? — become regenerate without waiting for the compelling action of the Holy Spirit?

Is there any Scriptural ground for belief in the possibility of a second probation? What? Please repeat that reply.

Did not the first sin of a child justly expose him to eternal punishment? *What?*

At this point in the trial, Bayard was acutely conscious of the controlled voice of Professor Carruth, who had asked no question up to that moment. Dear old Professor! he was trying to haul his favorite student out of the fire before it was too late.

"But," he asked gently, "is not one act of sin an infinite wrong?"

"I believe it is; or it may reasonably become so."

"Is it not a wrong committed against an Infinite Being?"

"Yes, sir, it is."

"Does not an infinite wrong committed against an Infinite Being deserve an infinite punishment?" pleaded the Professor of Theology.

"You have taught me so, sir."

A rustle swept the house. The stern face of the Professor melted in its sudden winning fashion. He drew in his breath. At least, the reputation of the Department was secured!

"Do you not believe what you have been taught?"

"Professor," said Bayard, smiling, "do you?"

It being well known that the now conservative Professor of Theology had been the liberal and the come-outer of his first youth, this reply created a slight smile. But the Professor did not smile. The crisis was too serious.

"The candidate does not deny the doctrine," he urged. "He will undoubtedly grow into it as other men have done before him."

"Whether men are eternally damned" — began Bayard.

"Job," whispered the Italian back by the door, "he swear at 'em!"

"No, he ain't," said the sober fellow. "It's the way they talk in churches."

"What tongue is it they do speak?" persisted the Italian.

"Blamed if I know!" whispered Job Slip, with unusual decorum. "I think it's High Dutch."

"No, it ain't; it's Latin," corrected the sober fellow. "I can make out a word now and then. They translate parts as they go along. It's darn queer gibberish, ain't it? I guess the natives used to talk like that in Bible times."

"All this row," said Job Slip, whose befuddled brain was actively busy with the personal fate of a minister who could knock him down, "all this d—— row's along of me. It's because he was late to meetin'!"

The Italian nodded seriously. But the girl in the reefer said: —

"Shut up there! The second round's on, now."

"Explain the difference between verbal and plenary inspiration," demanded the small clergyman in a small, suspicious voice.

"There! I *said* it was High Dutch!" whispered Job Slip triumphantly.

"Explain the difference," repeated the small clergyman.

The candidate explained.

"Is every word of the Old and New Testament of the Scriptures equally inspired by Almighty God?"

"Please give me your definition of inspiration," said Bayard, wheeling upon his questioner.

The small clergyman objected that this was the candidate's business.

"It is one of the maxims of civil law that definitions are dangerous," replied Bayard, with a smile. But it was no time for smiling, and he knew it. He parried for a little in the usual technicalities of the schools, but it was without hope or interest. He knew now how it would all end. But he was not conscious of a moment's hesitation. His soul seemed elate, remote from his fate. He looked out across the lake of faces upturned to his. He had now grown quite pale, and the natural fairness of his skin and delicacy of his features added to the effect of transference which his high face gave. The dullest eye in the audience observed, and the coldest lip long afterwards acknowledged, the remarkable beauty of the man. With a sudden and impressive gesture of the hand, as if he cast the whole merciless scene away from him, he stepped unexpectedly forward, and in a ringing voice he said:—

"Fathers and brothers of the church! I believe in God Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth. I believe in Jesus Christ his Son, our Lord and Saviour. I believe in the sacredness and value of the Bible, which contains the lesson and the history of his life. I believe in the guilt

and the misery of sin, and I have spent the best years of my youth in your institutions of sacred learning, seeking to be taught how to teach my fellow-men to be better. I solemnly believe in the Life Eternal, and that its happiness and holiness are the gifts of Jesus Christ to the race, or to such of us as prove fit survivors, capable of immortality. I do not presume to explain how or why this is or may be so; for behold we are shown mysteries, of which this is one. If I am permitted to guide the people who have loved and chosen me, I expect to teach them many truths which I do not understand. I shall teach them none which I do not believe. Fathers and brothers, I show you my soul! Deal with me as you will!"

He stood for a space, tall, white, still, with that look—half angel, half human—which was peculiar to his face in moments of exaltation. His dazzling eyes blazed for an instant upon his tormentors, then fell upon his people and grew dim. He saw their uplifted faces pleadingly turned to him: troubled men whom he had been able to guide; bereaved women whom he had known how to comfort. Oh, his people! Tears were on their cheeks. Their faces swam before him. How clear, in those few months that he had served them, they had grown! To stand disgraced before them, a stigma on his Christian name forever, their faith deceived, their trust disappointed,—his people, to be his no more!

"God!" he said in his heart. "Was there any other way?"

An instant's darkness swept over him, and his soul staggered in it. Then, to the fine, inner ear of the spirit the answer came:—

"In honor, between Me and thee, thou hast no other way."

The troubled voice of the Moderator now recalled him, using the quaint phrase of elder times for such occasion made and provided: "The Council will now be by themselves."

In three quarters of an hour the Council returned, and reported upon the examination. Emanuel Bayard was refused ordination to the Christian ministry by a majority of five.

Now the savage that lurks in the gentlest assemblage of men sprang with a war cry upon the decorum of the crowded church. Agitated beyond self-control, the people split into factions, and resolved themselves into committees; they wept, they quarreled, they prayed, and they condemned by turns. The gray-haired Moderator and the dejected Professor, themselves paler than the rejected candidate, sought to convert the confusion into something like order where-with to close the exercises of that miserable day. During the momentary silence which their united efforts had enforced a thick voice from the swaying crowd was distinctly heard.

Job Slip, who had somehow managed to take an extra drop from his pocket bottle during the electric disturbance of the last half hour, was staggering up the broad aisle, with the Italian and the sober man at either elbow.

"Lemme go!" cried Job, with an air of unprecedented politeness. "Lemme get up thar whar I ken make a speech. D—— ye! I won't cuss ye, for t'his is a meetin'-house, but I *will* make my speech!"

"Hush, Job!" said the girl in the sailor hat. She came forward before all the people and laid her hand upon the drunkard's arm. "Hush, Job, hush! You bother the minister. Come away, Job, come away. Mari's here, and the young one. Come along to your wife, Job Slip!"

"I'll join my wife when I get ready," said Job solemnly. "for it's proper that I should; but I ain't a-goin' to stand by an' see a man that licked me licked out'n his rights an' not do nothin' for him! No, sir! Gentlemen," cried Job pleasantly, assuming an oratorical attitude and facing round upon the disturbed

house, "I'll stick up for the minister every time. It ain't *his* fault he was late to meetin'. You had n't oughter kick him out for that, now. It's all along of me, gentlemen. I drink — and he — ye see — don't. I was threshin' the life out'n my little boy down to Angel Alley, and he knocked me down for 't. Fact, sir! That there little minister, he knocked *me* down. I'll stand by him every round now, you bet! I'll see 't he gets his rights in his own meetin'-house!"

Half a dozen hands were at Job's mouth; a dozen more dragged him back. The Council sprang to their feet in horror. But Job squared off, and eyed these venerable Christians with the moral superiority of his condition. He pushed on toward the pulpit.

"Come on, Tony!" he cried to the Italian. "Come, Ben! You, Lena!" He beckoned to the girl, who had shrunk back. "Tell Mari an' Joey to foller on! Won't hear us, won't they? Well, we'll see! There ain't a cove of the lot of *them* could knock me down! Jest to save a little fellar's bones! Gentlemen, look a' here. Look at us. *We're the delegation from Angel Alley, sir.* Now, sir, what are you pious a-goin' to do with *us*?"

But a white, firm hand was laid upon Job's shoulder. Pale, shining, frowning, Bayard stood beside him.

"Come, Job," he said gently, "come out with me, and we will talk it over."

The broad aisle quickly cleared, and the rejected minister left the church with the drunkard's hand upon his arm. The remainder of the delegation from Angel Alley followed quietly, and the soft green baize doors closed upon them.

"Say," said Job Slip, recovering a portion of his scattered senses in the open air. — "say, I thought you said they did n't fight where you was goin'?"

The drunkard's wife stood outside. She was crying. Bayard looked at her. He did not know what to say. Just then

he felt a tug at the tail of his coat, and small, warm fingers crept into his cold hand. He looked down. It was the little boy.

VI.

The real crises of life are those that the stories leave untold. It is not the sudden blow, but the learning how to bear the bruise afterwards, that constitutes experience; not the delirium of fever, but the weariness of convalescence. What does one do the Monday morning after the funeral? How does one meet the grocery bills when the property is gone? How does a man act when his reputation is ruined by the span of an afternoon? Fiction does not tell us, but fact omits nothing of the grim detail; spares not the least stroke of that black perplexity which, next to the insecurity of life, is the hardest thing about it.

You men of affairs, give a moment's manly sympathy to the position of a young fellow like yourselves, halting just over the line between education and a life's work, trained for a calling which the worldliest soul among you respects as nobler and higher than your own, tripped at the outset by one of its lower and more ignoble accidents; a man who will not lie to God or his own soul, who has scorned the consequences of being simply true, but must bear them, for all that, like other men. For the holiest dedications in this world suffer the taint thereof; and it is at once the saddest and the healthiest thing about the work of a man of God that it is subject to market laws, to fashion, to prejudice, to envy, and to poor judgment, like other work.

It seems a little thing to write about, but at the time it was not the least aspect of the great crisis into which Emanuel Bayard had arrived that, when he came out into the strong salt breeze of Windover that afternoon, it suddenly occurred to the heretic minister that he had nowhere to spend the night.

Alas for the bright and solemn festival in which his should have been the crowned hero's part! He heard the excited women of the parish asking each other:—

"Who is going to eat up that collation?"

"What is ever going to become of all that one-two-three-four cake?"

"Feed those old ministers *now*? Not a sandwich! Let 'em go home where they belong. If we're going to have no minister, they shall have no supper! We'll settle him in spite of 'em!"

Thus the Ladies' Aid Association, with flushed cheeks and shrill voices. But the deacons and the pillars of the disturbed church collected in serious groups and discussed the catastrophe with the dignity of the voting and governing sex.

Sick at heart, and longing to escape from the whole miserable scene, Bayard walked down the street alone. His steps bent blindly to the station. When he had bought his ticket to Boston, it came to him for the first time to ask himself where he was going. Home? What home? Whose? Hermon Worcester's? That glance at his uncle's rigid face which he had allowed himself back there in the church recurred to him. The incensed and disappointed man had suffered his smitten boy to go forth from that furnace without a sign of sympathy. He had given Emanuel one look: the pupils of his eyes were dark and dilated with indignation of the kind that a gentleman does not trust himself to express.

"I cannot go home," said Emanuel suddenly, half aloud. "I forgot that. I shall not be wanted."

He put his ticket in his wallet and turned away. Some people were hurrying into the station, and he strode to a side door to escape them. The handsome knob of an Oriental grapestick touched his arm. The white face of the Professor of Theology looked sternly into his.

"Suppose you come out to Cesarea

with me to-night? We can talk this unfortunate affair over quietly, and — I am sure you misapprehend the real drift of some of these doctrines that disturb you. I believe I could set you right, and possibly — another examination — before a different Council” —

Bayard's head swam for an instant. A girl in a muslin dress stood at the meeting of the arms of the great cross in the Seminary lawn. It was moonlight, and it was June, and this dreadful thing had never happened. He was in that state when a woman's sympathy is the only one delicate enough for a man's bruised nature to bear. He quivered at the thought of being touched by anything harsher than the compassionate approval, the indignant sorrow, the intelligent heart —

“No,” he said, after a scarcely perceptible hesitation. “Thank you, Professor — I can't do it. I should only disappoint you. I am almost too tired to go all over the ground again. Good-by, Professor.”

He held out his hand timidly. The thin, high-veined hand of the Professor shook as he responded to the grasp.

“I did n't know,” he said more gently, “but you would be more comfortable. Your uncle” — The Professor hesitated.

“Thank you,” said the young man again. “That was thoughtful in you. If your theology were half as tender as your heart, Professor!” added the poor fellow, trying to smile with the old audacity of Professor Carruth's pet student. But he shook his head, and pushed out of the door into the street.

There he stood irresolute. What next? He was to have been the guest of the Treasurer of the church that night, after the ordination. It was a pretty, luxurious home; he had been entertained there so often that he felt at home in it; the family had been his affectionate friends, and the children were fond of him. He thought of that comfortable guest-room with the weakest pang that he had known

yet; he felt ill enough to go to bed. But they had not asked the dishonored minister now to be their guest. It did not occur to him, so sore at heart was he, that he had given them no opportunity.

He was about to return to the station, with a vague purpose to seek shelter in some hotel in a village where nobody knew him, when a plain, elderly woman dressed in black approached him. He recognized her as one of the obscurer people of his lost parish. She had been comforted by something he had said one Sunday; she had come timidly to tell him so, after the fashion of such women; she had known trouble, he remembered, and poverty, it was clear.

“Ah, Mrs. Granite!” he said pathetically. “Did you take all the trouble to come to say good-by to *me*?”

“You look so tired, sir!” sobbed Mrs. Granite. “You look down sick abed! We thought you was n't fit to travel to-night, sir, and if you would n't mind coming home with us to get a night's rest, Mr. Bayard? We live very poor, sir, — not like you; but me and my girl, we could n't *bear* to see you going off so! We'd take it for an honor, Mr. Bayard, sir!”

“I will come,” said the weary man. And he went, at once. Certain words confusedly recurred to him as he walked silently beside Mrs. Granite. “He had not where,” they ran, “he had not where to lay his head.”

The light burned late in the clean spare room in the cottage of the fisherman's widow on Windover Point that night.

Early in the morning her mother sent Jane Granite running for the doctor, and by night it was well known in Windover that the new minister was ill. He was threatened with something with a Latin name; not epidemic in Windover, whose prevailing diseases are measles and alcoholism. Mrs. Granite found the minister's anticipated malady hard to pronounce, but Jane, who had been at the high school, called it meningitis.

But here again fact dealt with Emanuel Bayard as no respectable fiction could be expected to. An interesting delirium or mortal fever might have changed the whole course of his life. Had he fallen then and there a martyr to his fate, the sympathy of the town, the interest of the denomination, the affection of his lost parish, the penitent anxiety of Mr. Hermon Worcester, would — how easily! — have marked out his future for him in flower-beds that seemed forsooth to be the vineyard of the Lord; and he might have done a deal of pleasant hoeing and trimming there, like other men, till harvest time. But floriculture is small pastime for the sinew elected to cut thickets and to blaze forests; and he arose to tear and bleed at his self-chosen brambles as God decreed.

He had not meningitis; he suffered no mortal malady; he did but lie helpless for two weeks under one of those serious nervous collapses which seem ignominy to a young man. During these critical days, his people, elect and lost, had plenty of time to quarrel over him, or to send him currant jelly. And the wife of the Treasurer was reported to have said that he ought to be in her house. But Mrs. Granite and Jane nursed him adoringly; and as soon as the doctor permitted, Jane brought him up his mail. It contained a curt but civil letter from his uncle, regretting to learn that he had been indisposed, and requesting an interview.

As soon as he was able to travel Emanuel went to Boston.

An unexpected incident which happened on the morning that he left Wind-over gave back something of the natural fire to his eyes, and he looked less ill than Mr. Worcester had expected, when they met in the library on Beacon Street.

This circumstance checked the slightly rising tide of sympathy in his uncle's feeling; and it was with scarcely more than civility that the elder man opened the conversation.

"I wish to discuss this situation with

you, Emanuel, once for all. You have for some time avoided the issue between us which is bound to come."

"I have avoided nothing," interrupted Emanuel proudly.

"It is the same thing. You have never met me halfway. The time has come when we must have it out. You know, of course, perfectly well what a blow this thing has been to me — the mortification — the . . . After all I have done for you" —

The cold, clear-cut features of Hermon Worcester's face became suffused; he put his hand against his heart and gasped. For the first time it occurred to the young man that the elder, too, had suffered; with a quick exclamation of sympathy or anxiety he turned to reply, but Mr. Worcester got to his feet, and began to pace the library hotly.

"What do you propose to do?" he cried. "Seven years of higher education, and — how many trips to Europe? And all the — that — feeling a man has for a child he has brought up — wasted, worse than wasted! What do you propose to do? Thirty years old, and a failure at the start! A disgrace to the faith of your fathers! A blot on an old religious name! Come, now! what next? . . . I suppose I could find you a place to sweep a store," added Hermon Worcester bitingly.

Emanuel had flushed darkly, and then his swift pallor came on.

"Uncle," he said distinctly, "I think this interview we have been preparing for so long may as well be dispensed with. It seems to me quite useless. I can only grieve you, sir; and you cannot comfort me."

"Comfort!" sneered the other, with his least agreeable expression; for Hermon Worcester had many in frequent use.

"Well," said Emanuel, "yes. There are times when even a heretic may need something of that sort. But I was about to say that I think it idle for us to talk. My plans are now quite formed."

"Indeed, sir!" said Mr. Worcester, stopping short.

"I have been invited by a minority of my people to start a new work in Windover, of which they propose that I shall become the leader."

"Not the pastor!" observed Mr. Worcester.

"Yes, the pastor, — that was the word. It will be a work quite independent of the old church."

"And of the old faith, eh?"

"Of the old traditions, some of them," replied Emanuel gently; "not of the old truth, I hope. I cannot hope for your sympathy in this step. I have decided to take it. It strikes me, Uncle, that we had better not discuss the matter."

"His mother before him!" cried Hermon Worcester, violently striding up and down the velvet carpet of the library. "I went through it with his mother before him, — this abhorrent indifference to the demands of birth and training, this scandal, this withdrawal from the world, this publicity given to family differences, the whole miserable business! She for love, and you for — I suppose you call it religion! I can't go through it again, and I won't! It is asking too much of me!"

"I ask nothing of you, Uncle," said the young man, rising.

"You'll end in infidelity, sir. You will be an agnostic in a year's time. You'll be preaching positivism. I will have nothing to do with it! I warned you before, Manuel, — back there in Cæsarea. I am forced to repeat myself. Under the circumstances, you will not expect a dollar from me. I would as soon leave my property to an atheist club as to you, and your second probations, and your uninspired Bibles!"

Mr. Worcester snapped in the private drawer of his desk, and locked it with unnecessary force and symbolism.

"I don't forbid you my house, mind. I shan't turn you into the street. You'll starve into your senses fast enough on

any salary that the rabble down in that fishing-town can raise for you. When you do — come back to me. Keep your latch-key in your pocket. You will want to use it some day."

"I must run my chances, sir," said Bayard in a voice so low that it was scarcely audible. Instinctively he drew his latch-key from his pocket and held it out; but Mr. Hermon Worcester did not deign to notice it. "I have never thought about your money, Uncle. I'm not that kind of fellow, exactly. You have always been good to me, Uncle Hermon." He choked, and held out his hand to say good-by.

"But look here — see here — you'll stay to dinner? You'll go up to your room, Manuel?" stammered the elder man. "I explicitly told you that I did n't drive you out of your home. I don't desire any scene — any unnecessary scandal. I wish you to understand that you are not turned into the street."

"I have promised to be in Windover this evening, to settle this matter," replied Bayard. He looked over his uncle's head, through the old purple Beacon Street glass, upon the waters of Charles River; then softly closed the library door, gazed for a moment about the dark, familiar hall, took his hat from the peg on the carved mahogany tree where he had hung his cap when he was a little boy in Latin School, and went down the long stone steps.

It occurred to him to go back and tell Partridge and Nancy to look after his uncle carefully, but he remembered that he had no reason to give them for his indefinite absence, bethought himself of his uncle's horror of airing family affairs before servants, and so went on.

He walked up the street slowly, for he was weak yet. At the door of an old friend he was tempted to pause and rest, but collected his senses and struggled on.

He turned to look for a cab; then remembered that he had no longer fifty

cents to waste upon so mere a luxury as the economy of physical strength. It was his first lesson in poverty, — that a sick man must walk because he could not afford to ride. Besides, it proved to be a private carriage that he had seen. The elderly coachman, evidently a family retainer, had just shut the door and clambered to the box; he was waiting to tuck the green cloth robe deliberately about his elegant legs, when a low exclamation from the coach window caused Bayard to look back.

Helen Carruth had opened the door, and stood, irresolute, with one foot upon the step, as if half her mind were in and half were out the carriage. She was richly dressed in purple cloth, and had that fashionable air which he could not conceive of her as dispensing with if she were a missionary in Tahiti. She looked vivid, vital, warm, and, somehow, gorgeous to him.

"*You?*" she cried joyously; then seemed to recall herself, and stepped back.

He went up to her at once.

"I have been staying with Clara Rollins for a week," she hastened to say. "I am just going home. It's her afternoon at the Portuguese Mission, so she could not see me off. I did not know you were in town, Mr. Bayard."

"I am not," said Bayard, smiling wanly. "I am on my way to Windover. I am late to my train now."

"Why, jump in!" said the young lady heartily. "We are going the same way; and I'm sure Mrs. Rollins would be delighted to have you. *She's* at the Woman's Branch."

"The Woman's who?" asked Bayard, laughing, for the first time for many days. He had hesitated for a moment; then stepped into the carriage and shut the door.

"I presume you've been in this vehicle before?" began Miss Carruth.

He nodded, smiling still.

"At intervals, as far back as I can

remember. Miss Clara and I used to go to the same dancing-school."

"Mrs. Rollins was saying only yesterday what an age it was since they had seen you — Mr. Bayard!" she broke off, "you look ill. *You are* ill."

He had sunk back upon the olive satin cushions. The familiar sense of luxury and ease came upon him like a wave of mortal weakness. For a moment he did not trust himself to look at the girl beside him. Her beauty, her gayety, her health, her freedom from care, something even in her personal elegance, overcame him. She seemed to whirl before his eyes, the laughing figure of a happy Fortune, the dainty symbol of the life that he had left and lost. The deliberate coachman was now driving rapidly, and they were well on their way down Beacon Hill. She gave him one of her long, steady looks. Something of timidity stole over her vivacious face.

"Mr. Bayard," she said in a changed tone, "I have heard all about it from my father. I wanted to tell you, but I had no way. I am glad to have a chance to say — I am sorry for you with all my heart. And with all my soul I honor you."

"Do you?" said the disheartened man. "Then I honor myself the more."

He turned now and looked at her gratefully. This first drop of human sympathy from man or woman of his own kind was inexpressibly sweet to him. He could have raised her hand to his lips. But they were in Mrs. Rollins's carriage, and on Beacon Street.

"Oh!" cried Helen suddenly. "Look there! No, *there!* See that poor, *horrible* fellow! Why, he's arrested! The policemen are carrying him off."

They had now reached Tremont Street, where the young lady had an errand which had decided her direction to the northern stations. But for the trifling circumstance that Helen Carruth had promised her mother to bring out from a famous Boston grocer's that particular

brand of olive oil which alone was worthy of a salad for the Trustees' lunch, the event which followed would never have occurred. Thus may the worry of a too excellent housekeeper lay its petty finger upon the future of a man or of an enterprise.

Bayard looked out of the carriage window, and uttered a disturbed exclamation. Struggling in the iron grip of two policemen of assorted sizes, the form and the tongue of Job Slip were forcibly ornamenting Tremont Row.

"I must go. I must leave you. Excuse me. Drive on without me, Miss Carruth. That is a friend of mine in trouble there."

Bayard stopped the coachman with an imperious tap, and a "Hold on, John!"

"A *what* of yours?" cried Helen.

"It is one of my people," explained Bayard curtly. He leaped from the carriage, raised his hat, and ran.

"Just release this man, if you please," he said to the police authoritatively. "I know him; I am his minister. I'm going on the train he meant to take. I'll see him safely home. I'll answer for him."

"Well — I don't know about that, sir," replied the smaller policeman doubtfully.

But the larger one looked Bayard over, and made answer, "Oh, bejabbers, Tim, let 'im goa!"

Job, who was not too far gone to recognize his preserver, now threw his arms affectionately around Bayard's recoiling neck and became unendurably maudlin. In a voice audible the width of the street, and with streaming tears and loathsome blessings, he identified Bayard as his dearest, best, nearest, and most intimate of friends. A laughing crowd collected and followed, as Bayard tried to hurry to the station, encumbered by the grip of Job's intoxicated affection. Now falling, now staggering up, now down again, and ever firmly held, Job looked

up drunkenly into the white, delicate face that seemed to rise above him by a space as far as the span between the heavens and the earth. Stupidly he was aware that the new minister was doing something by him that was not exactly usual. He began to talk in thick, hyphenated sentences about his wife and home, his boy, and the trip he had taken to Georges'. He had made, he averred, a hundred dollars (which was possible), and had two dollars and thirty-seven cents left (which was altogether probable). Job complained that he had been robbed in Boston of the difference, and, weeping, besought the new minister to turn back and report the theft to the police.

"We shall lose the train, Job," said Bayard firmly. "We must get home to your wife and little boy."

"Go wherever y' say!" cried Job pleasantly. "Go to h— along of you, if you say so!"

There was something so grotesque in the situation that Bayard's soul recoiled within him. He was not used to this kind of thing. He was no Christ, but a plain human man, and a young man at that. His sense of dignity was terribly hurt. Without turning his head, he knew when the carriage drove on. He felt her eyes upon him; he knew the moment when she took them off, — Job was attempting to kiss him at that particular crisis.

Bayard managed to reach the last platform of the last car as it moved out of the station, and to get his charge to Windover without an accident. He had plenty of time for reflection on the trip; but he reflected as little as possible. With his arm linked firmly through Job's, and his eyes closed, he became a seer of visions, not a thinker of thoughts. Her face leaned out of the carriage window, — faded, formed, and dimmed, and formed again. He saw the velvet of her dress, the little dash of gold color on her purple bonnet, the plain distin-

guished fashion of her yellow hair about her forehead. He saw the astonishment leap into her brown eyes, and that look, which no sibyl could have interpreted, forming about her merry lips. He heard the coachman say, "Shall I drive on, Miss?" And the answer, "Yes, John, drive on. I must not miss the train."

He opened his eyes, and saw the sullen horizon of the sea across the marshes, and the loathsome face of Job leaning against the casement of the car window at his side.

By the time they had reached Windover Slip was sleepy, and quite manageable. Bayard consulted his watch. It was the hour for his evening appointment with the officers of the new parish.

"Again!" he thought. He looked at the drunkard wearily. Then the flash of inspiration fired his tired face.

"Come, Job," he said suddenly. "Never mind our suppers. Come with me."

He took Job as he was, — torpid, sodden, disgusting, a creature of the mud, a problem of the mire. The Committee sat in the anxious conclave of people embarked upon a doubtful and unpopular enterprise.

Emanuel Bayard pushed Job Slip before him into the pretty parlors of the ex-Treasurer of the old First Church. For the Treasurer had followed the come-outers. He had joined the poor and humble people who, in fear and faith, had tremblingly organized the experiment for which, as yet, they had no other name than that they gave it in their prayers. Christ's work, they called it, then. The Treasurer was their only man of property. His jaw dropped when he saw Job.

"Gentlemen," said the young pastor, "gentlemen, I have brought you a sample of the material under discussion. What are we going to do with *this*?"

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

THE SUBTLE ART OF SPEECH-READING.

"THAT subtle Art, which may inable one with an *observant Eie* to *Heare* what any man speaks by the moving of his lips."¹ In these words did John Bulwer, "sirnamed the *Chirosopher*," describe the art of speech-reading of which I am asked to write; the assumption, I suppose, being that, since I make daily use of this "subtile art," I should know something about it. At first glance this certainly seems a reasonable assumption. But if I asked any hearing person to explain how he hears speech, he might find some difficulty in doing so. Now, I

understand speech by eye, but find it as difficult to explain how I understand it. The more smoothly a piece of machinery runs, the less the operator knows or thinks about it. Who takes thought of the mechanism by which we see trees move, and become aware that the wind is blowing from the east to the west? All we can say is that we know this by deduction from past experience. In the same way, it is by deduction from past experience that the hearing person comprehends certain strange tremblings and shakings of the vocal chords as speech, and the

¹ See "Philocophus: or, the Deaf and Dumb Man's Friend. Exhibiting the Philosophicall verity of that subtile Art, which may inable one with an *observant Eie* to *Heare* what any man speaks by the moving of his lips. Upon the same Ground, with the advantage of an Histor-

icall Exemplification, apparently proving, That a Man Borne Deafe and Dumb may be taught to *Heare* the sound of *words* with his *Eie*, and thence to learn to speak with his tongue. By I. B. (John Bulwer) sirnamed the *Chirosopher*. — *Sic canimus Surdis*. London, 1648."

speech-reader comprehends certain movements of the lips as speech.

I think perhaps if I could remember having once heard, and the loss of my hearing, and the processes by which I learned a new method of communicating with my friends, I might have less difficulty in explaining how I acquired this method, and what is the nature of the obstacles I and all other students of the "subtle art" have to overcome. As it happened, however, I was so young when the severe illness which deprived me of my hearing occurred that I cannot remember ever having heard, or having been in a materially different position as regards articulation and speech-reading from the one I have occupied for many years. Of course, as a child, I could not have spoken and read speech as well as I did later, but I cannot recollect being conscious of any special difficulty in communicating with my friends. I do not even remember that the fact of my inability to hear was ever borne in upon me then. I knew it as one knows that the sun is shining or that it is cloudy, without its making any impression upon the mind. My strongest feeling as regards my position in the family was that I was eighteen months older than my next younger sister, and therefore very much wiser and more experienced.

I presume the reason why I can recall nothing of my first steps in speech-reading and articulation is due to the long period of mental and physical weakness which followed my illness. My mother says that for many months I expressed no interest in or desire for anything, and the baby speech I had previously possessed seemed entirely gone. During all this time she was working and planning, endeavoring by every means in her power to give me back the speech I had lost, and to make me read her lips. She talked to me continually long before I cared to talk back, and gradually, I suppose, both language and the ability to read speech came along with increasing

mental and physical strength. To me it seems obvious that I must have learned to speak and read speech simultaneously; for if I had learned the one art before or to a greater degree than the other, some impression would have been made on my mind which I should have remembered. However this may be, it remains true that my earliest recollections are of being able to talk, and of understanding what was said to me, at least sufficiently well to satisfy all my requirements. I recall no stormy outbursts of passion, such as I believe are too often consequent on inability in the deaf child to make his wants known. Looking back now, it seems to me that whatever method my mother and the young teacher who assisted her (Miss Mary H. True) pursued in my instruction, it must have been a true and natural one, simply because it has left no trace upon my memory. All natural processes of growth are gradual and imperceptible; there are no violent shocks and sudden changes, such as leave their imprint upon the memory. It is the unnatural method of instruction which, by demanding unnatural and therefore painful efforts from the child, leaves marks of the work on his mind. This accounts, I believe, for my remembrance of one item in the plan of my instruction, — a daily drill in writing from dictation sentences which our teacher read from a book. I do not think that I objected very strongly to it, but it was most slow and irksome work, and I always recall it as the one lesson I did not like. Even to-day dictation of this sort is very irksome. It is no uncommon occurrence for my husband to talk to me perhaps for an hour at a time of something in which he is interested. It may be on the latest geographical discoveries, Sir Robert Ball's Story of the Sun, the latest news from the Chinese war, some abstruse scientific problem in gravitation, — anything and everything. Very rarely do I have to ask him to repeat, and at the end I should be ready to back myself against almost

any hearing person to give the substance of what he has said nearly word for word. But it is almost impossible for Mr. Bell to sit down and read to me a short paragraph from the simplest book, and have me understand him without very great difficulty and strain of mind and eye.

I have often wondered why this should be so, and have tried to detect where the difference came in, but without success, so slight is it and imperceptible. Mr. Bell is a good and expressive reader, yet there is a difference between his manner of speaking and of reading which makes all the difference between ease and difficulty of comprehension. What is true of Mr. Bell is true of every one with whom I have had communication. I am convinced, therefore, that the drill in dictation, so far from aiding, was a distinct hindrance to my learning to read speech.

With this exception, I do not think any special exercises were set to teach me speech-reading. I just grew into it naturally, as a hearing child grows into the knowledge of hearing speech, by perpetual practice. Every one spoke to me; no one made signs, and I cannot remember making them myself or wanting to make any. I observed that whenever my mother had visitors, they talked to each other so rapidly that I could not understand them, and that I could not talk so fast myself; but I was quite satisfied that the ability to do both would come by and by with long dresses, and meanwhile my sisters and I played "visitors" and chattered gibberish as fast as we could, and were happy.

But while emphasizing the fact that my acquisition of speech-reading was a process of growth, to me perfectly natural, I would not be understood as claiming that no special efforts were made to teach me. Few children have had more care and anxious thought bestowed on the best means of instructing them, and I do claim that my mother and teacher, whether by accident or great wisdom and good judgment, fell upon what was for

me the best method of instruction; and the proof of this lies in the fact that I, the child, was conscious of nothing forced or painful in my growth into understanding. I am not the best possible speech-reader, but this does not militate against the method employed, for reasons which I will explain later, when I come to describe the qualifications for speech-reading.

The method of instruction pursued by my mother and teacher, pioneers in a new world of effort as truly as Columbus himself, was essentially the same as that pursued with my hearing sisters with whom I was educated. At a very early period books were placed in my hands, and I became passionately fond of reading. I did not care to play and romp out of doors; all I wanted was to curl up in some quiet corner and read all day long, if allowed. My father's library was well stocked, and I had almost free range. When eleven years old, I delighted in reading such books as Jane Porter's *Scottish Chiefs*; and before I was thirteen I had read through, with intense interest, Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, most of Prescott's *Histories*, several large volumes relating to the civil war, and books of travel, as well as all the stories and novels I could get hold of. We went abroad for three years, and my mother made a point of giving me all the histories and historical novels she could find relating to the places we visited. I read through a good many books in this way. Carlyle's *French Revolution* was the only book at which I rebelled; and when I made a list of the words I could not understand, my mother did not insist, as they were pretty well beyond her own comprehension!

I have dwelt thus at length on this matter of reading, because upon the habit thus formed rests all my success in speech-reading.

I have looked back over my life, I have studied the mechanism of my speech-reading apparatus, I have thought carefully over all my experiences, and the result at

which I have arrived is, that not only is success in speech-reading dependent upon reading, — or rather on the extensive and intimate knowledge of language imparted by reading, — but good speech-reading is impossible without it. Of all my mother and teacher did for me, the greatest gift was in their teaching me this love of reading, and giving me the means to gratify it.

“The observant Eie can Heare” part of what is said; yet not only have Helen Keller and other blind children, by successfully substituting the fingers for the eye, proved that it is not so essential to the “subtile art” as our philosopher thought, but my own practice shows that the eye alone is quite incapable of interpreting correctly the various movements of the speaker’s lips.

The reason for this is clear, when we glance at the structure of the English language. Its consonants give form and character to speech, and are therefore the most important elements in its intelligibility, alike to those who depend upon the ear or the eye for comprehension. Unfortunately for the speech-reader, many of the labial consonants are distinguished from each other solely by sound, as *m*, *b*, and *p*, *f* and *v*, *t*, *d*, *l*, and *n*; while gutturals, like *g* and *h*, are not only indistinguishable from each other, but can scarcely be seen at all. These are the sounds that form the basis of nearly all our words, and especially those in commonest use, like *cat*, *mat*, *bad*, *fat*, *van*, *laid*, *lane*, *good*, *kind*. It is impossible for the eye to distinguish between “*pan*” and “*mad*,” and even words apparently as unlike as “*Flushing*” and “*Fletcher*” present astonishing difficulties to the uninitiated. Then there are hosts of words, which, without being very much alike, are yet easily mistaken for one another in the haste of rapid speech.

Good eyesight, therefore, cannot alone surmount such obstacles to easy, rapid, and accurate speech-reading. There must also be, first, an intimate knowledge of the English language, especially in its

vernacular form, so that a speech-reader shall have at command a large stock of words from which to select the right word used by a speaker. Thus, one with the requisite knowledge of English would not make the mistake of supposing that he was asked to wipe his feet on a “*man*” instead of a “*mat*,” while one without this knowledge would happen on the right word only by accident, “*man*” and “*mat*” looking alike to the eye.

Secondly, the habit of making the selection must be so well established as to be accomplished instantaneously, automatically, and without conscious effort.

Thirdly, the mind should be trained to perceive the meaning of what is said as a whole from perhaps a few words, or even parts of words, recognized here and there, as, “*This boy — cote; brium — ote*” (*This boy is cold; bring him his coat*), and not allowed to waste time lingering over the words, trying to decipher them one by one.

The art of speech-reading, then, consists in the ability instantaneously to select the word used by the speaker out of half a dozen that resemble it, and rapidly to build up a correct conception of what he has said from occasional words distinctly recognized here and there in his speech; in other words, reading by context.

The more rapidly the speech-reader makes correct word-selections and perceives meanings as wholes, the more skillful will he be, and the more automatic and unperceived will be the act, so that it appears to him that he reads off the words mechanically, one by one. Yet that this is not always so I have repeatedly proved, when, after a friend has finished speaking to me, I have found my mind a complete blank as to what has been said. Then, before the word “*What?*” was fairly out of my mouth, the whole sentence flashed into my mind, word for word, like a beam of light projected into darkness, as apparently without volition on my part as the distant flash from the lighthouse.

I do not assert that it is impossible to read speech, word by word, mechanically, from the speaker's lips. That is quite possible, but it is the slowest, most uninteresting, and most difficult method of speech-reading, and is feasible only when the speaker articulates with unnatural slowness and deliberation; and in reality it is no more accurate than the other, for, adding together the power of grasping meanings as wholes, and the habit of selecting the correct words from the knowledge of resemblances, the result, in good speech-reading, is the understanding of every word spoken as surely, and a hundred times more rapidly, than by mechanical word-by-word deciphering.

It has the further advantage of allowing the speaker to speak almost as rapidly and indistinctly as usual. For, as every one knows, few even of the most precise speakers give to each word its full value. Words are more or less slurred over and run together, so that really there are few properly pronounced words for the speech-reader to see. Consequently, if one is to go out into the world and read the ordinary careless half-uttered speech of the generality of mankind, it is necessary to cultivate the habit of going as straight as possible to the point, and bothering as little as may be about the exact words used. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred this is all that is required, or, I venture to say, is remembered the next moment by hearing persons. My practice is to allow a talker to go on with what he is saying, even if not one word is understood, in the hope that before the end a word or two may be recognized which will, as it were, throw a flood of light upon the whole speech, rendering previous words intelligible. In this way, it is often possible for me to understand the long story or speech of a person whose short remarks are hard to follow. •

Strangers in general, and people unaccustomed to conversation with speech-readers, sometimes seem to think that the converse of this is true; that they must

talk in short, jerky sentences, using as few words as possible. Of course, this, by reducing to a minimum the number of words out of which a speech-reader may hope to cull a few with which to decipher the meaning, only increases the difficulty of comprehension. Words of many syllables are more intelligible than short ones, for the same reason that sentences as wholes are more comprehensible than single words; there is more to take hold of. Ordinary questions and conversational remarks, being composed of a few words, and these few words of the shortest, fewest syllables, might be almost incomprehensible but for the natural expressions of the face which generally accompany them.

Hearing people depend on these facial expressions to an extent that is perhaps not realized, until some humorous fellow delivers himself of a joke with a perfectly serious face and in a flat voice. The very essence of the fun to him is to observe the bewilderment depicted on the faces of his hearers, the involuntary pause, hesitation, longer with some, shorter with others, before his meaning breaks upon them, and the laugh goes round. It is impossible to open a novel or biography, and hardly a daily newspaper, without coming across commendatory references to a speaker's expressive face, the suggestive modulations of his voice, or complaints of the difficulty in following the ideas of a monotonous speaker. What does all this mean if not that hearing people, possessors of a language made by themselves, and by them adapted as perfectly as may be to their own convenience, yet find it necessary to invent some other method of making a speaker's ideas clear? They have invented the rising inflection of the voice for questions, a falling one for answers or assertions, till the fortunate beings can almost grasp the speaker's remarks without the trouble of listening to his words. Every hearing person makes liberal use of frowns and smiles, the stern or the gentle mien, to

enforce his meaning. So important is the proper use of these aids to comprehension regarded that schools of oratory have been established for their study, in which each inflection of the voice, turn of the head or hand, lifting of an eyebrow, receives due and careful consideration. And all this for the benefit of hearing people, with a language of their own making!

The speech-reader is, therefore, but following the usage of his hearing fellow in availing himself of the only one of these adventitious aids to comprehension open to him, namely, study of the expressions of the face. This study becomes quite as instinctive and unconscious with him as with hearing persons, and by its aid many obscure questions or short remarks are elucidated. For instance, one day some one said to me, "We betnorfrtnor." For a moment I was completely nonplused; it seemed impossible to make sense out of such utter nonsense; but presently, seeing my friend glance at the further of two doors between which we were standing, it flashed on me that the words were, "We better go to the front door."

I can almost always tell by the speaker's natural involuntary glance whether a question is asked or a casual remark made. I bend all my energies to master the question, and if I cannot understand it in one form, I beg that it be repeated in another; the remark, if I fear a tussle to understand, I pass by.

Fancy the feelings of a shy, innocent stranger at seeing a speech-reader struggle laboriously to comprehend some careless remark about the weather! How he wishes he had n't said anything; how quickly he edges off from the embarrassing person, and how carefully he avoids further conversation with her! How much better for the speech-reader to encourage him to talk on and on, until at last words are recognized to which the speech-reader can reply, and conversation becomes established!

If I needed proof that speech-reading is essentially an intellectual exercise, demanding good vernacular knowledge of language, I should find it in my experience with German. For six months I lived in a German boarding-school, with only one friend with whom to talk English. Before the end of that time I could read German speech by eye nearly as readily as English, and it was but rarely that any one had to write off a German sentence for me. This was many years ago. Since then my opportunities for talking and listening to German have been very few. I find now, when I meet a German friend and try to carry on a conversation in German, I cannot do it readily at first. I can put together a few German phrases to express my own ideas, but I cannot decipher the movements of the speaker's lips. Why? Because the German vocabulary at my command is too small to allow me to select from it words that may be those that my friend is using. I find myself consciously and painfully running over my small stock of possible words, much as a miser counts his store of coin, and the chances are infinitely against my finding the right one. This would be disheartening if I had not found by experience that by reading German books for a while, steeping my brains in German, as it were, so that I think in German and see in German, it becomes comparatively easy to catch the German words on my friend's lips.

Many people have the notion that, in order to be understood by a speech-reader, they must speak more slowly and open their mouths more widely. Up to a certain point, and with some people, — not all, — I find it true that slower and more distinct articulation is an advantage; but beyond that point slowness of utterance is a distinct hindrance to comprehension, while the unnatural opening of the mouth is almost prohibitive of conversation. In the first case, the speech-reader's mind, accustomed to run rapidly, is apt to as-

sume, either that there must be more words in each slow movement of the mouth than appears, and be thrown off the track, or, forced to linger over and study each word, forgets the previous ones, and, confused by a mass of details, fails to grasp the full meaning. In the second case, the widely opened mouth, showing parts of words not usually perceived, so changes their accustomed appearance as to render them unintelligible.

There are no two faces in the world exactly alike, and every person has his own peculiar way of speaking. In some the peculiarity is greater than in others, and the difficulty of comprehension is so much increased that at first it may seem utterly impossible to make head or tail of what is said. I am, however, inclined to believe that there is no speech so indistinct that a good speech-reader cannot master it after a while.

It would be hard to say what makes intelligibility to a speech-reader. A great deal of lip action may be difficult to understand, yet too little is equally detrimental. Again, the lip action may be good, and yet some peculiarity of tongue or teeth, or of pronunciation, may render the speech difficult to read. Mustaches, if not too heavy, make little difference one way or another, except at night under a hanging light, when of course they shadow the mouth. I think, take it all in all, that if there are no abnormal peculiarities of the organs of articulation, or of pronunciation, it depends principally on the speech-reader whether speech is intelligible or not. Practice makes perfect, and although I have met many persons whom I could not easily understand, I am not convinced that I could not have readily understood most of them in time, given the opportunity, and the desire, to become accustomed to their peculiarities of speaking. Besides, I am not as good a speech-reader as some I have met, and people whom I find difficult to understand they might find easy.

Bulwer's "art" is as truly an art as

any other. There are grades in it as in others, and special talents are required to attain great proficiency in it. An active, alert mind, constantly on the *qui vive* to receive impressions, keen as a razor in reaching the salient points of things; bright, sharp eyes that see everything, and let nothing escape, are qualifications for attaining a high degree of proficiency in the art, and these I do not possess. The best system of education, without special talent, will not create a Michael Angelo, but it may make a very fair practical artist, who can do sufficiently good work to support himself and his family in comfort. So, without any special inherent fitness for speech-reading, and with the distinct disadvantage of being short-sighted, I have attained skill enough to serve all practical purposes. My father and mother, my husband and children, relatives and friends, and my servants, all talk to me, and I, at least, have never felt that there was any bar to the fullest and freest communication between the immediate members of my family and myself. The occasions when one of them has to use paper and pencil are of the rarest; perhaps once a month, to spell some unfamiliar word or name. With less intimate friends and business people, communication, naturally, is much more restricted, and often I get one of my daughters to act as interpreter. I might, to be sure, use pencil and paper, but the strange part of my experience is that no one will take the trouble to write to me if it can possibly be avoided. If an interpreter is not at hand, the speaker will prefer to repeat again and again, until my patience is exhausted, and I insist on the pencil and paper, which, reluctantly used, are dropped the instant I show signs of understanding without them. This experience is universal. Ladies and gentlemen, tradespeople and servants, all regard writing as something to be avoided as much as possible.

My ability to read speech is of course

the result of long training and practice. It must, however, be remembered that I had to begin at the beginning, and acquire both speech-reading and knowledge of language at the same time, and the process was necessarily slow. It takes, on an average, a year or two for a hearing child to acquire sufficient knowledge of language and familiarity with different vibrations to understand speech by ear. An older person, with a good book knowledge of a foreign tongue which he has never heard, if placed among people speaking it, can teach his ear to distinguish the different vibrations well enough to be able to understand the speech in a much shorter time. Exactly parallel is the case of a well-educated person trying to learn speech-reading. With his good knowledge of language, it should not, I think, take longer to teach his eye to comprehend the different movements of the mouth than to teach his ear the unfamiliar speech.

I believe that many of the processes that pass through the mind of the speech-reader when understanding speech by eye also pass through that of a hearing person when understanding speech by ear. For instance, there are words which are used in a great many different senses, so that the ear alone cannot tell which is meant. It requires a knowledge of language and of word-selection to determine in which sense the word is used. A foreigner might find it strange that a gentleman should be proud of living in a country "box," or prefer a "box" at the opera to a comfortable stuffed seat. Again, he might be puzzled to know why a driver should require water from heaven (rain) with which to guide his horses (rein). Similarly, a speech-reader might be puzzled to know why a glazier should require greenbacks (money) with which to mend his windows (putty), "money" and "putty" being as much alike to the eye as "rain" and "rein" are to the ear.

A hearing friend has told me that he acquired his knowledge of speech-read-

ing by "watching the movements of a speaker's lips, facial expression, and gesture, when a word or sentence was being spoken, and photographing these upon his memory, so that a repetition without sound would be instantly recognized." Some of the members of my family read speech pretty well without having bestowed much pains on its acquisition. Yesterday I read a letter from a deaf lady, in which she speaks of the advantage her power of speech-reading proved in interpreting to her mother the wishes of an invalid friend, whose throat was paralyzed, so that she could not make herself understood by any one else.

It would not be hard to give good reasons why the art of speech-reading should be cultivated by persons who are not thrown in with those who are deprived of hearing. Speech-reading might be of advantage in the sick-room, where even the softest whisper is apt to be extremely annoying to a nervous invalid, as all the speech-reader may require is that the movements of the mouth shall be seen, — even the silent emission of breath required in a whisper being unnecessary. In crowded reception-rooms, where the incessant babble of many voices renders ordinary conversation a matter of difficulty, the ease of speech-reading, giving rest to overstrained voices and ears, would be a relief.

We Americans spend so great a portion of our lives in noisy railroad cars that this means of carrying on long conversations easily and comfortably amid constant noise needs only to be known to be appreciated. The advantages of hearing by eye are, however, much more obvious in the case of those with impaired or imperfect hearing. The eye becomes auxiliary to the ear, and by the aid of the two senses many advantages are enjoyed which it was formerly believed could be possessed only by persons with perfect hearing. Should deafness increase or the hearing be entirely lost, speech-reading remains as a means of communication.

I number among my friends a lady who, when I first met her, was using a long hearing-tube. Until after her marriage she had heard perfectly, but at this time deafness was coming on rapidly. Shortly afterwards she went abroad, and we heard that she had undergone an operation for the restoration of her hearing. When therefore she returned without her tube, and mingled freely and brightly in society, we supposed, of course, that the operation had been successful. Few, I

believe, of those who meet her to-day are aware that she is absolutely without hearing, depending entirely upon her power of speech-reading for all her communication with the world. This she taught herself during the year that she was losing her hearing.

To those who cannot hear at all, the ability to read speech is indeed invaluable, making the difference between a full and happy life and a sad and isolated one.

Mabel Gardiner Bell.

A VOYAGE IN THE DARK.

A FEW days ago, a friend who is kind and patient enough to encumber himself with the care of a blind man and a boy took me and my twelve-year-old a-fishing. It was with a fresh realization of my deprivation that I passed along the watery way once as familiar as the dooryard path, but now shrouded for me in a gloom more impenetrable than the blackness of the darkest night. I could only guess at the bends and reaches as the south wind blew on one cheek or the other, or on my back, only knowing where the channel draws near the shore upon which the Indians encamped in the old days by the flutter of leaves overbearing the rustle of rushes. By the chuckle of ripples under the bow, I guessed when we were in mid-channel; by the entangled splash of an oar, when we approached the reedy border where the water-lilies rode at anchor, and discharged their subtle freight of perfume as they tossed in our wake. I knew by his clatter, drawing nearer only with our progress, that a kingfisher was perched on a channel-side fishing-stake, used in turn by him and bigger but not more skillful fishers. I heard his headlong plunge, but whether successful or not the ensuing clatter did not tell me, for he has but one voice for all ex-

pressions. Yet as his rattling cry was kept up till the rough edge of its harshness was worn away in receding flight, I fancied he was proclaiming an unusually successful achievement. For the sake of his reputation, he would never make such a fuss over a failure, unless he was telling, as we do, of the big fish he just missed catching. At any rate, I wished him good luck, for who would begrudge a poor kingfisher such little fish as he must catch! They would need years of growth to make them worth our catching or bragging over the loss of, and by that time we may be done with fishing.

Suddenly there was a roar of multitudinous wings as a host of redwings up-burst from springing and swaying wild rice stalks, all of which I saw through the blackness illumined for an instant by memory, — the dusky cloud uprising like the smoke of an explosion, the bent rice springing up beneath its lifted burden, the dull-witted or greedy laggards dribbling upward to join the majority. My companions exclaimed in one voice at the rare sight of a white bird in the flock, and by the same light of memory I also saw it as I saw one in an autumn forty years ago, when, with my comrade of those days, I came “daown the crik”

duck-shooting, or trolling as to-day. Again and again we saw this phenomenal bird like a white star twinkling through a murky cloud. The fitful gleam was seen day after day, till the north wind blew him and his cloud away southward.

The pother of the blackbirds overhead disturbed the meditations of a bittern, who, with an alarmed croak, jerked his ungainly form aloft in a flurry of awkward wing-beats, and went sagging across the marshes in search of safer seclusion. I wished that he might find it, and escape the ruthless gunners that will presently come to desolate these marshes. Very different from his uprising was that of a pair of wood ducks, revealing their unsuspected presence with startling suddenness, as they sprang from water to air with a splash and whistle of rapid wings and their squeaking alarm cry, and then flew swiftly away, the sibilant wing-beats pulsing out in the distance. These, too, I wished might safely run the gauntlet of all the guns that will be arrayed against them when the summer truce is broken. If I had not been mustered out, or if my boy were mustered in, no doubt I should feel differently toward the inhabitants of these marshes. Compulsory abstinence makes one exceedingly virtuous, and because I am virtuous there shall be no cakes and ale for any one.

The absence of the rail's cackle was noticeable, a clamor that used to be provoked at this season by every sudden noise. We never got sight of the "ma'sh chickens" as they skulked among the sedges; and when the birds were pressed to flight, rarely caught more than a fleeting glimpse as they topped the rushes for an instant, and dropped again into the mazes of the marsh. But they were always announcing a numerous if invisible presence where now not one answered to our voices or the noise of our oars.

All this while our trolling gear was in tow: the boy's, a "phantom minnow" bristling with barbs, a veritable porcupine fish; mine, a fluted spoon. The larger fish

seemed attracted by the better imitation, or perhaps age and experience had given them discernment to shun the other more glaring sham, and the best of them went to the boy's score; but the unwise majority of smaller fish were evidently anxious to secure souvenir spoons of Little Otter, and in consequence of that desire I was "high hook" as to numbers. They were only pickerel at best, though some of them, bearing their spots on a green ground, are honored with the name of "maskalonge" by our fishermen. A scratch of the finger-nail across the scaly gill-cover gives proof enough to convince even a blind man of the worthlessness of this claim to distinction.

Once I enjoyed an exaltation of spirit only to suffer humiliation. There was a tug at the hooks, so heavy that my first thought was of a snag, and I was on the point of calling out to my friend to stop rowing. Then there was a slight yielding, and the tremor that tells unmistakably of a fish. "Now," said I, with my heart but a little way back of my teeth, "I am fast to something like a fish, but I shall never be able to boat him. He is too big to lift out with the hooks, and I can't see to get him by the gills, and so I shall lose him." As he came in slowly, stubbornly fighting against every shortening inch of line. I almost wished he had not been hooked at all only to be lost at last. When, after a time, my fish was hauled near the boat and in sight of my companions, my catch proved to be no monster, but a pickerel of very ordinary size hooked by the belly, and so my hopes and fears vanished together.

I think distances are magnified to the blind, for it seemed twice as far as it did of old from the East Slang to the South Slang, as we passed these oddly named tributaries of Little Otter.

At last I sniffed the fragrance of cedars and heard the wash of waves on the southward-slanted shore of Garden Island, and these informed me we were at the lake. In confirmation thereof was the

testimony of my companions, given out of their light to my darkness, of an eagle's royal progress through his ethereal realm, making inspection of his disputed earthly possession. I was glad to know that his majesty had escaped the republican regicides who haunt the summer shores.

We made a difficult landing on the mainland, on the oozy shore of mixed sawdust and mud, and followed the old trail to the old camping ground under the rocks, a place full of pleasant memories for the elder two of our trio, and offering to the boy the charms of freshness and discovery. For him the cliff towered skyward but little below the eagle's flight; its tiny caves were unexplored mysteries, their coral-beaded curtains of Canada yew and delicate netting of mountain fringe strange foreign growths. Through his undimmed eyes I had glimpses of those happy shores whereon the sun always shines and no cloud arises beyond. What a little way behind they seem in the voyage that has grown wearisome, and yet we can never revisit them for a day nor for an hour, and it is like a dream that we ever dwelt there!

Bearing with us from this port something not marketable nor even visible, yet worth carrying home, we reëmbarked, and the wind, blowing in my face, informed me we were homeward bound. One after another, we passed five boats of fishing parties tied up at as many stakes, the crews pursuing their pastime with steadfast patience, as their intent silence proclaimed. To me they were as ships passed in the night. I had no other knowledge of them than this, except that my friend told me there was a fat woman in each boat, and that one of them boasted to us, with motherly pride, of a big pickerel caught by her little girl.

A blended hum of bumblebees droned in among us, and my companions remarked that one of the aerial voyagers had boarded our craft, while I maintained there were two, which proved to be the fact; whereupon I argued that my ears

were better than their eyes, but failed to convince them or even myself. I welcomed the bees as old acquaintances, who, in the spring duck-shooting of past years, always used to come aboard and bear us company for a while, rarely alighting, but tacking from stem to stern on a cruise of inspection, till at last, satisfied or disappointed, they went booming out of sight and hearing over marshfuls of blue spikes of pickerel weed and white trinities of arrowhead. I cannot imagine why bees should be attracted to the barrenness of a boat, unless by a curiosity to explore such strange floating islands, though their dry wood promises neither leaf nor bloom.

I hear of people every year who forsake leafage and bloom to search the frozen desolation of the polar north for the Lord knows what, and I cease to wonder at the bees, when men so waste the summers that are given them to enjoy if they will but bide in them.

We passed many new houses of the muskrats, who are building close to the channel this year in prophecy of continued low water. But muskrats are not infallible prophets, and sometimes suffer therefor in starvation or drowning. The labor of the night-workers was suspended in the glare of the August afternoon, and their houses were as silent as if deserted, though we doubted not there were happy households inside them, untroubled by dreams of famine or deluge, or possibly of the unmercifulness of man, though that seems an abiding terror with our lesser brethren. Winter before last the marshes were frozen to the bottom, blocking the muskrats in their houses, where entire families perished miserably after being starved to cannibalism. Some dug out through the house roofs, and wandered far across the desolate wintry fields in search of food. Yet nature, indifferent to all fates, has so fostered them since that direful season that the marshy shores are populous again with sedge-thatched houses.

As we neared our home port we met

two trollers, one of whom lifted up for envious inspection a lusty pickerel. "He 's as big as your leg," my friend replied to my inquiry concerning its dimensions, and in aid of my further inquisitiveness asked the lucky captor how much the fish would weigh. "Wal, I guess he ought to weigh abaout seven pounds," was answered, after careful consideration. We

learned afterwards that its actual weight was nine pounds, and I set that man down as a very honest angler.

Presently our boat ran her nose into the familiar mire of well-named Mud Landing, and we exchanged oars for legs, which we plied with right good will, for a thunderstorm was beginning to bel- low behind us.

Rowland E. Robinson.

THE LIFE OF NANCY.

I.

THE wooded hills and pastures of eastern Massachusetts are so close to Boston that from upper windows of the city, looking westward, you can see the tops of pine-trees and orchard-boughs on the high horizon. There is a rustic environment on the landward side; there are old farmhouses at the back of Milton Hill and beyond Belmont which look as unchanged by the besieging suburbs of a great city as if they were forty miles from even its borders. Now and then, in Boston streets, you can see an old farmer in his sleigh or farm wagon as if you saw him in a Berkshire village. He seems neither to look up at the towers nor down at any fashionable citizens, but goes his way alike unconscious of seeing or being seen.

On a certain day there was an old man driving along Beacon Street, who looked bent in the shoulders, as if his worn fur cap were too heavy for head and shoulders both. This type of the ancient New England farmer in winter twitched the reins occasionally, like an old woman, to urge the steady white horse that plodded along as unmindful of his master's suggestions as of the silver-mounted harnesses that passed them by. Both the horse and driver appeared to be conscious of sufficient wisdom, and even worth, for the duties of life, but all this placidity

and self-assurance were in sharp contrast to the eager excitement of a pretty, red-cheeked girl who sat at the old man's side. She was as sensitive to every new impression as they were dull. Her face bloomed out of a round white hood in such charming fashion that those who began to smile at an out-of-date equipage were interrupted by a second and stronger instinct, and paid the homage that one must always pay to beauty.

It was a bitter cold morning. The great sleighbells on the horse's shaggy neck jangled along the street, and seemed to still themselves as they came among the group of vehicles that were climbing the long hill by the Common.

As the sleigh passed a clubhouse that stands high on the slope, a young man who stood idly behind one of the large windows made a hurried step forward, and his sober face relaxed into a broad, delighted smile; then he turned quickly, and presently appearing at the outer door, scurried down the long flight of steps to the street, fastening the top buttons of his overcoat by the way. The old sleigh, with its worn buffalo robe hanging unevenly over the back, was only a short distance up the street, but the pursuer found trouble in gaining much upon the steady gait of the white horse. He ran two or three steps now and then, and was almost near enough to speak as he drew closer to the

pavement by the State House. The pretty girl was looking up with wonder and delight, but in another moment they went briskly on, and it was not until a long pause had to be made at the blocked crossing of Tremont Street that the chase was ended.

The wonders of a first visit to Boston were happily continued to Miss Nancy Gale in the sudden appearance at her side of a handsome young man. She put out a most cordial and warm hand from her fitch muff, and her acquaintance noticed with pleasure the white knitted mitten that protected it from the weather. He had not yet found time to miss the gloves left behind at the club, but the warm little mitten was very comfortable to his fingers.

"I was just thinking — I hoped I should see you, when I was starting to come in this morning," she said, with an eager look of pleasure; then, growing shy after the unconscious joy of the first moment, "Boston is a pretty big place, is n't it?"

"We all think so," said Tom Aldis with fine candor. "It seems odd to see you here."

"Uncle Ezra, this is Mr. Aldis that I have been telling you about, who was down at our place so long in the fall," explained Nancy, turning to look appealingly at her stern companion. "Mr. Aldis had to remain with a friend who had sprained his ankle. Is Mr. Carew quite well now?" she turned again to ask.

"Oh yes," answered Tom. "I saw him last week; he's in New York this winter. But where are you staying, Nancy?" he asked eagerly, with a hopeful glance at uncle Ezra. "I should like to take you somewhere this afternoon. This is your first visit, is n't it? Could n't you go to see Rip Van Winkle to-morrow? It's the very best thing there is just now. Jefferson's playing this week."

"Our folks ain't in the habit of attending theatres, sir," said uncle Ezra, checking this innocent plan as effectually as an

untracked horse car was stopping traffic in the narrow street. He looked over his shoulder to see if there were any room to turn, but was disappointed.

Tom Aldis gave a glance, also, and was happily reassured; the street was getting fuller behind them every moment. "I beg you to excuse me, sir," he said gallantly to the old man. "Do you think of anything else that Miss Gale ought to see? There is the Art Museum, if she has n't been there already; all the pictures and statues and Egyptian things, you know."

There was much deference and courtesy in the young man's behavior to his senior. Uncle Ezra responded by a less suspicious look at him, but seemed to be considering this new proposition before he spoke. Uncle Ezra was evidently of the opinion that while it might be a misfortune to be an old man, it was a fault to be a young one and good looking where girls were concerned.

"Miss Gale's father and mother showed me so much kindness," Tom explained, seizing his moment of advantage, "I should like to be of some use; it may not be convenient for you to come into town in this cold weather."

"Our folks have plenty to do all the time, that's a fact," acknowledged uncle Ezra less grimly, while Nancy managed to show the light of a very knowing little smile. "I don't know but she'd like to have a city man show her about, anyways. 'T ain't but four miles an' a half out to our place, the way we come, but while this weather holds I don't calculate to get into Boston more 'n once a week. I fetch all my stuff into the Quincy Market myself, an' I've got to come in day after to-morrow mornin', but not till late, with a barrel o' nice winter pears I've been a-savin'. I can set the barrel right forward in the sleigh here, and I do' know but I can fetch Nancy as well as not. But how'd ye get home, Nancy? Could n't you walk over to our place from the Milton depot, or could ye?"

"Why, of course I could!" answered his niece, with a joy calmed by discretion.

"Tain't but a mile an' three quarters; 't won't hurt a Maine girl," said the old man, smiling under his great cap, so that his cold, shrewd eyes suddenly grew blue and boyish. "I know all about ye now, Mr. Aldis; I used to be acquainted with your grandfather. Much obliged to you. Yes, I'll fetch Nancy. I'll leave her right up there to the Missionary Building, corner o' Somerset Street. She can wait in the bookstore; it's liable to be open early. After I get through business to-day, I'm goin' to leave the hoss, an' let her see Fanenil Hall, an' the market o' course, and I don't know but we shall stop in to the Old South Church; or you can show her that, an' tell her about any other curiosities, if we don't have time."

Nancy looked radiant, and Tom Aldis accepted his trust with satisfaction. At that moment the blockade was over and teams began to move.

"Not if it rains!" said uncle Ezra, speaking distinctly over his shoulder as they started. "Otherwise expect her about eight or a little" — but the last of the sentence was lost.

Nancy looked back and nodded from the tangle to Tom, who stood on the curbstone with his hands in his pockets. Her white hood bobbed out of sight the next moment in School Street behind a great dray.

"Good gracious! eight o'clock!" said Tom, a little daunted, as he walked quickly up the street. As he passed the Missionary Building and the bookstore he laughed aloud, but as he came near the clubhouse again, in this victorious retreat, he looked up at a window of one of the pleasant old houses, and then obeyed the beckoning nod of an elderly relative who seemed to have been watching for his return.

"Tom," said she, as he entered the library, "I insist upon it that I am not curious by nature or by habit, but what

in the world made you chase that funny old horse and sleigh?"

"A pretty girl," said Tom frankly.

II.

The second morning after this unexpected interview was sunshiny enough, and as cold as January could make it. Tom Aldis, being young and gay, was apt to keep late hours at this season, and the night before had been the night of a Harvard assembly. He was the kindest-hearted fellow in the world, but it was impossible not to feel a little glum and sleepy as he hurried toward the Missionary Building. The sharp air had urged uncle Ezra's white horse beyond his customary pace, so that the old sleigh was already waiting, and uncle Ezra himself was beating with his arms and tramping to and fro impatiently.

"Cold mornin'!" he said. "She's waitin' for you in there. I wanted to be sure you'd come. Now I'll be off. I've got them pears well covered, but I expect they may be chilled. Nancy counted on it, an' I just as soon she'd have a nice time. Her cousin's folks'll see her to the depot," he added as he drove away, and Tom nodded reassuringly from the bookstore door.

Nancy looked up eagerly from beside a counter full of gayly bound books, and gave him a speechless and grateful good-morning.

"I'm getting some presents for the little boys," she informed him. "They're great hands to read. This one's all about birds, for Sam, and I don't know but this *Life o' Napoleon* 'll please Asa as much as anything. When I waked up this morning I felt homesick. I could n't see anything out o' the window that I knew. I'm a real home body."

"I should like to send the boys a present, myself," said Tom. "What do you think about jack-knives?"

"Asa'd rather have readin' matter;

he ain't got the use for a knife that some boys have. Why, you're real good!" said Nancy.

"And your mother, — can't I send her something that she would like?" asked Tom kindly.

"She liked all those things that you and Mr. Carew sent at Christmas time. We had the loveliest time opening the bundles. You ought n't to think o' doing anything more. I wish you'd help me pick out a nice large-print Bible for grandma; she's always wishing for a large-print Bible, and her eyes fail her a good deal."

Tom Aldis was not very fond of shopping, but this pious errand did not displease him in Nancy's company. A few minutes later, when they went out into the cold street, he felt warm and cheerful, and carried under his arm the flat parcel which held a large-print copy of the Scriptures and the little boys' books. Seeing Nancy again seemed to carry his thoughts back to East Rodney, as if he had been born and brought up there as well as she. The society and scenery of the little coast town were so simple and definite in their elements that one easily acquired a feeling of citizenship; it was like becoming acquainted with a friendly individual. Tom had an intimate knowledge, gained from several weeks' residence, with Nancy's whole world.

The long morning stretched before them like a morning in far Cathay, and they stepped off down the street toward the Old South Church, which had been omitted from uncle Ezra's scheme of entertainment by reason of difficulty in leaving the horse. The discovery that the door would not be open for nearly another hour only involved a longer walk among the city streets, and the asking and answering of many questions about the East Rodney neighbors, and the late autumn hunting and fishing which, with some land interests of his father's, had first drawn Tom to that part of the country. He had known enough of the rest

of the world to appreciate the little community of fishermen-farmers, and while his friend Carew was but a complaining captive with a sprained ankle, Tom Aldis entered into the spirit of rural life with great zest; in fact, he now remembered some boyish gallantries with a little uneasiness, and looked to Nancy to befriend him. It was easy for a man of twenty-three to arrive at an almost brotherly affection for such a person as Nancy; she was so discreet and so sincerely affectionate.

Nancy looked up at him once or twice as they walked along, and her face glowed with happy pride. "I'd just like to have Addie Porter see me now!" she exclaimed, and gave Tom a straightforward look to which he promptly responded.

"Why?" he asked.

Nancy drew a long breath of relief, and began to smile.

"Oh, nothing," she answered; "only she kept telling me that you would n't have much of anything to say to me, if I should happen to meet you anywhere up to Boston. I knew better. I guess you're all right, aren't you, about that?" She spoke with sudden impulse, but there was something in her tone that made Tom blush a little.

"Why, yes," he answered. "What do you mean, Nancy?"

"We won't talk about it now while we're full of seeing things, but I've got something to say by and by," said the girl soberly.

"You're very mysterious," protested Tom, taking the bundle under his other arm, and piloting her carefully across the street.

Nancy said no more. The town was more interesting now that it seemed to have waked up, and her eyes were too busy. Everything proved delightful that day, from the recognition of business signs familiar to her through newspaper advertisements, to the Great Organ, and the thrill which her patriotic heart experienced in a second visit to Faneuil Hall.

They found the weather so mild that they pushed on to Charlestown, and went to the top of the monument, which Tom had not done since he was a very small boy. After this they saw what else they could of historical Boston, on the fleetest and lightest of feet, and talked all the way, until they were suddenly astonished to hear the bells in all the steeples ring at noon.

"Oh dear, my nice mornin' 's all gone," said Nancy regretfully. "I never had such a beautiful time in all my life!"

She looked quite beautiful herself as she spoke: her eyes shone with lovely light and feeling, and her cheeks were bright with color like a fresh-bloomed rose, but for the first time that day she was wistful and sorry.

"Oh, you need n't go back yet!" said Tom. "I've nothing in the world to do."

"Uncle Ezra thought I'd better go up to cousin Snow's in Revere Street. I'm afraid she'll be all through dinner, but never mind. They thought I'd better go there on mother's account; it's her cousin, but I never saw her, at least not since I can remember. They won't like it if I don't, you know; it would n't be very polite."

"All right," assented Tom with dignity. "I'll take you there at once: perhaps we can catch a car or something."

"I'm ashamed to ask for anything more when you've been so kind," said Nancy, after a few moments of anxious silence. "I don't know that you can think of any good chance, but I'd give a great deal if I could only go somewhere and see some pretty dancing. You know I'm always dreamin' and dreamin' about pretty dancing!" and she looked eagerly at Tom to see what he would say. "It must be goin' on somewhere in Boston," she went on with pleading eyes. "Could you ask somebody? They said at uncle Ezra's that if cousin Abby Snow wanted me to remain until to-morrow it might be just as well to

stay; she used to be so well acquainted with mother. And so I thought — I might get some nice chance to look on."

"To see some dancing," repeated Tom, mindful of his own gay evening the night before, and of others to come, and the general impossibility of Nancy's finding the happiness she sought. He never had been so confronted by social barriers. As for Nancy's dancing at East Rodney, in the schoolhouse hall or in Jacob Parker's new barn, it had been one of the most ideal things he had ever known in his life; it would be hard to find elsewhere such grace as hers. In seaboard towns one often comes upon strange foreign inheritances, and the soul of a Spanish grandmother might still survive in Nancy, as far as her light feet were concerned. She danced like a flower in the wind. She made you feel light of foot yourself, as if you were whirling and blowing and waving through the air; as if you could go out dancing and dancing over the blue sea water of the bay, and find floor enough to touch and whirl upon. But Nancy had always seemed to take her gifts for granted; she had the simplicity of genius. "I can't say now, but I am sure to find out," said Tom Aldis definitely. "I'll try to make some sort of plan for you. I wish we could have another dance, ourselves."

"Oh, not now," answered Nancy sensibly. "It's knowing 'most all the people that makes a party pleasant."

"My aunt would have asked you to come to luncheon to-day, but she had to go out of town, and was afraid of not getting back in season. She would like to see you very much. You see I'm only a bachelor in lodgings this winter," explained Tom bravely.

"You've been just as good as you could be. I know all about Boston now, almost as if I lived here. I should like to see the inside of one of those big houses," she added softly; "they all look so noble as you go by. I think it was

very polite of your aunt ; you must thank her, Mr. Aldis."

It seemed to Tom as if his companion was building most glorious pleasure out of very commonplace materials. All the morning she had been as gay and busy as a brook.

By the middle of the afternoon he knocked again at cousin Snow's door in Revere Street, and delivered an invitation. Mrs. Annesley, his aunt, and the kindest of women, would take Nancy to an afternoon class at Papanti's, and bring her back afterward, if cousin Snow were willing to spare her. Tom would wait and drive back with her in the coupé ; then he must hurry to Cambridge for a business meeting to which he had been suddenly summoned.

Nancy was radiant when she first appeared, but a few minutes later, as they drove away together, she began to look grave and absent. It was only because she was so sorry to think of parting.

"I am so glad about the dancing class," said Tom. "I never should have thought of that. They are all children, you know ; but it's very pretty, and they learn all the new dances. I used to think it a horrid penance when I was a small boy."

"I don't know why it is," said Nancy, "but the mere thought of music and dancin' makes me feel happy. I never saw any real good dancin', either, but I can always dream what it ought to be. There's nothing so beautiful to me as manners," she added softly, as if she whispered at the shrine of confidence.

"My aunt thinks there are going to be some pretty figure dances to-day," announced Tom in a matter-of-fact way. There was something else than the dancing upon his mind. He thought that he should have told Nancy of his engagement, — not that it was quite an engagement yet, — but he could not do it just now. "What was it you were going to tell me this morning ? About Addie Porter, was n't it ?" He laughed a little, and then colored deeply. He had been

somewhat foolish in his attentions to this young person, the beguiling village belle of East Rodney and the adjacent coasts. She was a pretty creature and a sad flirt, with none of the real beauty and quaint sisterly ways of Nancy. "What was it all about ?" he asked again.

Nancy turned away quickly. "That's one thing I wanted to come to Boston for ; that's what I want to tell you. She don't really care anything about you. She only wanted to get you away from the other girls. I know for certain that she likes Jo Brown better than anybody, and now she's been going with him almost all winter long. He keeps telling round that they're going to be married in the spring ; but I thought if it was so, she'd ask me to get some of her best things while I was in Boston. I suppose she's intendin' to play with him a while longer," said Nancy with honest scorn, "just because he loves her well enough to wait. But don't you worry about her, Mr. Aldis !"

"I won't indeed," answered Tom meekly, but with an unexpected feeling of relief as if the unconscious danger had been a real one. Nancy was very serious.

"I'm going home the first of the week," she said as they parted ; but the small hand felt colder than usual, and did not return his warm grasp. The light in her eyes had all gone, but Tom's beamed affectionately.

"I never thought of Addie Porter afterward, I'm afraid," he confessed. "What awfully good fun we all had ! I should like to go down to East Rodney again some time."

"Oh, shan't you ever come ?" cried Nancy, with a thrill in her voice which Tom did not soon forget. He did not know that the young girl's heart was waked, he was so busy with the affairs of his own affections ; but true friendship does not grow on every bush, in Boston or East Rodney, and Nancy's voice and farewell look touched something that lay very deep within his heart.

There is little more to be told of this part of the story. Mrs. Annesley, Tom's aunt, being a woman whose knowledge of human nature and power of sympathy made her a woman of the world rather than of any smaller circle. — Mrs. Annesley was delighted with Nancy's unaffected pleasure and self-forgetful dignity of behavior at the dancing-school. She took her back to the house, and they had half an hour together there, and only parted because Nancy was to spend the night with cousin Snow, and another old friend of her mother's was to be asked to tea. Mrs. Annesley asked her to come to see her again, whenever she was in Boston, and Nancy gratefully promised, but she never came. "I'm all through with Boston for this time," she said, with an amused smile, at parting. "I'm what one of our neighbors calls 'all flustered up,'" and she looked eagerly in her new friend's kind eyes for sympathy. "Now that I've seen this beautiful house, and you and Mr. Aldis, and some pretty dancing, I want to go right home where I belong."

Tom Aldis meant to write to Nancy when his engagement came out, but he never did; and he meant to send a long letter to her and her mother two years later, when he and his wife were going abroad for a long time; but he had an inborn hatred of letter-writing, and let that occasion pass also, though when anything made him very sorry or very glad, he had a curious habit of thinking of these East Rodney friends. Before he went to Europe he used to send them magazines now and then, or a roll of illustrated papers; and one day, in a bookstore, he happened to see a fine French book with colored portraits of famous dancers, and sent it by express to Nancy with his best remembrances. But Tom was young and much occupied, the stream of time floated him away from the shore of Maine, not toward it, ten or fifteen years passed by, his black hair began to grow gray, and he came back from Eu-

rope after a while to a new Boston life in which reminiscences of East Rodney seemed very remote indeed.

III.

One summer afternoon there were two passengers, middle-aged men, on the small steamer *James Madison* which attended the comings and goings of the great Boston steamer, and ran hither and yon on errands about Penobscot Bay. She was puffing up a long inlet toward East Rodney Landing, and the two strangers were observing the green shores with great interest. Like nearly the whole stretch of the Maine coast, there was a house on almost every point and headland; but for all this, there were great tracts of untenanted country, dark untouched forests of spruces and firs, and shady coves where there seemed to be deep water and proper moorings. The two passengers were on the watch for landings and lookouts; in short, this lovely, lonely country was being frankly appraised at its probable value for lumbering or for building-lots and its relation to the real estate market. Just now there appeared to be no citizens save crows and herons, the sun was almost down behind some high hills in the west, and the Landing was in sight not very far ahead.

"It is nearly twenty years since I came down here before," said the younger of the two men, suddenly giving the conversation a personal turn. "Just after I was out of college, at any rate. My father had bought this point of land with the islands. I think he meant to come and hunt in the autumn, and was misled by false accounts of deer and moose. He sent me down to oversee something or other. I believe he had some surveyors at work, and thought they had better be looked after. I got my chum Carew to come along, and we found plenty of trout, and had a great time until he gave his ankle a bad sprain."

"What did you do then?" asked the elder man politely, keeping his eyes on the shore.

"I stayed by, of course; I had nothing to do in those days," answered Mr. Aldis. "It was one of those nice old-fashioned country neighborhoods where there was plenty of fun among the younger people, — sailing on moonlight nights, and hay-cart parties, and dances, and all sorts of things. We used to go to prayer meetings nine or ten miles off, and sewing societies. I had hard work to get away! We made excuse of Carew's ankle joint as long as we could, but he'd been all right and going everywhere with the rest of us a fortnight before we started. We waited until there was ice alongshore, I remember."

"Daniel R. Carew, was it, of the New York Stock Exchange?" asked the listener. "He strikes you as being a very grave sort of person now; does n't like it if he finds anybody in his chair at the club, and all that."

"I can stir him up," said Mr. Aldis confidently. "Poor old fellow, he has had a good deal of trouble, one way and another. How the Landing has grown up! Why, it's a good-sized little town!"

"I'm sorry it is so late," he added, after a long look at a farm on the shore which they were passing. "I meant to go to see the people up there," and he pointed to the old farmhouse, dark and low and firm-rooted in the long slope of half-tamed, ledgy fields. Warm thoughts of Nancy filled his heart, as if they had said good-by to each other that cold afternoon in Boston only the winter before. He had not been so eager to see any one for a long time. Such is the triumph of friendship: even love itself without friendship is the victim of chance and time.

When supper was over in the Knox House, the one centre of public entertainment in East Rodney, it was past eight o'clock, and Mr. Aldis felt like a dim copy of Rip Van Winkle, or of the gay

Tom Aldis who used to know everybody, and be known of all men as the planner of gayeties. He lighted a cigar as he sat on the front piazza of the hotel, and gave himself up to reflection. There was a long line of lights in the second story of a wooden building opposite, and he was conscious of some sort of public interest and excitement.

"There is going to be a time in the hall," said the landlord, who came hospitably out to join him. "The folks are going to have a dance. The proceeds will be applied to buying a bell for the new schoolhouse. They'd be pleased if you felt like stepping over; there has been a considerable number glad to hear you thought of coming down. I ain't an East Rodney man myself, but I've often heard of your residin' here some years ago. Our folks is makin' the ice cream for the occasion," he added significantly, and Mr. Aldis nodded and smiled in acknowledgment. He had meant to go out and see the Gales, if the boat had only got in in season; but boats are unpunctual in their ways, and the James Madison had been unexpectedly signaled by one little landing and settlement after another. He remembered that a great many young people were on board when they arrived, and now they appeared again, coming along the street and disappearing at the steep stairway opposite. The lighted windows were full of heads already, and there were now and then preliminary exercises upon a violin. Mr. Aldis had grown old enough to be obliged to sit and think it over about going to a ball; the day had passed when there would have been no question; but when he had finished his cigar he crossed the street, and only stopped before the lighted store window to find a proper bank bill for the doorkeeper. Then he ran up the stairs to the hall, as if he were the Tom Aldis of old. It was an embarrassing moment as he entered the low, hot room, and the young people stared at him suspiciously; but there were also elderly

people scattered about who were meekly curious and interested, and one of these got clumsily upon his feet and hastened to grasp the handsome stranger by the hand.

"Nancy heard you was coming," said Mr. Gale delightedly. "She expected I should see you here, if you was just the same kind of a man you used to be. Come, let's set right down: folks is crowding in; there may be more to set than there is to dance."

"How is Nancy?" asked Tom, feeling the years tumble off his shoulders.

"Well as usual, poor creatur'," replied the old father.

At that moment the orchestra struck up a military march with so much energy that further conversation was impossible. Near them was an awkward-looking young fellow, with shoulders too broad for his height, and a general look of chunkiness and dullness. Presently he rose and crossed the room, and made a bow to his chosen partner that most courtiers might have envied. It was a bow of grace and dignity.

"Pretty well done!" said Tom Aldis aloud.

Mr. Gale was beaming with smiles, and keeping time to the music with his foot and hand. "Nancy done it," he announced proudly, speaking close to his companion's ear. "That boy give her a sight o' difficulty; he used to want to learn, but 'long at the first he'd turn shame-red if he much as met a sheep in a pastur'. The last time I see him on the floor I went home an' told her he done as well as any. You can see for yourself, now they're all a-movin'."

The fresh southerly breeze came wafting into the hall and making the lamps flare. If Tom turned his head, he could see the lights out in the bay, of vessels that had put in for the night. Old Mr. Gale was not disposed for conversation so long as the march lasted, and when it was over a frisky-looking middle-aged person accosted Mr. Aldis with the un-

dimmed friendliness of their youth; and he took her out, as behooved him, for the Lancers quadrille. From her he learned that Nancy had been for many years a helpless invalid; and when their dance was over he returned to sit out the next one with Mr. Gale, who had recovered a little by this time from the excitement of the occasion, and was eager to talk about Nancy's troubles, but still more about her gifts and activities. After a while they adjourned to the hotel piazza in company, and the old man grew still more eloquent over a cigar. He had not changed much since Tom's residence in the family; in fact, the flight of seventeen years had made but little difference in his durable complexion or the tough frame which had been early seasoned by wind and weather.

"Yes, sir," he said, "Nancy has had it very hard, but she's the life o' the neighborhood yet. For excellent judgment I never see her equal. Why, once the board o' selee'men took trouble to meet right there in her room off the kitchen, when they had to make some responsible changes in layin' out the school deestriets. She was the best teacher they ever had, a master good teacher; fitted a boy for Bowdoin College all except his Greek, that last season before she was laid aside from sickness. She took right holt to bear it the best she could, and begun to study on what kind o' things she could do. First she used to make out to knit, a-lay-in' there, for the store, but her hands got crippled up with the rest of her; 't is the wust kind o' rheumatics there is. She had me go round to the neighborin' schools and say that if any of the child'n was backward an' slow with their lessons to send 'em up to her. Now an' then there'd be one, an' at last she'd see to some class there was n't time for; an' here year before last the town voted her fifty dollars a year for her services. What do you think of that?"

Aldis manifested his admiration, but he could not help wishing that he had not seemed to forget so pleasant an old ac-

quaintance, and above all wished that he had not seemed to take part in nature's great scheme to defraud her. She had begun life with such distinct rights and possibilities.

"I tell you she was the most cut up to have to stop dancin'," said Mr. Gale gayly, "but she held right on to that same as to other things. 'I can't dance myself,' she says, 'so I'm goin' to make other folks.' You see right before you how she's kep' her word, Mr. Aldis? What always pleased her the most, from a child, was dancin'. Folks talked to her some about letting her mind rove on them light things when she appeared to be on a dyin' bed. 'David, he danced afore the Lord,' she'd tell 'em, an' her eyes would snap so, they did n't like to say no more."

Aldis laughed, the old man himself was so cheerful.

"Well, sir, she made 'em keep right on with the old dancin'-school she always took such part in (I guess 't was goin', warn't it, that fall you stopped here?); but she sent out for all the child'n she could get and learnt 'em their manners. She can see right out into the kitchen from where she is, an' she has 'em make their bows an' take their steps till they get 'em right an' feel as good as anybody. There's boys an' girls comin' an' goin' two or three times a week in the afternoon. It don't seem to be no hardship: there ain't no such good company for young or old as Nancy."

"She'll be dreadful glad to see you," the proud father ended his praises. "Oh, she's never forgot that good time she had up to Boston. You an' all your folks could n't have treated her no better, an' you give her her heart's desire, you did so! She's never done talkin' about that pretty dancin'-school with all them lovely little child'n, an' everybody so elegant and pretty-behaved. She'd always wanted to see such a lady as your aunt was. I don't know but she's right: she always maintains that when folks has good manners an' good hearts the world is their'n,

an' she was goin' to do everything she could to keep young folks from feelin' hoggish an' left out."

Tom walked out toward the farm in the bright moonlight with Mr. Gale, and promised to call as early the next day as possible. They followed the old shore path, with the sea on one hand and the pointed firs on the other, and parted where Nancy's light could be seen twinkling on the hill.

IV.

It was not very cheerful to look forward to seeing a friend of one's youth crippled and disabled; beside, Tom Aldis always felt a nervous dread in being where people were ill and suffering. He thought once or twice how little compassion for Nancy these country neighbors expressed. Even her father seemed inclined to boast of her, rather than to pity the poor life that was so hindered. Business affairs and conference were appointed for that afternoon, so that by the middle of the morning he found himself walking up the yard to the Gales' side door.

There was nobody within call. Mr. Aldis tapped once or twice, and then hearing a voice he went through the narrow unpainted entry into the old kitchen, a brown, comfortable place which he well remembered.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you," Nancy was saying from her little bedroom beyond. "Come in, come in!"

He passed the doorway, and stood with his hand on hers, which lay helpless on the blue-and-white coverlet. Nancy's young eyes, untouched by years or pain or regret, looked up at him as frankly as a child's from the pillow.

"Mother's gone down into the field to pick some peas for dinner," she said, looking and looking at Tom and smiling; but he saw at last that tears were shining, too, and making her smile all the brighter. "You see now why I could n't

write," she explained. "I kept thinking I should. I did n't want anybody else to thank you for the books. Now sit right down," she begged her guest. "Father told me all he could about last night. You danced with Addie Porter."

"I did," acknowledged Tom Aldis, and they both laughed. "We talked about old times between the figures, but it seemed to me that I remembered them better than she did."

"Addie has been through with a good deal of experience since then," explained Nancy, with a twinkle in her eyes.

"I wish I could have danced again with you," said Tom bravely, "but I saw some scholars that did you credit."

"I have to dance by proxy," said Nancy; and to this there was no reply.

Tom Aldis sat in the tiny bedroom with an aching heart. Such activity and definiteness of mind, such power of loving and hunger for life, had been pent and prisoned there so many years. Nancy had made what she could of her small world of books. There was something very uncommon in her look and way of speaking; he felt like a boy beside her, — he to whom the world had given its best luxury and widest opportunity. As he looked out of the small window, he saw only a ledgy pasture where sheep were straying along the slopes among the bayberry and juniper; beyond were some balsam firs and a glimpse of the sea. It was a lovely bit of landscape, but it lacked figures, and Nancy was born to be a teacher and a lover of her kind. She had only lacked opportunity, but she was equal to meeting whatever should come. One saw it in her face.

"You don't know how many times I have thought of that cold day in Boston," said Nancy from her pillows. "Your aunt was beautiful. I never could tell you about the rest of the day, could I? Why, it just gave me a measure to live by. I saw right off how small some things were that I thought were big. I told her about one or two things down here in Rodney

that troubled me, and she understood all about it. 'If we mean to be happy and useful,' she said, 'the only way is to be self-forgetful.' I never forgot that!"

"The seed fell upon good ground, it seems to me," said Mr. Aldis with a smile. He had been happy enough himself, but Nancy's happiness appeared in that moment to have been of another sort. He could not help thinking what a wonderful perennial quality there is in friendship. Because it had once flourished and bloomed, no winter snows of Maine could bury it, no summer sunshine of his foreign life could wither this single flower of a day long past. The years vanished like a May snowdrift, and because they had known each other once they found each other now. It was like a tough little sprig of gray everlasting, the New England edelweiss that always keeps a white flower ready to blossom safe and warm in its heart.

They entertained each other delightfully that late summer morning. Tom talked of his dear wife and of their children as he had seldom talked to any one before, and afterward explained the land interests which had brought him back at this late day to East Rodney.

"I came down meaning to sell my land to a speculator," he said, "or to a real estate agency which has great possessions along the coast: but I'm very doubtful about doing it, now that I have seen the bay again and this lovely shore. I had no idea that it was such a magnificent piece of country. I was going on from here to Mount Desert, with a half idea of buying land there. Why is n't this good enough that I own already? With a yacht or a good steam launch we should n't be so far away from places along the coast, you know. What if I were to build a house above Sunday Cove, on the headland? We should be neighbors, should n't we? I have a friend who might build another house beyond. We came home from abroad at about the same time, and he's looking for a place to build, this side

of Bar Harbor." Tom was half confiding in his old acquaintance, and half thinking aloud. "These real estate brokers can't begin to give a man the value of such land as mine," he added.

"It would be excellent business to come and live here yourself, if you want to bring up the value of the property," said Nancy gravely. "I hear there are a good many lots staked out between here and Portland, but it takes more than that to start things. There can't be any prettier place than East Rodney," she declared, looking affectionately out of her little north window at the sheep. "It would be a great blessing to city people, if they could come and have our good Rodney air."

The friends talked on a little longer, and with great cheerfulness and wealth of reminiscence. Tom began to understand why nobody seemed to pity Nancy, though she did at last speak sadly, and make confession that she felt it to be very hard because she never could get about the neighborhood to see any of the old and sick people. Some of them were lonesome, and lived in lonesome places. "I try to send word to them sometimes, if I can't do any more," said Nancy. "We're so apt to forget 'em, and let 'em feel they aren't useful. I can't bear to see an old heart begging for a little love. I do sometimes wish I could manage to go an' try to make a little of their time pass pleasant."

"Do you always stay just here?" asked Tom with sudden compassion, after he had stood for a moment looking out at the gray sheep on the hillside.

"Oh, sometimes I get into the old rocking-chair, and father pulls me out into the kitchen when I'm extra well," said Nancy proudly, as if she spoke of a yachting voyage or a mountaineer's exploits. "Once a doctor said if I was only up to Boston" — her voice fell a little with a touch of wistfulness — "perhaps I could have had more done, and could always have got about with some

kind of a chair. But that was a good while ago: I never let myself worry about it. I am so busy right here that I don't know what would happen if I set out to travel."

V.

The East Rodney shore looked as green as ever, and the untouched wall of firs and pines faithfully echoed the steamer's whistle, a year from the time when Mr. Aldis had first come up the bay after a long absence. In the twelve months just past he had worked wonders upon his long-neglected estate, and now was comfortably at housekeeping on the Sunday Cove headland. Nancy could see the chimneys and a gable of the fine establishment from her own little north window, and yet the sheep still fed undisturbed on the slopes that lay between. More than this, there were two other new houses, to be occupied by Tom's friends, within the distance of a mile or two. It would be difficult to give any idea of the excitement and interest of East Rodney, or the fine effect and impulse to the local market. Tom's wife and children were most affectionately befriended by their neighbors the Gales, and with their coming in midsummer many changes for the better took place in Nancy's life, and made it as bright as it possibly could be. She lost no time in starting a class, where the two eldest for the first time found study a pleasure, and little Tom was promptly and tenderly taught her best bow, and made to mind his steps with such interest and satisfaction that he who had once roared aloud in public at the infant dancing-class now knew both confidence and ambition. There was already a well-worn little footpath between the old Gale house and Sunday Cove; it wound in and out among the ledges and thickets, and over the short sheep-turf of the knolls; and there was a scent of sweet-brier here, and of raspberries there, and

of the salt sea and the pines, and the juniper and bayberry, all the way.

Nancy herself had followed that path in a carrying-chair, and joy was in her heart at every step. She blessed Tom over and over again, as he walked, broad-shouldered and strong, between the forward handles, and turned his head now and then to see if she liked the journey. For some reason, she was much better now that she could get out into the sun. The bedroom with the north window was apt to be tenantless, and wherever Nancy went she made other people wiser and happier, and more interested in life.

On the day when she went in state to visit the new house, with her two sober carriers, and a gay little retinue of young people frisking alongside, she felt happy enough by the way ; but when she got to the house itself, and had been carried quite round it, and was at last set down in the wide hall to look about, she gave her eyes a splendid liberty of enjoyment. Mrs. Aldis disappeared for a moment to give directions in her guest's behalf, and the host and Nancy were left alone together.

"No, I don't feel a bit tired," said the guest, looking pale and radiant. "I feel as if I didn't know how to be grateful enough. I have everything in the world to make me happy. What does make you and your dear family do so much?"

"It means a great deal to have friends, does n't it?" answered Tom in a tone that thanked her warmly. "I often wish" — He could not finish his sentence, for he was thinking of Nancy's long years, and the bond of friendship that absence and even forgetfulness had failed to break ; of the curious insistence of fate which made him responsible for something in the life of Nancy, and brought him back to her neighborhood. It was a moment of deep thought ; he even forgot Nancy herself. He heard the water plashing on the shore below, and felt the cool sea wind that blew in at the door.

Nancy reached out her bent and twisted hand and began to speak ; then she hesitated, glanced at her hand again, and looked straight at him with shining eyes.

"There never has been a day when I have n't thought of you," she said.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

THE FROSTED PANE.

ONE night came Winter noiselessly, and leaned
 Against my window-pane.
 In the deep stillness of his heart convened
 The ghosts of all his slain.

Leaves, and ephemera, and stars of earth,
 And fugitives of grass, —
 White spirits loosed from bonds of mortal birth,
 He drew them on the glass.

Charles G. D. Roberts

A STUDY OF THE MOB.

I.

THE NATURE OF THE MOB.

WHAT is the nature of the mob? It is at one moment so humane, at another so savage, at one moment so heroic, at the next so cowardly, that it would seem at first glance as if it were governed by caprice, not by law. Yet there are certain conditions which favor the production of a mob, and a study of these conditions may help us to understand its apparently lawless nature. The examination of a few cases may disclose some of the factors which form the problem.

In 1883, in the city of Ekaterinoslav, Russia, a Jewish merchant happened to quarrel with a peasant woman. "Murder! murder!" she screamed at the top of her voice. A crowd of idlers soon gathered about the two combatants. "Beat the Jews!" suggested some one in the crowd. A few stones flew in the direction of the Jew's store, more and more followed; then the mob made a rush for the building and destroyed it.

At about the same time, in one of the suburbs of Nijni-Novgorod, the following incident occurred. A child fell into a ditch; a Jewess pitied it, took it in her arms, and carried it into the synagogue to warm it. A Christian woman witnessed the scene, and began to cry out that a Christian child had been kidnapped for sacrificial purposes. A crowd of about three thousand men gathered; a drunken fellow called out, "Beat the Jews!" Thereupon an attack was made, and the mob, after having demolished the Jewish synagogue, proceeded after the manner peculiar to all Russian anti-Jewish riots, — breaking into Jewish houses, killing, violating, and barbarously demolishing every person and thing they found in them.

These cases clearly show that a mob is not formed of its own accord; it needs an instigator, a leader, who shall ferment the crowd and give it an impulse. A mob, then, can be analyzed into two principal elements: a single person initiating, directing, and a crowd that follows and obeys blindly. We find a similar relation in the case of historical heroes and the masses directed by them. Blind obedience is the characteristic trait of the masses that follow a Cæsar or a Genghis Khan, and blind obedience is the striking feature of the mob that follows some intoxicated fellow or superstitious woman. Cæsar and the Russian drunkard, Napoleon I. and the stupid woman, are equally heroes in so far as they produce a common result. The difference between one hero and another is a quantitative one. Some heroes move masses on a greater scale and for a longer time than others do. The leaders of mobs, although they may be stupid, superstitious rascals, are still heroes, — heroes of the moment.

The question next arises, How does it happen that the crowd blindly obeys its hero? The cases given above do not show it clearly. It would therefore be well to cite some more cases of mobs, and then perhaps the mechanism of the mob will be detected more readily.

At the beginning of the present century, Madame de Krüdener was a woman who possessed great influence. She was hysterical, and so affected by passion as to throw herself, in public, on her knees before a tenor singer. Afterwards, impelled by disappointment in love, she believed herself chosen to redeem humanity, and, possessed by this belief, delivered herself with a most fervid eloquence. She went to Basle, and turned the city upside down by preaching the speedy coming of the Christ. Twenty thousand pilgrims

responded to her call. The Senate became alarmed, and banished her. She hastened to Baden, where four thousand people were waiting on the square to kiss her hands and her dress.

Lazzaretti, an insane workingman, thought himself a prophet. The people, astonished at his changed mode of life, his inspired speech, his long, neglected beard and grave bearing, flocked in crowds to hear him. A pilgrimage was organized, in which Lazzaretti, accompanied by priests and some of the most influential among the laity, marched to different places. Wherever he went he was received by the people on their knees, and the parish priests kissed his face, his hands, and even his feet. In obedience to divine commands, as he declared, he left his native region and went to Rome. On his return he found a great multitude awaiting him, attracted both by devotion and curiosity. Lazzaretti was then arrested by the civil authorities, but shortly released, when he went away to France, "carried," as he said, "by divine power." He returned again to his native country, and assembled a larger number than ever. One day, at the head of an immense crowd, he marched out to establish the "kingdom of God." He was dressed most fantastically, thereby greatly impressing his followers. He was shot down by a soldier, and the crowd instantly dispersed.

The Portuguese king, Dom Pedro, was prostrated with grief over the loss of his beloved wife. He became insane, and his insanity took the form of an irrepressible inclination to dance. He would go out into the streets late at night, and, by the lurid light of torches, dance madly to the sound of pipes. The sleeping citizens, awakened by the noise, followed him, and, being gradually drawn into the circle of the king and his servants, joined the mad dance, dancing sometimes the whole night through.

Analyzing the cases here cited, we find crowds attracted and influenced by a

strong sensation caused by persons in unusual states of mind; by madmen, indeed, but it might just as well be by genuinely great men. Since our object is to find out the nature of the mob and the way it is set in motion, it is more interesting to take the cases of mobs whose heroes are insane persons, because then the personality of the hero is more or less eliminated, and only the mode of setting the mob in motion and the nature of the mob itself remain as the two points to consider. We may say with perfect assurance that a mob becomes formed under the influence of some strange event, be it the dream of a fanatic, the fiery speech of an insane man, the screams of a superstitious woman, or the mad dance of a crazy king. A strong, sudden excitement makes men obedient, causes them to lose their will, their personality, and makes them ready to display a blind obedience to an external command. Can we find an analogous state in the life of the individual? I think we can.

"Hypnotization," says Binet, "can be produced by strong and sudden excitement of the senses. The patient becomes hypnotized, and hence obedient to the hypnotizer." We find the same phenomenon in the case of the mob: the mob is hypnotized by a strong, sudden action, and becomes for a time obedient to him who hypnotized it; that is, to the ringleader, to the hero. Again, Krafft-Ebing tells us of a peculiar state which he observed in his patient, namely, fascination. "In this state the patient feels herself to be a pure automaton, and knows herself as absent from the body, existing only as an image in the experimenter's eye." "This disappearance of the consciousness of personality," he adds, "is of great interest." It is of great interest in the study of the mob, as we shall see further on. This form of hypnotism called fascination was first discovered by Donato, and has since been described by Bremond. It is pro-

duced in men presumed to be perfectly healthy, and is effected by the subject fixing his eyes on a brilliant point. Thereupon he appears to fall into a sort of stupor; he follows the experimenter, and imitates closely all his movements, gestures, and words. Bremond considers fascination as hypnotism in the lowest degree of intensity. A similar state, but of less intensity, we find in the mob when fascinated by its hero; and when this state is more intensified we have something approaching the hypnotic state of fascination.

What particularly characterizes the man of the mob is the entire loss of his personal self. In a dense crowd, not only is our body squeezed and pressed upon, but also our spirit. The individual self sinks sensibly in the crowd; it seems to get submerged in the fermenting spirit of the possible mob. The mob has a self of its own, and this self is the stronger the more it consumes of the individual self. It is true that this mob self is extremely changeable; but is not this so with the individual self, though in a lesser degree? This mysterious fact that the individual self sinks in the crowd needs explanation; and should such an explanation be found, it would throw strong light on the dark nature of the mob.

In his investigation into the nature of the "self of selves" Professor William James advances a very important hypothesis: "Our entire feeling of spiritual activity, or what commonly passes by that name, is really a feeling of bodily activities whose exact nature is by most men overlooked." If anything gives us a strong sense of our own individuality, it is surely our voluntary movements. We may say that the individual self grows and expands with the increase of variety and intensity of its voluntary movements; and conversely, the life of the individual self sinks, shrinks, with the decrease of variety and intensity of voluntary movements. Bearing this in

mind, it is easy to understand why the individual sinks in the crowd. This sinking of personality in the crowd is due largely to pressure; it is the result of limitation of voluntary movements. Nowhere else, except perhaps in solitary confinement, are the voluntary movements of man so limited as they are in a crowd; and the greater the crowd is, the greater is this limitation, the lower sinks the individual self. Intensity of personality is in inverse proportion to the number of aggregated men. This law holds true not only in the case of crowds, but also in the case of highly organized masses. Great social organisms produce, as a rule, very small persons. Great men are not to be found in ancient Egypt, Babylon, Assyria, Persia, but rather in the diminutive communities of ancient Greece and Judea. This limitation of voluntary movements is one of the prime conditions which help to hypnotize crowds and turn them into mobs. The individual becomes fascinated, and blindly obeys the hero. "Fascination," says Dr. Moll, "is induced by limitation of voluntary movements. The subject imitates every movement of the experimenter." A large crowd, on account of the cramping of voluntary movements, easily falls into a state of fascination, and is easily moved by a ringleader, or hero. Large gatherings of men carry within them the seed of the possible mob. The Russian government, knowing well by experience the conditions that favor the formation of mobs, prohibits all kinds of public gatherings; an assembly of only four or five men is strictly forbidden, because even such a small gathering is the possible nucleus of a mob.

The very mode in which a crowd is formed is highly favorable to its hypnotization, and hence to its becoming a mob. At first a crowd is formed by some strange object or occurrence suddenly arresting the attention of men. Other men coming up are attracted by curiosity: they wish to learn the reason of the gath-

ering; they fix their attention on the object that fascinates the crowd, are fascinated in their turn, and thus the crowd keeps on growing. With the increase of numbers grows the strength of fascination; the hypnotization increases in intensity, until, when a certain critical point is reached, the crowd becomes completely hypnotized, and is ready to obey blindly the commands of its hero; it is now a mob. Thus a mob is a hypnotized crowd.

The hypnotic-like state of the mob throws much light on its mysterious capriciousness. The mob has no definite personality. Like a hypnotized person, it possesses a high degree of plasticity; it changes its personality with the change of its hero; its personality, as in the case of Krafft-Ebing's patient, lies in the eye of the experimenter, of the hero.

A striking picture of a mob is drawn by Count Tolstóy in his novel, *War and Peace*. He represents Rostoptchin as the hero who is forming a crowd and stirring it up against an obscure individual, Verestchagin, who is under the suspicion of having betrayed Moscow to the French.

"Raising his hand and turning to the crowd, Rostoptchin screamed at the top of his voice, 'Settle with him according to your judgment! I deliver him to you!'

"The crowd remained silent, and only pressed on one another closer and closer. To bear the pressure of one another, to breathe in this stifling, contagious atmosphere, not to have the power to stir, and to expect something unknown, incomprehensible and terrible, became intolerable. Those who were in the front, who saw and heard everything that took place, all those stood with eyes full of fright, widely dilated, with open mouths; and straining their whole strength, they kept on their backs the pressure of those behind them. . . .

"A tall fellow, with a petrified expression of face, with his hand raised and rigid, stood near Verestchagin. . . .

'Strike!' almost whispered the officer to his dragoons, and one of the soldiers, with a face disfigured by ferocity, struck Verestchagin with the butt of his gun.

"The tall fellow gripped with his hands the slender neck of Verestchagin, and with a wild cry they fell together under the feet of the surging, roaring mob. Some were striking and tearing Verestchagin, and some the tall fellow. And the cries of those who were crushed and of those who were trying to save the tall fellow only the more excited the ferocity of the mob. . . .

"Only when the victim ceased moving, the mob began to move freely. Each one went up to the bloody, mangled corpse, looked at it, and drew back full of horror and amazement."

We see here the gradual hypnotization of the crowd due to a strange phenomenon attracting the attention of people; the attention is fixed on the central scene of action, because the crowd becomes fascinated. The limitation of voluntary movements completely hypnotizes the people, and the crowd turns into a mob. The cataleptic condition of the tall fellow is a good symptom of this hypnotic state. We find Rostoptchin to be the first hero, who forms the mob, and the ferocious-looking dragoon to be the second hero, who brings the mob self into life. And when the crime was committed, each one of the mob went up to look at the work of his hands, but "drew back full of horror and amazement." The individual self was horrified at the work of the mob self. Once generated, the mob self possesses a strong attractive power and a great capacity of assimilation. It attracts fresh individuals, sucks out their personalities and quickly assimilates them. Weak individualities are especially in danger of it. This strange phenomenon can be well illustrated by a curious incident describing the riot of the military colonists in Russia in 1831, taken from the memoirs of Panaeff:—

"Whilst Sokoloff was fighting hard for his life, I saw a corporal lying on the piazza and crying bitterly. On my question, 'Why do you cry?' he pointed in the direction of the mob, and exclaimed, 'Oh, they do not kill a commander, but a father!' I told him that instead of crying he should rather go to Sokoloff's aid. He rose at once, and ran to the help of his commander. A little later, when I came with a few soldiers to Sokoloff's help, I found the same corporal striking Sokoloff with a club. 'Wretch! what are you doing? Have not you told me he was to you like a father?' To which he answered, 'It is such a time, your honor, that all the people strike him; why should I keep quiet?'"

To take another interesting case. During the Russian anti-Jewish riots in 1881, the city of Berdichev, consisting mainly of Jewish inhabitants, suffered from Jewish mobs. One day, a Jewish mob of about fifteen thousand men, armed with clubs, butcher's-knives, and revolvers, marched through the streets to the railway station, to look there for the "Katzapi."¹ To the surprise of intelligent people, many Christians participated in this Jewish mob.

The body of the mob is not altogether structureless; it has a certain organization, although of a low kind. The mob possesses a nucleus, which is mostly formed in the centre of the crowd, but which is soon forced to the front, acting both as sensory and prehensible organs. The nucleus contains a nucleolus within a nucleolus; that is, a hero with his devotees, — the originator and the guides. The mob may, however, be of a still higher organization. The nucleus may be differentiated into two parts, one possessing only sensory, and the other only prehensible functions, and so become the nucleolus with its nucleolus. This was

plainly seen in the Russian anti-Jewish riots, especially as they manifested themselves in Malorussia. A group of Katzapi usually formed the nucleus. This nucleus, however, soon became differentiated: some set an example of pillage, and some guarded the mob against external disturbances, giving signals to the active group of Katzapi, — to turn aside, to run, to walk slowly, to disperse, or to concentrate. The nucleolus with its nucleolus also tended to divide into two parts, one possessing the function of willing, the other that of guiding. Some men, by raising an alarm, or by preaching inflammatory discourses to the crowd, fermented and formed the mob, while others laid out the plan of pillage and took command.

Like all low organisms, the mob possesses an enormous power of propagation. Under favorable conditions, mobs multiply, grow, and spread with a truly amazing rapidity. The anti-Jewish riots in Russia furnish excellent illustrations: once a riot broke out in one place, it went on producing new disturbances throughout the whole country.

To return, however, to the hero. We have seen that every mob must have its hero. The title "hero" applied to a drunkard who strongly smells of liquor and can scarcely stand on his feet, or to a stupid, superstitious old hag, seems incongruous enough when one considers the customary use of the term. If we look from the standpoint of the masses, all those are heroes whom the masses obey and follow, and between a great historical hero and a hero of the mob there is only a quantitative difference. Yet there must also be some qualitative difference between one hero and another. But assuming that there exists only a quantitative difference between Washington and the Russian hag of 1883, how shall we explain this very difference? Why is it that some men rise like bright, fixed stars on the sky of politics and religion, and keep for ages the attention

¹ A Malorussian term for Velikorussians. In all anti-Jewish riots Velikorussians were the ringleaders.

of masses, whilst others are a kind of meteor? The difference between these two categories of heroes lies in the nature of the object by means of which they influence the masses. Great warriors, politicians, religious lawgivers, fix the attention of the people on their own exceptionally powerful personality, whilst a silly woman or a crazy king fixes the attention of the crowd on a stick, on a knife, or on a mad dance. In the case of really great men, the centre of attraction is their powerful personalities; in the case of mob heroes, the centre of attraction is the object, for their personalities are worthless. So long, then, as the vigorous personality of a great man preserves itself intact and remains strikingly brilliant, whether in written works or in tradition, so long will he, to use a technical term, fascinate bodies of men. Thus we find that the difference between historical heroes and mob heroes is not only quantitative, but also qualitative.

Hypnotism, however, affords a deeper insight into the matter. There are two very different kinds of hypnotic states, —indifferent and elective somnambulism. In the first state, the subject remains calm, and may be approached, and even touched, without causing him to make any gesture of defense. The contractions proper to a state of somnambulism may be produced by any one, or be produced by one person and destroyed by another; they do not depend on individual influence, and suggestion may be given by any one of those present. But it is quite otherwise in the case of elective somnambulism: in this state the subject is attracted towards the experimenter; if the experimenter withdraws to a distance, the subject displays uneasiness and discomfort; he sometimes follows the experimenter with a sigh, and can rest only when by his side. "It is remarkable," says Krafft-Ebing, "that at the occurrence of hypnotic influence she [the patient] usually raises her eyes

to the experimenter, taking his image into the darkness of the unknown hypnotic regions. . . . In this case only the experimenter's suggestions [commands] are effectual." In the case of great lawgivers, of great prophets, or of other great men, we may say that the hypnotization of the masses is *elective*; the image of the great leader is taken into "the unknown hypnotic regions" of his followers, and the latter cannot be influenced by any one else. Quite different is it with the masses hypnotized by mob heroes: the hypnotic state here is of the indifferent kind; any one, therefore, can influence and divert the crowd that follows mob heroes. That is why the heroes possessing great personalities are lasting, whilst the mob heroes, the heroes of worthless personalities, are but momentary.

II.

THE SOURCE OF MOBS.

Our investigation thus far has touched only the surface of the problem. It is true that whenever great masses of men are in blind movement there must necessarily be some brilliant object that has arrested their attention. Still, it does not follow that every brilliant object possesses the power of moving men. Evidently, there must first be a constitutional predisposition in the masses to pass into the trance-like condition of the mob. What then is the cause of this predisposition? Again we must turn to the phenomena of hypnotism for the solution of this important but extremely difficult problem.

Binet tells us that slight and prolonged stimuli of the same nature acting on the subject constitute one of the modes of producing the hypnotic state. Berenheim expresses himself more clearly. "Let us add," he says, "that, in the majority of passes, the monotonous wearying and continuous impression of one of the

senses produce a certain intellectual drowsiness, the prelude of sleep. The mind entirely absorbed by a quiet, uniform, and incessant perception becomes foreign to all other impressions; it is too feebly stimulated, and allows itself to become dull."

This mode of hypnotization by monotony gives us some clue to the source of mobs. Wherever we find uniformity of life, there we invariably meet with mobs; wherever the environment is monotonous, there men are trained by their very mode of life to be good subjects for social hypnotization, for mobs. And not only are they thus prepared for hypnotization; they are frequently hypnotized by the monotonous environment itself; they require only a hero to obey, and thus to become a mob.

Life is extremely monotonous in the Siberian province of Yakutsk. For whole months, as far as the eye can see, stretch wide plains of white dazzling snow. You may travel for miles and miles, for days and nights, and not find a single village, not meet a solitary human being, see no single sign of life, — the same painfully uniform plains of dazzling white snow stretch out on all sides. We should expect that men who live under such conditions would be hypnotized by the environment itself; and sure enough, we find there many cases of spontaneous hypnotization; men suffer from a sickness known as chorea imitatoria. Dr. Kashin was once the witness of the following curious incident. One of the divisions of the Transbaikalsky Cossack army, formed of the natives, repeated, on the review, the command of the officer. The officer grew angry, began to swear, to threaten; but, to his great amazement, the soldiers repeated his oaths and threats. Dr. Kashin put an end to this tragi-comical scene by assuring the officer that the soldiers meditated no revolt, but that they were suffering from a sickness known in that place as *olghindja*. This sickness, un-

der a somewhat different form, is widely spread among the native women.

The plains of northern European Russia are almost as uniform in their nature as those of northern Siberia, and we find that the population of northern Russia suffers from many different forms of nervous derangement, and especially of such nervous diseases as spread by imitation. Thus Dr. Drjevetsky, in his Medical Topography of the Ust-Sisolsky Province, comes to the conclusion that in the principal hospital of Ust-Sisolsk "the number of patients suffering from nervous diseases is far greater than that of all Russian hospitals put together. . . . Hysterics and chorea magna are widely spread." Man, in northern Russia and Siberia, is half hypnotized by the monotony of his environment.

There is, however, another factor which is far more fundamental than monotony; it is a purely social factor, but it works with such a stupendous power and on such a large scale that it may truly be considered the great source of mobs. This factor is social pressure. Laws and regulations press on the individual from all sides. Whenever one attempts to rise above the level of commonplace life, immediately the social screw begins to work, and down is brought upon him the tremendous weight of the socio-static press, and it squeezes him back into commonplace, frequently crushing him to death for his bold attempt. The individual's relations in life are fixed for him; he is told how he must put on his tie, and the way he must wear his coat; such should be the fashion of his dress on this particular occasion, and such should be the form of his hat; here must he nod his head, put on a solemn air, and there take off his hat, make a profound bow, and display a smile full of delight. Personality is suppressed in the individual by the rigidity of social organization; the individual becomes an automaton, a mere puppet. Under the enormous weight of the socio-

static press, under the crushing weight of economical, political, religious, and social regulations, there is no possibility for the individual to determine his own relations in life, to move freely; voluntary movements are suppressed, and a limitation of voluntary movements produces that peculiar hypnotic state of fascination which is so highly favorable to the formation of mobs. Laws and mobs seem to be highly antagonistic, and still it is true that they are intimately connected. Laws may form mobs.

There have been periods in human history when monotony and social pressure were ceaselessly at work, and mobs were then as plenty as blackberries. Such were the mediæval ages. In our own times there are unfortunate countries where these two factors are also constantly at work, and the number of mobs is there truly alarming. Russia offers us a fair example of such a country. The social, or, more properly, the political pressure in Russia is so great as to hamper all voluntary movements. A Russian cannot move a step without having first to ask the permission of the police. To start a society, to form a club, to print and distribute circulars or advertisements, to meet, to walk in a procession on the street, to deliver a lecture, to form a literary circle, to move from place to place, etc., — all these things can be done only with the permission of the police. Manufacturers, business men, professional men, literary men, workmen, cannot go to their work without having first obtained a permit from the police. Man lives, in Russia, the poor monotonous life of a worm. Individuality is suppressed, strictly prohibited; original thought is crushed; all must act in the way prescribed by the routine of the paternal government. "Russia," says Turgeneff, "is a great prison," — a great prison where hypnotization is practiced on a grand scale.

In a society where the sociostatic press is always at work, where political pres-

sure is far stronger than even in the ancient despotic monarchies, since the Russian government is in possession of all modern improvements, where gray uniformity and drowsy monotony reign supreme, where hypnotization is the means for appeasing pain and putting people into a fool's paradise, obedience must be the rule. Blind, stupid obedience, that slavish obedience which is peculiar to hypnotized subjects, distinctly characterizes the subjects of the Czar. Russian servility is remarkably well reproduced in the following historical incident. Prince Sougorsky, ambassador to Germany in 1576, fell sick *en route* in Courland. The duke of the province often inquired as to his health. The reply was always the same: "My health matters nothing, provided the sovereign's prospers." The duke, surprised, said, "How can you serve a tyrant with so much zeal?" He replied, "We Russians are always devoted to our Czars, good or cruel. My master [Ivan the Terrible] impaled a man of mark for a slight fault, who for twenty-four hours, in his dying agonies, talked with his family, and without ceasing kept repeating, 'Great God, protect the Czar!'"

The famous writer and investigator of Russian peasant life, G. Ouspensky, represents the peasant, when coming into town, as falling under the influence of the first scoundrel he meets, and committing shocking crimes at the command of the latter, without the least profit to himself, and with an indifference and childish innocence which are truly amazing. These facts, however, are not so inexplicable as Ouspensky would have them, if we only remember the crimes committed by hypnotized subjects at the suggestion of the experimenter.

Russia is an immense theatre for hypnotic scenes. Bearing this in mind, we should expect to find in the history of Russia a great number of mob heroes, of pseudo czars, of pretenders. We have not to go far to look for them:

the pages of Russian history are studded with cases of mobs. In the history of no other European country can we find such an overwhelming multitude of pseudo emperors, prophets, virgins, Christs, and all kinds of pretenders influencing the current of national life, and bringing great masses into commotion. Russian history is a mob history. At the risk of wearying the patience of the reader, I give here a list of pretenders since the seventeenth century: pseudo Dmitri I., Dmitri II., Peter, August, Ivan, Lavrentius, Feodor, Clementius, Savelius, Semion, Vassili, Eroshka, Gavrilka, Martinka; a whole line of pretenders during the reign of Michael Feodorovitch. In the times of Alexius we find again four pretenders. The great popular uprising led by Stenka Rasin was not without its pretenders: it possessed a pseudo Czar Alexius and a pseudo Nikon the Patriarch. Then appeared a pseudo Czar Joannes (brother of Peter the Great), a few pseudo Alexiuses (personating the son of Peter the Great). In the uprising of Pugatcheff appeared a few claimants to the personality of Peter III. (husband of Catherine II.). In recent times (1825) the land of the Czar was blessed with a few pseudo Constantines (each pretending to be the brother of Nicholas I.). In our own times Russia swarms with multitudes of pseudo apostles, holy virgins, and Christs. Russia is hypnotized by the monotony of its life and by the great social pressure it has to bear: hence its mobs.

Social hypnotization plays a great part in the life of humanity. This social hypnotization, as all our adduced facts and arguments prove, is due to monotony of life and social pressure. It is an acknowledged fact that women are good hypnotic subjects. Now this fact cannot be explained by the greater weakness of the female organism, because experiments prove that weakness of organization is not at all a condition for a speedy and good hypnotization. How then shall

we explain it? It can be explained only by monotony and social pressure. For centuries the social pressure was brought to bear on women with special severity; their life was fixed for them by their fathers, husbands, eldest sons, by religious and by class regulations. All individuality, personality, was mercilessly, brutally destroyed in women. They were shut up in harems; at best they were strictly confined by the boundaries of the family circle. Even in our own times, especially in European and Eastern countries, the sociostatic pressure has not ceased to work out its deadly effects on woman. Her life is full of regulations; she is formed and fashioned, bodily and mentally, according to a certain style and mode. She is confined to a narrow sphere of activity, where she passes a dull, monotonous life. For centuries the anvil on which monotony and social pressure have hammered with all their might and main, we need not wonder that woman has formed a strong predisposition to hypnotic states. Woman, in truth, is half hypnotized; hence the fact that, in comparison with man, woman is more gentle, more submissive, more obedient (obedience and modesty are her virtues), suffers more from nervous diseases (like the Yakuti of Siberia and the northern Russians), is more inconstant, less original, more impressive, less reasonable, and more imitative.

It is interesting to observe that the common people in general and soldiers in particular are excellent subjects for hypnotic purposes. Thus the soldiers of the Czar, as experiments show, have a strong predisposition to hypnotic states.¹ M. Liebault experimented on ten hundred and twelve persons, and found only twenty-seven refractory. Dr. Berenheim remarks on this that "it is necessary to take into account the fact that M. Liebault operates chiefly upon the common

¹ I am informed by Professor Münsterberg that the hypnotic predisposition is observed in the German soldier.

people." The great pressure exerted on the lower social strata, and especially on soldiers, the tiresome, dull monotony of their life, predispose them to hypnotiza-

tion, and hence to social hypnotization, to the formation of mobs. Once more, then, we are brought back to monotony and social pressure as the source of mobs.¹

Boris Sidis.

RUSSIA AS A CIVILIZING FORCE IN ASIA.

THE late Czar of Russia impressed himself on the world as a man sincerely desirous of peace, and it was this alone which caused the genuine and well-nigh universal sorrow at his death. Not that he was destitute of other qualities deserving our esteem. Out of the mystery which always shrouds the occupant of the Russian throne there had been gradually shaping itself, of late, though dimly, in our minds, the conception of him as a painstaking, conscientious ruler, doing faithfully and untiringly his duty as he understood it. But that which we saw most distinctly was a man who, having the power by a word to set Europe in a blaze, had for thirteen years, whatever the provocations from without, and they have been grave, or the pressure from within, how great no one will ever know, steadfastly refused to say that word. The question naturally arises, What was the source of this passion for peace? — for it must have had a peculiar strength to have so impressed itself on his fellow-men. Was it a mere instinctive horror of war, born of his youthful experience in Bulgaria in 1877, or a shrinking dread of defeat? Or did it spring from a nobler source? Was he so interested in the welfare of his subjects that he hated war because of the misery which it would bring upon his people? It is of course impossible now to answer this question with certainty, but there are facts which indicate that there is much truth in the last supposition. Evidently, he was no

adherent of the dangerous and contemptible principle of peace at any price, for one of his chief aims as a ruler was to improve the efficiency of his army and navy; and the military and naval strength of the empire was far greater at the close than at the beginning of his reign.

His interest in the development of the peaceful industries of his people and of the material resources of his dominions was shown in numberless ways. One of these was the part which he bore in the attempted reconstitution of Merv. At the time of the Russian occupation, ten years ago, this oasis was in a deplorable condition. The Bokhariots had destroyed all the habitations, broken down the dams, and converted the arable land into a waste. A few nomads pastured their flocks where formerly stood the oldest and one of the most famous cities of Central Asia. At its siege and capture, in 1221, by the son of Genghis Khan, seven hundred thousand of its inhabitants are said to have perished. The ruin wrought by Mongol and Turcoman was so complete that the Russian engineers reported unfavorably upon the plans for the reestablishment of the oasis in its former extent, on account of the technical difficulties involved. One engineer alone was convinced of its practicability. He gained access to the Czar, who gave him permission to make the attempt, and furnished him with the necessary funds from his private purse. The irrigation works have been executed under wholly new James, and to my great countryman N. Mikhailovsky. — B. S.

¹ I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness in this line of thought to Professor William

and interesting conditions, though with only partial success. For a time they were given up, but at last accounts they have been resumed, and, according to the report of a French engineer who has recently examined them, they have solved, apparently, some technical problems of great importance connected with artificial irrigation. The cost to the Czar up to that time had been more than a million rubles.

I have mentioned this incident not merely because it shows the personal interest of Alexander III. in the industrial enterprises which war would render impossible, but also because it is a fair example of Russia's policy in all her recently acquired territory. Her conquests, first of the Caucasus, and later of Turkestan, may have been dictated, as many believe, by a blind desire to extend the bounds of an already too vast empire, or by the necessity for finding employment for the huge standing army which an ambitious foreign policy holds ever in readiness for an attack on Constantinople. The Russian government, however, defended its aggressive attitude in Central Asia in the famous Circular Note of Prince Gortschakoff to the European courts, dated November 21, 1864. In this it was asserted that as the empire had been "brought into contact with half-savage nomad peoples possessing no social organization," it was forced, "in the interest of the security of its frontier and its commercial relations, to exercise a certain ascendancy over these undesirable neighbors." It was acknowledged that this would involve still further advances, as more distant tribes, threatening the same dangers, were reached. But "such has been the lot of every country placed in similar conditions. The United States in America, France in Algeria, Holland in its colonies, England in India, all have been irresistibly forced, less by ambition than by imperious necessity, to follow this line of progress, in which the principal difficulty is to know where it will end." After a frank recital of the

measures which would be taken to put an end to acts of pillage, and a distinct statement that the conquest would continue till cultivated country was reached, it says that the motive of the Czar in annexing these territories "consists, not in extending beyond all reasonable bounds the regions under his sceptre, but in giving a solid basis to his rule, in guaranteeing their security, and in developing their social organization, their commerce, their well-being, and their civilization."

This manifesto, though it referred only to the military operations in Central Asia, may have been intended indirectly as a defense of the war in the Caucasus, which had just been brought to a close by the submission of the last of the independent Circassian tribes. The gallant struggle of these mountaineers, under Schamyl, for their liberty had excited the greatest interest in Europe. Englishmen especially, in their admiration of the heroism with which the Russian attempts at subjugation were resisted, forgot that these tribesmen were mere savages, who lived by the plunder of their neighbors, and by the infamous sale of their daughters to Moslem harems.

A sufficient time has passed since the issue of Prince Gortschakoff's Note to enable us to judge, by comparing the present condition of the Caucasus and Central Asia with their condition in 1864, whether it was a true statement of the Russian policy, or only a specious document, as some asserted, intended to cloak the ambitious designs of the Czar on India. At this time, the region lying between the Black and Caspian seas was a heavy burden upon the empire. A large part of the mountain region, the abode of Circassians and Lesghians mainly, was almost an uninhabited wilderness, the result of centuries of intertribal wars, now happily ended, and the unopposed migration to Turkey of great numbers of these untamable savages. Their constant raids had prevented hitherto the settlement and cultivation of the fertile

plains to the north of the mountains. There had been some growth in Georgia, which was annexed at the beginning of the century; but the progress was slow, on account of the neighborhood of hostile tribes, and the want of safe and easy means of communication with the Black Sea. A carriage road, often impassable for days in winter, connected Poti with Tiflis; elsewhere there were only paths crossed by innumerable unbridged mountain torrents. The principal port on the Pontic seaboard, Poti, consisted of a few wooden houses raised on log platforms above the marsh, and some miserable huts scattered at random along the left bank of the Rion. A little river steamer, a few barges and small craft, were more than sufficient for its commerce. Batum, with far greater natural advantages, was an insignificant Turkish fishing village. In the north, Novorossiisk was a heap of uninhabited ruins.

On the Caspian the conditions were not dissimilar, nor did they change rapidly. An English traveler, giving an itinerary of a journey made in 1871 in these regions, says that from March to October inclusive a steamer touched once a week at the various ports, and another made a fortnightly trip from Baku to the opposite shore. This place, which from the remotest times had been regarded as sacred by the fire-worshippers on account of its naphtha deposits, was interesting to chance travelers for this reason only. The Guebers, indeed, had nearly all disappeared, but a temple, with an attendant priest, was still maintained by the Parsis of India. The oil flowed uselessly into the sea, an object only of idle curiosity or of superstitious veneration.

Upon the cessation of hostilities the Russian army began the construction of roads, and especially of a railway from Poti through Tiflis to Baku. This was completed in 1883, and a second, uniting the two seas north of the Caucasus Mountains, begun later, was opened a year ago. Extensive improvements were

also made in the harbor of Poti, as well as in that of Batum after this place was acquired from Turkey. Concessions were made to companies to work the oil wells of Baku. For the purpose of introducing the cultivation of tea, cotton, and other useful plants, experimental agricultural stations were established in the south, while the raising of cereals and the planting of vineyards were encouraged in the north. Government schools were founded throughout the province for the instruction of the children, both native and Russian.

What has been the result of these measures? A recent visitor to Batum gives a description of the place, from which it is difficult to recognize the little fishing village which, in 1878, had but a single house built in European fashion. Looking down from the balcony of the restaurant in the boulevard garden, he says, one can easily count from fifteen to twenty different nationalities on the promenade, — Gurians, especially noticeable for their fine figures and becoming costumes, turbaned, serious Turks, Greeks, dusky Mingrelians, Imeritians, Georgians, Armenians, Abkhasians, typical Englishmen, lively Italians and French, Germans, and Russians from every part of the empire, the ladies often in full evening toilet; a swarm of children and dogs are playing on the beach, and of course there is the inevitable bicycle. Here are massive docks, built of enormous blocks of cement, at which steamers of six thousand tons can load by machinery in less than two days. Near by are the great oil tanks, and the buildings of the various oil companies. There are twenty-four of these, one of which alone employs twenty-five hundred men, and has a plant capable of manufacturing and filling forty thousand oil chests in a day of sixteen hours. Eleven hundred vessels, in 1893, besides other merchandise, took three hundred and a quarter million gallons of oil to the markets of southern Europe, northern Af-

rica, the East Indies, China, and Japan. The whole export trade of Asiatic Russia, including Siberia, in 1862, was not equal to that which this single port now has. Passing through the narrow lanes of the Turkish town, the Russian quarter is reached. Here are broad, straight streets, a fine market, and handsome stores with plate-glass windows and doors.

Poti has not grown with the rapidity of its southern rival, though the change in its appearance is quite as marked. The squalid settlement in the marsh has become a town with boulevard and park, paved streets shaded by trees and lined with houses, each in its garden. It has a graded public school, with industrial and horticultural departments, bee-keeping being taught in the latter. An excellent botanical garden, with many foreign trees and plants, is under the entire care of the pupils. The harbor has been greatly improved, and its commerce is constantly increasing. Its single steamer has become a hundred, more than thirty thousand tons of manganese having been exported, the year before last, to this country alone.

The deserted mound which marked the site of Novorossiisk in 1864 has become the terminus of the northern Transcaucasian railway. From its proximity to the wheatfields of the Kuban River and the recently discovered oil deposits of Grozni, together with its cement works, the commerce of the port has increased within the past eight years with extraordinary rapidity. Nearly a thousand vessels entered it in 1892, and it bids fair soon to excel Batum in importance. Though the output of the cement works this same year was more than one hundred tons a day, the demand was far greater than the supply, and additional ovens were being constructed, according to a recent visitor, which would double the amount. This traveler describes the village—an Oriental Pullman—in which the workmen live, in these words: "All the head men of the works have most

comfortable houses, and at some distance from them are the dwellings of the workmen and a schoolhouse for the children. The whole village is provided with waterworks. The houses stand in small, shady gardens, in which many plants and vines grow luxuriantly."

From those plains on the northern slope of the mountains, which till lately the Circassian raiders kept from cultivation, more than a quarter of the whole wheat crop of Russia, besides sixty-one million bushels of other cereals, was harvested in 1892. In the same year, 7705 steamers and 5024 sailing vessels entered the Caspian ports, and Baku, a town with fifteen thousand inhabitants when the railway was opened, had become a city with more than a hundred thousand inhabitants. Beside the oil which it exported by rail, its oil fleet, consisting of three hundred and twenty vessels, carried more than thirty million hundred-weight of naphtha products year before last to Asiatic ports. When the capital of the province, Tiflis, came into the possession of the Russians, it was a small town falling into ruins. Now it is a city, largely built in European fashion, with a population of one hundred and fifty thousand, containing schools, colleges, seminaries, museum, learned and scientific societies, hospitals, and fifty-four churches.

The mountainous character of the Pontic seaboard renders the progress of civilization outside the towns very slow, but the once almost unbroken forest is gradually giving place to tea plantations, — cotton fields in the interior plains, — farms, gardens, and vineyards. Midway up the coast is the monastery of New Athos, founded in 1876 by a colony of monks from Mount Athos in Greece. An imposing church stands on the traditional site of the martyrdom of St. Simon the Canaanite, a broad-terraced cliff overhanging the sea. There are cloisters, farm buildings, a tannery, saw, grist, and alabaster mills, all connected by a tramway with an iron pier. Fruit and olive trees

have been planted, — the latter are already bearing abundantly, — together with vegetable gardens; while on the terrace, orange, citron, and palm trees are growing. In the interior, writes an English traveler, in the *Alpine Journal*, in an account of a journey in 1893, “law and order now prevail where, in 1868–74, murder was common and robbery inviolable.” One of the means by which this has been accomplished is to be seen in the national school which he found in the little village of Mulach, under one of the highest peaks of the Caucasus. It was “a mixed school of fifty-two boys and one girl. The boys’ ages varied from six to about twenty-two. The head of the school was a young Prince Dadishkilian, a bright, intelligent boy of about fifteen. Their principal lessons were in learning Russian, but they also did some sums on a blackboard, and sang, amongst other things, the Lord’s Prayer, all standing. The best part of the school was outside, where we found what was practically an excellent technical school on a small scale. In the garden were little plots of different vegetables and herbs, — potatoes, peas, artichokes, onions, amongst others, — while in a corner were two beehives, near beds of flowers. In the out-buildings there was a small carpenter’s shop, used for teaching the pupils, and there was also provision for teaching them to make bread, butter, and wine.” We in New England, the home of the common school, might learn something from this distant mountain school. In the whole province, according to the official report for 1891, there were then 3537 schools of various grades, from the primary to the professional schools, lyceums, and gymnasia.

Prince Gortschakoff’s Circular Note, defining the policy of Russia, had especial reference to Central Asia, as it was her advance in this region which excited the greatest apprehensions in England. The physical character of the gradually acquired territory of Turkestan was very

different from that of the Caucasus. A considerable part was an almost pathless and waterless desert, and another very large portion consisted of mountains of enormous altitude. The remainder was cultivable soil, but required artificial irrigation, and of this it was believed that about a fifth part could be reclaimed and made fit for cultivation. These cultivable bits were, however, veritable isles dotted here and there in the deserts which had once been the beds of great seas. In historic times dense populations had inhabited these oases, and they had been the seat of the empires of Alp Arslan, “the great lion,” and of the better known Timour, or Tamerlane, the tradition of whose splendor has come down to this age. Everywhere were to be found the ruins of great cities, and of the irrigation works upon which their life depended. The oases had either shrunk to very small dimensions from the constantly encroaching desert sands, or had entirely disappeared. A half dozen decaying cities alone remained of the former multitude, and a small number of people still cultivated the soil. The inhabitants were chiefly nomads, who lived by the plunder of caravans and raids upon the fields of the wretched peasantry. They were fanatical Moslems of the fiercest type, and at the time of which I am writing held thousands of Christians in slavery. When Vambéry ventured to travel among them in the disguise of a dervish, all Europe rang with the fame of his daring.

The Russians began their civilizing work in the region lying on the borders of the Chinese Empire, which had been conquered earliest. Here the inhabitants were wholly dwellers in tents, and the few oases were used only for pasturage. The Russians, leaving these to the nomads, turned their attention to the caravan route which connects the Siberian province of Semipalatinsk with the city of Tashkend. This runs along the base of the great mountain ranges of the Ala-

Taou and Alexander, from which many streams fed by the snows and glaciers descend, and are speedily swallowed up in the desert. Here, at every favorable point, the streams have been dammed, canals dug, trees planted, and cultivation begun. The soil, under the vivifying influence of water, showed a wonderful fertility, and the trees grew with astonishing rapidity. I have before me, as I write, a photograph of one of these artificial oases, which twenty-five years ago was a waste of sand, but which is now thickly grown with poplars and willows, the trunks of some of which are six feet in circumference. Under the trees bordering the canals houses were built for the Russian colonists who came in considerable numbers, the new towns now averaging four thousand inhabitants. Each family received, on arriving, one hundred and fifty acres of irrigated land, and the right to occupy without limit the adjoining desert. Their houses are large and well built, mostly of *pisé*, or pressed clay, with corrugated iron roofs. They are all of one story, on account of the frequent earthquakes, one of which, in 1887, caused great destruction in this region. Since then, the principal houses, as well as all the churches, have been rebuilt of brick. The churches are constructed from plans furnished by the engineers of the army, and, according to a recent French traveler, are "agreeable to the eye, and at the same time are very well designed. They are square, massive, and low. It is a renaissance of the ancient Tartar style, abandoned by direction of Peter the Great, which at the beginning of the fourteenth century, in combination with the Byzantine, had begun to create in Russia a national style of architecture." In addition, schools are everywhere established, and in many places industrial schools for teaching agriculture and arboriculture. In these some Kirghiz youth have for several years been pupils, in the hope of giving to this pastoral people some knowledge

of and taste for a farmer's life. The colonists are not all Russians, though it is for them only that the government has built villages. There are also settlements of Jews from Little Russia, of German Mennonites, and Chinese, to all of whom land has been given. The latter are refugees from the neighboring province of Kuldja, and have proved themselves to be skillful and industrious husbandmen. Though of different races and speaking different languages, these Chinese colonists are all Moslems. Some idea may be formed of the growth of this region from the fact that sixty thousand Russians came to the oasis of Tashkend alone after the famine of 1890-91.

Russian colonization, however, has not everywhere been successful. In those parts of Turkestan, especially the province of Ferganah, inhabited by the composite race known as the Sart, the conditions were very different from those which prevailed in the region which I have just been considering. As soon as the Russian peasant or merchant came among them, it was apparent that he was far inferior to the Sart in industry, economy, sobriety, patience, and endurance, as well as in agricultural skill or business ability. The government, therefore, sensibly abandoned its attempt to plant colonies among them, and, recognizing a remarkable aptitude in the natives to adapt themselves to European methods, devoted itself to the development of the native industries. These are chiefly the culture of silk, of cotton, and of fruits, as grapes, peaches, pistachio nuts, apples, etc., which are dried and sold throughout the East. Its first effort was to secure the improvement of the native cotton, which had been grown here in limited quantities from time immemorial. With this end in view, a special mission was sent to the United States under the direction of M. Bradovsky, a technical commissioner on the governor-general's staff, to examine the American varieties of the plant, and the methods of culti-

vation and preparation for the market. Those varieties which seemed best adapted to Turkestan have been introduced, as well as the most improved machinery. The result has been successful beyond expectation. There are now some four hundred thousand acres under cultivation, with a crop in 1893, in the district of Ferganah alone, of more than two million hundredweight, half of which was American cotton. The crop returns for Samarcand for 1892 show half a million hundredweight of cotton, a million and a quarter hundredweight of raisins, and 8,640,000 quarters of cereals, an increase of two and a half million quarters over the previous year. Second only in importance to cotton is the silk industry, and after this come tobacco and various other plants of commercial value. An attempt similar to that with the native cotton, but not so successful, has been made to improve the native sugarcane, which grows with such luxuriance that it is sometimes planted as a hedge to protect villages from the drifting sands. The difficulty appears to be merely in the mechanical treatment of the cane and the juice, a difficulty which it is hoped will soon be overcome.

That part of Central Asia now known as the Transcaspien province, lying to the east of the Caspian and along the borders of Persia and Afghanistan, was, at the time of the Russian conquest, in a more deplorable state than any other part of the country. The Turcomans devastated the oases and enslaved the inhabitants. They pillaged caravans and paralyzed trade and commerce. Following a similar policy to that pursued in the Caucasus, the army, when hostilities ceased, began to reopen the old ways of communication, and to rebuild the ruined irrigation works. The most important of these enterprises was the construction of a railway from the Caspian into the heart of Central Asia. It is unnecessary for me to dwell upon the formidable difficulties of this undertaking,

— the vast stretches of uninhabited desert, without water and with constantly shifting sands, to be crossed, the rivers to be bridged, and the great distance from all supplies of food and material. The work was put under the direction of General Annenkopf, who brought to his task an experience gained during the building of the Transcaucasian railway. It was begun in 1880, and in eight years reached Samarcand, a thousand miles distant, and is now nearly or quite completed to Tashkend, several hundred miles further. Its resources from the start were greatly overtaxed by the extraordinary development of the industries of Turkestan. The nineteen thousand tons of cotton, for instance, transported in 1888 had become nearly fifty thousand tons five years later. Its traffic has been hampered hitherto by the fact that most of its freight was carried to Europe by steamers on the Caspian Sea and the Volga River, which latter is closed to navigation half the year by ice. The completion of the northern Transcaucasian railway, having a direct connection with the European railway system, has opened a new and uninterrupted outlet for the products of Central Asia, which will increase now more rapidly than ever.

But not satisfied with what has been accomplished, the government is planning still greater enterprises for the welfare of its Asiatic subjects. The most important of these is the stupendous project for irrigating the oasis which surrounds the city of Bokhara. The water on which it depends for its existence is derived from the river Zerafshan, which before it reaches this oasis flows through the district of Samarcand. On account of the growth of population and increase of cultivation in this district, and the creation of new oases along the upper course of the river, there is so little water in the river at Bokhara that this place is literally dying of thirst. In the days of Tamerlane, five centuries ago, the water was equally divided be-

tween the two cities, and the ruins of the two enormous dams by which he meted it out are still to be seen in the bed of the stream, a few miles to the north of Samarcand. The new project is to construct a canal from the Amou-daria, or Oxus, nearly two hundred miles distant, to Bokhara. From the latest accounts, the work of excavating appears to have actually been commenced, and will probably be finished within three years. Then all the water of the Zerafshan will be taken by Samarcand and its neighborhood, and the surplus waters of the Oxus, now running to waste, will give a new life and prosperity to Bokhara.

Better still than this mere material prosperity, and in fact the cause of it, is the security to life and property which Russian rule has brought to these Central Asian peoples. When once they were convinced that they could enjoy the fruits of their industry, that the products of their flocks, fields, orchards, vineyards, and looms would not be snatched from them by Kirghiz and Turcoman raiders or by unscrupulous tax-gatherers, they gave themselves zealously to the cultivation of the ground, and to the other industries for which the Sart race has shown such an aptitude. Even the wild nomads of the steppes and deserts have yielded to the civilizing influences of peace and commerce. And this peace is apparently real, and not occasioned merely by the presence of an overwhelming military force. The confidence of the people seems to have been gained, so that there is no appearance of hostility between the victors and the vanquished. One of the latest English travelers through this region reports that a Russian colonel, with eight native assistants, now administers a district containing thirty thousand people "who quite recently were robbers and thieves by profession." Another officer, Colonel Alikhanoff, himself an Asiatic Moslem, has in a surprisingly short time reduced to order the most turbulent and bloodthirsty of

the Turcoman tribes. He has extirpated slavery among them, liberating seven hundred slaves held by a single tribe. The Russian has accomplished in twenty years what the Frenchman has failed to secure in Algeria in sixty years. The conditions are very similar; there are the same mixed populations of dwellers in houses and in tents, and having a common religion. Yet the Asiatic Moslem lives in content under his Russian ruler, while the African Moslem would rise against his French master to-morrow, if he dared. Even so strong a Russo-phobist as Mr. Curzon, who has recently visited Turkestan, cannot withhold his praise, though given somewhat grudgingly, for the civilizing influence of Russia in Central Asia.

My sketch of what Russia is doing to develop and civilize her dominions in Asia would not be complete if I did not make a brief reference to her last and greatest undertaking, the construction of the Siberian railway. Though this is commonly referred to as a purely military measure, and only another move on Russia's part to gain additional territory in the East, other and more important considerations than these have weighed with the promoters of the scheme. The total length of the line, which is to connect Tchelyabinsk in the Ural Mountains and the end of the European system of railways with Vladivostok on the Pacific, is 4715 miles. The estimated cost is three hundred and fifty million rubles, or about one hundred and seventy-five million dollars. It is an interesting, and possibly a hopefully significant fact that the present Czar, Nicholas II., has been personally connected with the enterprise from the beginning. He laid in 1891 the first stone of the work at Vladivostok, and in 1893 was placed by his father at the head of the commission for the construction of the road. The work is being rapidly pushed both from the western terminus and from the Pacific. According to the latest report, five hundred

miles of the western section and one hundred of the eastern have been finished and opened to traffic.

The western section is the only part from which any present material advantage to the empire is looked for. In southwestern Siberia, there is a region, as large as France, having the "black soil" which has proved so extraordinarily fertile in European Russia. The climate is so mild that cotton and tobacco, as well as cereals, can be grown; though now its population of barely two million, having no market for their products, raise little more than sufficient for their own needs. The government expects that with the building of the road colonists will come, from the famine districts of Russia especially, to take up the unoccupied land. To promote this colonization the sum of fourteen million rubles was appropriated in 1893.¹ Other auxiliary enterprises for which large sums have been appropriated are, to encourage the establishment of iron-works along the railway, and to equip and send out geological expeditions to study the country. These are intended particularly to explore the unknown ter-

ritory drained by the Amour River, and the gold and silver districts and coal beds in the Altai Mountains. In the light of these facts, it is impossible to doubt that the chief object of the government in carrying out this vast undertaking is, not that it may transport a regiment in a week from the Baltic to the Pacific, but to secure the prosperity of Siberia by the improvement of its economic conditions.

I have already referred to the fact, but I desire to emphasize it in closing, that the chief instrument in the development of both Caucasia and Central Asia has been the army. The officers in command, General Annenkopf in particular, have devised the various schemes, the military engineers have drawn the plans, and the rank and file have done the manual work. To the officers, also, — there are no civil administrators. — belongs the whole credit of the pacification of the countries, and the contentment of the numberless half-savage tribes and races which inhabit them. Of what other European army can it be said that it has won those victories of peace which are "no less renown'd" than those of war?

James Mascarene Hubbard.

A VILLAGE STRADIVARIUS.

IN TWO PARTS. PART TWO.

IV.

"He shall daily joy dispense
Hid in song's sweet influence."

EMERSON'S *Merlin*.

LYDDY had very few callers during her first month as a property owner in Edgewood. Her appearance would have been against her winning friends easily in any

case, even if she had not acquired the habits of a recluse. It took a certain amount of time, too, for the community to get used to the fact that old Mrs. Butterfield was dead, and her niece Lyddy Ann living in the cottage on the river road. There were numbers of people who had not yet heard that old Mrs. Butterfield had bought the house from the Thatcher boys, and that was fifteen years ago; but this was not strange, for, notwithstanding Aunt Hitty's valuable ser-

¹ U. S. Consular Reports, July, 1894. F. Immanuel, in Petermann's Mittheilungen for May, 1893, says "thirty-five million."

vices in disseminating general information, there was a man living on the Bonny Eagle road who was surprised to hear that Daniel Webster was dead, and complained that folks were not so long-lived as they used to be.

Aunt Hitty thought Lyddy a Goth and a Vandal because she took down the twenty silver coffin plates and laid them reverently away. "Mis' Butterfield would turn in her grave," she said, "if she knew it. She ain't much of a housekeeper, I guess," she went on, as she cut over Dr. Berry's old trousers into briefer ones for Tommy Berry. "She gives considerable stuff to her hens that she'd a sight better heat over and eat herself, in these hard times when the missionary societies can't hardly keep the heathen fed and clothed and warmed — no, I don't mean warmed, for most o' the heathens live in hot climates, somehow or 'nother. My back door's jest opposite hers; it's across the river, to be sure, but it's the narrer part, and I can see everything she doos as plain as daylight. She washed a Monday, and she ain't taken her clothes in yet, and it's Thursday. She may be bleachin' of 'em out, but it looks slack. I said to Si last night I should stand it till 'bout Friday, — seein' 'em lay on the grass there, — but if she didn't take 'em in then, I should go over and offer to help her. She has a fire in the settin'-room 'most every night, though we ain't had a frost yet; and as near's I can make out, she's got full red curtains hangin' up to her windows. I ain't sure, for she don't open the blinds in that room till I get away in the morning, and she shuts 'em before I get back at night. Si don't know red from green, so he's useless in such matters. I'm going home late to-night, and walk down on that side o' the river, so 't I can call in after dark and see what makes her house light up as if the sun was settin' inside of it."

As a matter of fact, Lyddy was reveling in house-furnishing of a humble sort. She had a passion for color. There was

a red-and-white straw matting on the sitting-room floor. Reckless in the certain possession of twenty dollars a month, she purchased yards upon yards of Turkey red cotton; enough to cover a mattress for the high-backed settle, for long curtains at the windows, and for cushions to the rockers. She knotted white fringes for the table covers and curtains, painted the inside of the fireplace red, put some pots of scarlet geraniums on the windowsills, filled a newspaper rack with ferns and tacked it over an ugly spot in the wall, edged her work-basket with a tufted trimming of scarlet worsted, and made an elaborate photograph case of white crash and red cotton that stretched the entire length of the old-fashioned mantelshef, and held pictures of Mr. Reynolds, Miss Elvira Reynolds, George, Susy, Anna, John, Hazel, Ella, and Rufus Reynolds, her former charges. When all this was done, she lighted a little blaze on the hearth, took the red curtains from their bands, let them fall gracefully to the floor, and sat down in her rocking-chair, reconciled to her existence for absolutely the first time in her forty years.

I hope Mrs. Butterfield was happy enough in paradise to appreciate and feel Lyddy's joy. I can even believe she was glad to have died, since her dying could bring such content to any wretched living human soul. As Lydia sat in the firelight, the left side of her poor face in shadow, you saw that she was distinctly harmonious. Her figure, clad in a plain black-and-white calico dress, was a graceful, womanly one. She had beautifully sloping shoulders and a sweet waist. Her hair was soft and plentiful, and her hands were fine, strong, and sensitive. This possibility of rare beauty made her scars and burns more pitiful; if a cheap chromo has a smirch across its face, we think it a matter of no moment, but we deplore the smallest scratch or blur on any work of real art.

Lydia felt a little less bitter and hope-

less about life when she sat in front of her own open fire, after her usual twilight walk. It was her habit to wander down the wooded road after her simple five-o'clock supper, gathering ferns or goldenrod or frost flowers for her vases, and one night she heard, above the rippling of the river, the strange, sweet, piercing sound of Anthony Croft's violin. She drew nearer, and saw a middle-aged man sitting in the kitchen doorway, with a lad of ten or twelve years leaning against his knees. She could tell little of his appearance, save that he had a high forehead, and hair that waved well back from it in rather an unusual fashion. He was in his shirt-sleeves, but the gingham was scrupulously clean, and he had the uncommon refinement of a collar and necktie. Out of sight herself, Lyddy drew near enough to hear; and this she did every night without recognizing that the musician was blind. The music had a curious effect upon her. It was a hitherto unknown influence in her life, and it interpreted her, so to speak, to herself. As she sat on the bed of brown pine needles, under a friendly tree, her head resting against its trunk, her eyes half closed, the tone of Anthony's violin came like a heavenly message to a tired, despairing soul. Remember that in her secluded life she had heard only such harmony as Elvira Reynolds evoked from her piano or George Reynolds from his flute, and the Reynolds temperament was distinctly inartistic.

Lyddy lived through a lifetime of emotion in these twilight concerts. Sometimes she was filled with an exquisite melancholy from which there was no escape; at others, the ethereal purity of the strain stirred her heart with a strange, sweet vision of mysterious joy; joy that she had never possessed, would never possess; joy whose bare existence she never before realized. When the low notes sank lower and lower with their soft wail of delicious woe, she bent forward into the dark, dreading that something would be

lost in the very struggle of listening; then, after a pause, a pure human tone would break the stillness, and soaring, birdlike, higher and higher, seem to mount to heaven itself, and, "piercing its starry floors," lift poor scarred Lydia's soul to the very gates of infinite bliss. In the gentle moods that stole upon her in those summer twilights she became a different woman, softer in her prosperity than she had ever been in her adversity; for some plants only blossom in sunshine. What wonder if to her the music and the musician became one? It is sometimes a dangerous thing to fuse the man and his talents in this way; but it did no harm here, for Anthony Croft was his music, and the music was Anthony Croft. When he played on his violin, it was as if the miracle of its fashioning were again enacted; as if the bird on the quivering bough, the mellow sunshine streaming through the lattice of green leaves, the tinkle of the woodland stream, spoke in every tone; and more than this, the hearth glow in whose light the patient hands had worked, the breath of the soul bending itself in passionate prayer for perfection, these too seemed to have wrought their blessed influences on the willing strings until the tone was laden with spiritual harmony. One might indeed have sung of this little red violin — that looked to Lyddy, in the sunset glow, as if it were veneered with rubies — all that Shelley sang of another perfect instrument: —

"The artist who this idol wrought
To echo all harmonious thought,
Fell'd a tree, while on the steep
The woods were in their winter sleep,
Rock'd in that repose divine
Of the wind-swept Apennine;
And dreaming, some of Autumn past,
And some of Spring approaching fast,
And some of April buds and showers,
And some of songs in July bowers,
And all of love; and so this tree —
O that such our death may be! —
Died in sleep, and felt no pain,
To live in happier form again."

The viol "whispers in enamoured tone: "

"Sweet oracles of woods and dells,
 And summer winds in sylvan cells ; . . .
 The clearest echoes of the hills,
 The softest notes of falling rills,
 The melodies of birds and bees,
 The murmuring of summer seas,
 And pattering rain, and breathing dew,
 And airs of evening ; all it knew. . . .
 — All this it knows, but will not tell
 To those who cannot question well
 The spirit that inhabits it ; . . .
 But, sweetly as its answers will
 Flatter hands of perfect skill,
 It keeps its highest, holiest tone
 For one beloved Friend alone."

Lyddy heard the violin and the man's voice as he talked to the child, — heard them night after night ; and when she went home to the little brown house to light the fire on the hearth and let down the warm red curtains, she fell into sweet, sad reveries ; and when she blew out her candle for the night, she fell asleep and dreamed new dreams, and her heart was stirred with the rustling of new-born hopes that rose and took wing like birds startled from their nests.

V.

"Nor scour the seas, nor sift mankind,
 A poet or a friend to find :
 Behold, he watches at the door !
 Behold his shadow on the floor !"

EMERSON'S *Suadi*.

Lyddy Butterfield's hen turkey was of a roving disposition. She had never appreciated her luxurious country quarters in Edgewood, and was seemingly anxious to return to the modest back yard in her native city. At any rate, she was in the habit of straying far from home, and the habit was growing upon her to such an extent that she would even lead her docile little gobblers down to visit Anthony Croft's hens and share their corn.

Lyddy had caught her at it once, and was now pursuing her to that end for the second time. She paused in front of the house, but there were no turkeys

to be seen. Could they have wandered up the hill road, the discontented, "traipsing," exasperating things? She started in that direction, when she heard a crash in the Croft kitchen, and then the sound of a boy's voice coming from an inner room, — a weak and querulous voice, as if the child were ill.

She drew nearer, in spite of her dread of meeting people, or above all of intruding, and saw Anthony Croft standing over the stove, with an expression of utter helplessness on his usually placid face. She had never really seen him before in the daylight, and there was something about his appearance that startled her. The teakettle was on the floor, and a sea of water was flooding the man's feet, yet he seemed to be gazing into vacancy. Presently he stooped, and fumbled gropingly for the kettle. It was too hot to be touched with impunity, and he finally left it in a despairing sort of way, and walked in the direction of a shelf, from under which a row of coats was hanging. The boy called again in a louder and more insistent tone, ending in a whimper of restless pain. This seemed to make the man more nervous than ever. His hands went patiently over and over the shelf, then paused at each separate nail.

"Bless the poor dear!" thought Lyddy. "Is he trying to find his hat, or what is he trying to do? I wonder if he is music mad?" and she drew still nearer the steps.

At this moment he turned and came rapidly toward the door. She looked straight in his face. There was no mistaking it: he was blind. The magician who had told her through his violin secrets that she had scarcely dreamed of, the wizard who could set her heart to throbbing and aching and longing as it had never throbbed and ached and longed before, the being who had worn a halo of romance and genius to her simple mind, was stone-blind! A wave of impetuous anguish, as sharp and passionate

as any she had ever felt for her own misfortunes, swept over her soul at the spectacle of the man's helplessness. His sightless eyes struck her like a blow. But there was no time to lose. She was directly in his path: if she stood still he would certainly walk over her, and if she moved he would hear her, so, on the spur of the moment, she gave a nervous cough and said, "Good-morning, Mr. Croft."

He stopped short. "Who is it?" he asked.

"I am—it is—I am—your new neighbor," said Lyddy, with a trembling attempt at cheerfulness.

"Oh, Miss Butterfield! I should have called up to see you before this if it had n't been for the boy's sickness. But I am a good-for-nothing neighbor, as you have doubtless heard. Nobody expects anything of me."

("Nobody expects anything of me." Her own plaint, uttered in her own tone!)

"I don't know about that," she answered swiftly. "You've given me, for one, a great deal of pleasure with your wonderful music. I often hear you as you play after supper, and it has kept me from being lonesome. That is n't very much, to be sure."

"You are fond of music, then?"

"I did n't know I was; I never heard any before," said Lyddy simply; "but it seems to help people to say things they could n't say for themselves, don't you think so? It comforts me even to hear it, and I think it must be still more beautiful to make it."

Now, Lyddy Ann Butterfield had no sooner uttered this commonplace speech than the reflection darted through her mind like a lightning flash that she had never spoken a bit of her heart out like this in all her life before. The reason came to her in the same flash: she was not being looked at; her disfigured face was hidden. This man, at least, could not shrink, turn away, shiver, affect indifference, fix his eyes on hers with a fascinated horror, as others had done.

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Her heart was divided between a great throb of pity and sympathy for him and an irresistible sense of gratitude for herself. Sure of protection and comprehension, her lovely soul came out of her poor eyes and sat in the sunshine. She spoke her mind at ease, as we utter sacred things sometimes under cover of darkness.

"You seem to have had an accident; what can I do to help you?" she asked.

"Nothing, thank you. The boy has been sick for some days, but he seems worse since last night. Nothing is in its right place in the house, so I have given up trying to find anything, and am just going to Edgewood to see if somebody will help me for a few days."

"Uncle Tony! Uncle To—ny! where are you? Do give me another drink, I'm so hot!" came the boy's voice from within.

"Coming, laddie! I don't believe he ought to drink so much water, but what can I do? He is burning up with fever."

"Now look here, Mr. Croft," and Lydia's tone was cheerfully decisive. "You sit down in that rocker, please, and let me command the ship for a while. This is one of the cases where a woman is necessary. First and foremost, what were you hunting for?"

"My hat and the butter," said Anthony meekly, and at this unique combination they both laughed. Lyddy's laugh was particularly fresh, childlike, and pleased; one that would have astonished the Reynolds children. She had seldom laughed heartily since little Rufus had cried and told her she frightened him when she twisted her face so.

"Your hat is in the wood-box, and I'll find the butter in the twinkling of an eye, though why you want it now is more than — My patience, Mr. Croft, your hand is burned to a blister!"

"Don't mind me. Be good enough to look at the boy and tell me what ails him; nothing else matters much."

"I will with pleasure, but let me ease you a little first. Here's a rag that will

be just the thing," and Lyddy, suiting the pretty action to the mendacious word, took a good handkerchief from her pocket and tore it in three strips, after spreading it with tallow from a candle heated over the stove. This done, she bound up the burned hand skillfully, and, crossing the dining-room, disappeared within the little chamber door beyond. She came out presently, and said half hesitatingly, "Would you — mind — going out in the orchard for an hour or so? You seem to be rather in the way here, and I should like the place to myself, if you'll excuse me for saying so. I'm ever so much more capable than Mrs. Buck; won't you give me a trial, sir? Here's your violin and your hat. I'll call you if you can help or advise me."

"But I can't let a stranger come in and do my housework," he objected. "I can't, you know, though I appreciate your kindness all the same."

"I am your nearest neighbor, and your only one, for that matter," said Lyddy firmly; "it's nothing more than right that I should look after that sick child, and I must do it. I have n't got a thing to do in my own house. I am nothing but a poor lonely old maid, who's been used to children all her life, and likes nothing better than to work over them."

A calm settled upon Anthony's perturbed spirit, as he sat under the apple-trees and heard Lyddy going to and fro in the cottage. "She is n't any old maid," he thought; "she does n't step like one; she has soft shoes and a springy walk. She must be a very handsome woman, with a hand like that; and such a voice! — I knew the moment she spoke that she did n't belong in this village."

As a matter of fact, his keen ear had caught the melody in Lyddy's voice, a voice full of dignity, sweetness, and reserve power. His sense of touch, too, had captured the beauty of her hand, and held it in remembrance, — the soft palm, the fine skin, supple fingers, smooth nails, and firm round wrist. These

charms would never have been noted by any seeing man in Edgewood, but they were revealed to Anthony Croft while Lyddy, like the good Samaritan, bound up his wounds. It is these saving stars that light the eternal darkness of the blind.

Lyddy thought she had met her Waterloo when, with arms akimbo, she gazed about the Croft establishment, which was a scene of desolation for the moment. Anthony's cousin from Bridgton was in the habit of visiting him every two months for a solemn house-cleaning, and Mrs. Buck from Pleasant River came every Saturday and Monday for baking and washing. Between times Davy and his uncle did the housework together; and although it was respectably done, there was no pink-and-white daintiness about it, you may be sure.

Lyddy came out to the apple-trees in about an hour, laughing a little nervously as she said, "I'm sorry to have taken a mean advantage of you, Mr. Croft, but I know everything you've got in your house, and exactly where it is. I could n't help it, you see, when I was making things tidy. It would do you good to see the boy. His room was too light, and the flies were devouring him. I swept him and dusted him, put on clean sheets and pillow slips, sponged him with bay rum, brushed his hair, drove out the flies, and tacked a green curtain up to the window. Fifteen minutes after he was sleeping like a kitten. He has a sore throat and considerable fever. Could you — can you — at least, will you go up to my house on an errand?"

"Certainly I can. I know it inside and out as well as my own."

"Very good. On the clock shelf in the sitting-room there is a bottle of sweet spirits of nitre; it's the only bottle there, so you can't make any mistake. It will help until the doctor comes. I wonder you did n't send for him yesterday?"

"Davy would n't have him," apologized his uncle.

"*Would n't he ?*" said Lyddy with cheerful scorn. "He has you under pretty good control, has n't he ? But children are unmerciful tyrants."

"Could n't you coax him into it before you go home ?" asked Anthony in a wheedling voice.

"I can try ; but it is n't likely I can influence him, if you can't. Still, if we both fail, I really don't see what's to prevent our sending for the doctor in spite of him. He is weak as a baby, you know, and can't sit up in bed : what could he do ? I will risk the consequences, if you will !"

There was a note of such amiable and winning sarcasm in all this, such a cheery, invincible courage, such a friendly neighborliness and coöperation, above all such a different tone from any he was accustomed to hear in Edgewood, that Anthony Croft felt warmed through to the core.

As he walked quickly along the road, he conjured up a vision of autumn beauty from the few hints nature gave even to her sightless ones on this glorious morning, — the rustle of a few fallen leaves under his feet, the clear wine of the air, the full rush of the swollen river, the whisking of the squirrels in the boughs, the crunch of their teeth on the nuts, the spicy odor of the apples lying under the trees. He missed his mother that morning more than he had missed her for years. How neat she was, how thrifty, how comfortable, and how comforting ! His life was so dreary and aimless ; and was it the best or the right one for Davy, with his talent and dawning ambition ? Would it not be better to have Mrs. Buck live with them altogether, instead of coming twice a week, as heretofore ? No ; he shrank from that with a hopeless aversion born of Saturday and Monday dinners in her company. He could hear her pour her coffee into the saucer ; hear the scraping of the cup on the rim, and know that she was setting it sloppily down on the cloth. He could remember her noisy

drinking, the weight of her elbow on the table, the creaking of her calico dress under the pressure of superabundant flesh. Besides, she had tried to scrub his favorite violin with sapolio. No, anything was better than Mrs. Buck as a constancy.

He took off his hat unconsciously as he entered Lyddy's sitting-room. A gentle breeze blew one of the full red curtains towards him till it fluttered about his shoulders like a frolicsome, teasing hand. There was a sweet, pungent odor of pine boughs, a canary sang in the window, the clock was trimmed with a blackberry vine ; he knew the prickles, and they called up to his mind the glowing tints he had loved so well. His sensitive hand, that carried a divining rod in every finger-tip, met a vase on the shelf, and, traveling upward, touched a full branch of alder berries tied about with a ribbon. The ribbon would be red ; the woman who arranged this room would make no mistake ; for in one morning Anthony Croft had penetrated the secret of Lyddy's true personality, and in a measure had sounded the shallows that led to the depths of her nature.

Lyddy went home at seven o'clock that night rather reluctantly. The doctor had said Mr. Croft could sit up with the boy unless he grew much worse, and there was no propriety in her staying longer unless there was danger.

"You have been very good to me," Anthony said gravely, as he shook her hand at parting, — "very good."

They stood together on the doorstep. A distant bell called to evening prayer meeting ; the restless murmur of the river and the whisper of the wind in the pines broke the twilight stillness. The long, quiet day together, part of it spent by the sick child's bedside, had brought the two strangers curiously near to each other.

"The house has n't seemed so sweet and fresh since my mother died," he went on, as he dropped her hand, "and I have n't had so many flowers and green things in it since I lost my eyesight."

"Was it long ago?"

"Ten years. Is that long?"

"Long to bear a burden."

"I hope you know little of burden-bearing?"

"I know little else."

"I might have guessed it from the alacrity with which you took up Davy's and mine. You must be very happy to have the power to make things straight and sunny and wholesome; to breathe your strength into helplessness such as mine. I thank you, and I envy you. Good-night."

Lyddy turned on her heel without a word; her mind was beyond and above words. The sky seemed to have descended upon, enveloped her, caught her up into its heaven, as she rose into unaccustomed heights of feeling, like Elijah in his chariot of fire. She very happy! She with power, power to make things straight and sunny and wholesome! She able to breathe strength into helplessness, even a consecrated, God-smitten helplessness like his! She not only to be thanked, but envied!

Her house seemed strange to her that night. She went to bed in the dark, dreading even the light of a candle; and before she turned down her counterpane she flung herself on her knees, and poured out her soul in a prayer that had been growing, waiting, and waited for, perhaps, for years:—

"O Lord, I thank Thee for health and strength and life. I never could do it before, but I thank Thee to-night for life on any terms. I thank Thee for this home; for the chance of helping another human creature, stricken like myself; for the privilege of ministering to a motherless child. Make me to long only for the beauty of holiness, and to be satisfied if I attain to it. Wash my soul pure and clean, and let that be the only mirror in which I see my face. I have tried to be useful. Forgive me if it always seemed so hard and dreary a life. Forgive me if I am too happy because for

one short day I have really helped in a beautiful way, and found a friend who saw, because he was blind, the real me underneath; the me that never was burned by the fire; the me that is n't disfigured, unless my wicked discontent has done it; the me that has lived on and on and on, starving to death for the friendship and sympathy and love that come to other women. I have spent my forty years in the wilderness, feeding on wrath and bitterness and tears. Forgive me, Lord, and give me one more vision of the blessed land of Canaan, even if I never dwell there."

VI.

"Nor less the eternal poles
Of tendency distribute souls.
There need no vows to bind
Whom not each other seek, but find."

EMERSON'S *Celestial Love*.

Davy's sickness was a lingering one. Mrs. Buck came for two or three hours a day, but Lyddy was the self-installed angel of the house, and before a week had passed the boy's thin arms were around her neck, his head on her loving shoulder, and his cheek pressed against hers. Anthony could hear them talk, as he sat in the kitchen busy at his work. Musical instruments were still brought him to repair, though less frequently than of yore, and he could still make many parts of violins far better than his seeing competitors. A friend and pupil sat by his side in the winter evenings and supplemented his weakness, helping and learning alternately, while his blind master's skill filled him with wonder and despair. The years of struggle for perfection had not been wasted; and though the eye that once detected the deviation of a hair's breadth could no longer tell the true from the false, yet nature had been busy with her divine work of compensation. The one sense stricken with death, she poured floods of new life and vigor into the others. Touch became something more than

the stupid, empty grasp of things we seeing mortals know, and in place of the two eyes he had lost he now had ten in every finger-tip. As for odors, let other folks be proud of smelling musk and lavender, but let him tell you by a quiver of the nostrils the various kinds of so-called scentless flowers, and let him bend his ear and interpret secrets that the universe is ever whispering to us who are pent in partial deafness because, forsooth, we see.

He often paused to hear Lydia's low, soothing tones and the boy's weak treble. Anthony had said to him once, "Miss Butterfield is very beautiful, isn't she, Davy? You have n't painted me a picture of her yet. How does she look?"

Davy was stricken at first with silent embarrassment. He was a truthful child, but in this he could no more have told the whole truth than he could have cut off his hand. He was knit to Lyddy by every tie of gratitude and affection. He would sit for hours with his expectant face pressed against the window-pane, and when he saw her coming down the shady road he was filled with a sense of impending comfort and joy.

"No," he said hesitatingly, "she is n't pretty, Nunky, but she's sweet and nice and dear. Everything on her shines, it's so clean; and when she comes through the trees, with her white apron and her purple calico dress, your heart jumps, because you know she's going to make everything pleasant. Her hair has a pretty wave in it, and her hand is soft on your forehead; and it's most worth while being sick just to have her in the house."

Meanwhile, so truly is "praise our fructifying sun," Lydia bloomed into a hundred hitherto unsuspected graces of mind and heart and speech. A sly sense of humor woke into life, and a positive talent for conversation, latent hitherto because she had never known any one who cared to drop a plummet into the crystal springs of her consciousness. When the violin was laid away, she would sit in the twilight, by Davy's sofa, his thin hand in

hers, and talk with Anthony about books and flowers and music, and about the meaning of life, too, — its burdens and mistakes, and joys and sorrows; groping with him in the darkness to find a clue to God's purposes.

Davy had long afternoons at Lyddy's house as the autumn grew into winter. He read to her while she sewed rags for a new sitting-room carpet, and they played dominoes and checkers together in the twilight before supper time, — suppers that were a feast to the boy, after Mrs. Buck's cookery. Anthony brought his violin sometimes of an evening, and Almira Berry, the next neighbor on the road to the Mills, would drop in and join the little party. Almira used to sing Auld Robin Grey, What Will You Do, Love, and Robin Adair, to the great enjoyment of everybody; and she persuaded Lyddy to buy the old church melodeon, and learn to sing alto in Oh, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast, Gently, Gently Sighs the Breeze, and I Know a Bank. Nobody sighed for the gayeties and advantages of a great city when, these concerts being over, Lyddy would pass crisp seed-cakes and raspberry shrub, doughnuts and cider, or hot popped corn and molasses candy.

"But there, she can afford to," said Aunt Hitty Tarbox; "she's pretty middlin' wealthy for Edgewood. And it's lucky she is, for she 'bout feeds that boy o' Croft's. No wonder he wants her to fill him up, after six years of the Widder Buck's victuals. Aurelia Buck can take good flour and sugar, sweet butter and fresh eggs, and in ten strokes of her hand she can make 'em into something the very hogs 'll turn away from. I declare, it brings the tears to my eyes sometimes when I see her coming out of Croft's Saturday afternoons, and think of the stone crocks full of nasty messes she's left behind her for that innocent man and boy to eat up. . . . Anthony goes to see Miss Butterfield consid'able often. Of course it's awstensibly to

walk home with Davy, or do an errand or something, but everybody knows better. She went down to Croft's pretty nearly every day when his cousin from Bridgton come to house-clean. She suspicioned something, I guess. Anyhow, she asked me if Miss Butterfield's two hundred a year was in gov'ment bonds. Anthony's eyesight ain't good, but I guess he could make out to cut cowpons off. . . . It would be strange if them two left-overs should take an' marry each other; though, come to think of it, I don't know 's 't would neither. He's blind, to be sure, and can't see her scarred face. It's a pity she ain't deaf, so 't she can't hear his everlastin' fiddle. She's lucky to get any kind of a husband; she's too humbly to choose. I declare, she reminds me of a Jack-o'-lantern, though if you look at the back of her, or see her in meetin' with a thick veil on, she's about the best appearin' woman in Edgewood. . . . I never see anybody stiffen up as Anthony has. He had me make him three white shirts and three gingham ones, with collars and cuffs on all of 'em. It seems as if six shirts at one time must mean something out o' the common!"

Aunt Hitty was right; it did mean something out of the common. It meant the growth of an all-engrossing, grateful, divinely tender passion between two love-starved souls. On the one hand Lyddy, who had scarcely known the meaning of love in all her dreary life, yet as full to the brim of all sweet, womanly possibilities of loving and giving as any pretty woman; on the other the blind violin-maker, who had never loved any woman but his mother, and who was in the direst need of womanly sympathy and affection.

Anthony Croft, being ministered unto by Lyddy's kind hands, hearing her sweet voice and her soft footstep, saw her as God sees, knowing the best; forgiving the worst, like God, and forgetting it, still more like God, I think.

And Lyddy? There is no pen worthy to write of Lyddy. Her joy lay deep in her heart like a jewel at the bottom of a clear pool, so deep that no ripple or ruffle on the surface could disturb the hidden treasure. If God had smitten these two with one hand, he had held out the other in tender benediction.

There had been a pitiful scene of unspeakable solemnity when Anthony first told Lyddy that he loved her, and asked her to be his wife. He had heard all her sad history by this time, though not from her own lips, and his heart went out to her all the more for the heavy cross that had been laid upon her. He had the wit and wisdom to put her affliction quite out of the question, and allude only to her sacrifice in marrying a blind man, hopelessly and helplessly dependent on her sweet offices for the rest of his life, if she, in her womanly mercy, would love him and help him bear his burdens.

When his tender words fell upon Lyddy's dazed brain she sank beside his chair, and, clasping his knees, sobbed: "I love you, I cannot help loving you, I cannot help telling you I love you! But you must hear the truth; you have heard it from others, but perhaps they softened it. If I marry you, people will always blame me and pity you. You would never ask me to be your wife if you could see my face; you could not love me an instant if you were not blind."

"Then I thank God unceasingly for my infirmity," said Anthony Croft, as he raised her to her feet.

Anthony and Lyddy Croft sat in the apple orchard, one warm day in late spring.

Anthony's work would have puzzled a casual on-looker. Ten stout wires stretched between two trees, fifteen or twenty feet apart, and each group of five represented the five lines of the musical staff. Wooden bars crossed the wires at regular intervals, dividing the staff into measures. A box with many com-

partments sat on a stool beside him, and this held bits of wood that looked like pegs, but were in reality whole, half, quarter, and eighth notes, rests, flats, sharps, and the like. These were cleft in such a way that he could fit them on the wires almost as rapidly as his musical theme came to him, and Lyddy had learned to transcribe with pen and ink the music she found in wood and wire. He could write only simple airs in this way, but when he played them on the violin they were transported into a loftier region, such genius lay in the harmony, the arabesque, the delicate lace-work of embroidery with which the tune was inwrought; now high, now low, now major, now minor, now sad, now gay, with the one thrilling, haunting cadence recurring again and again, to be watched for, longed for, and greeted with a throb of delight.

Davy was reading at the window, his curly head buried in a well-worn Shakespeare opened at *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Lyddy was sitting under her favorite pink apple-tree, a mass of fragrant bloom, more beautiful than Aurora's morning gown. She was sewing; lining with snowy lawn innumerable pockets in a square basket that she held in her lap. The pockets were small, the needles were fine, the thread was a length of cobweb. Everything about the basket was small except the hopes that she was stitching into it; they were so great that her heart could scarcely hold them. Nature was stirring everywhere. The seeds were springing in the warm earth. The hens were clucking to their downy chicks just out of the eggs. The birds were flying hither and thither in the apple boughs, and there was one little home of

straw so hung that Lyddy could look into it and see the patient mother brooding her nestlings. The sight of her bright eyes, alert for every sign of danger, sent a rush of feeling through Lyddy's veins that made her long to clasp the little feathered mother to her own breast.

A sweet gravity and consecration of thought possessed her, and the pink blossoms falling into her basket were not more delicate than the rose-colored dreams that flashed her soul.

Anthony put in the last wooden peg, and taking up his violin called, "Davy, lad, come out and tell me what this means!"

Davy was used to this; from a wee boy he had been asked to paint the changing landscape of each day, and to put into words his uncle's music.

Lyddy dropped her needle, the birds stopped to listen, and Anthony played.

"It is this apple orchard in May time," said Davy; "it is the song of the green things growing, is n't it?"

"What do you say, dear?" asked Anthony, turning to his wife.

Love and hope had made a poet of Lyddy. "I think Davy is right," she said. "It is a dream of the future, the story of all new and beautiful things growing out of the old. It is full of the sweetness of present joy, but there is promise and hope in it besides. It is like the Spring sitting in the lap of Winter, and holding a baby Summer in her bosom."

Davy did not quite understand this, though he thought it pretty; but Lyddy's husband did, and when the boy went back to his books, he took his wife in his arms and kissed her twice, — once for herself, and then once again.

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

THE DANCER.

SKIN creamy as the furl'd magnolia bud
 That stabs the dusky shadows of her hair;
 Great startled eyes, and sudden-pulsing blood
 Staining her cheek, and throat, and shoulder bare.

*(Ah! Manuelita,
 Pepita mia,
 List the cachuca!
 Dance! dance!)*

Swaying she stands, the while one rounded arm
 Draws her mantilla's folds in shy disguise,
 Till in the music's subtle, quick'ning charm
 Her tranced soul forgets the alien eyes.

Fades the swift flush, save from the rose-soft mouth.
 And all the glamour'd memories of Spain
 Fling wide her veil; the vintage of the South
 Leaps in her heart, and laughs through ev'ry vein!

*(Ah! Manuelita,
 Star of Cordova,
 Passion and innocence,
 Dance! dance!)*

Gone from her gaze the stage, the mimicry.
 Yon painted scene? It is Cordova's walls!
 The eager trumpets ring to revelry —
 The banderillero cries — the toro falls!

The vision thrills to heart, to eyes, to lips;
 Her castanets click out in conscious pride;
 Curved throat, arched foot, and lissome-swaying hips.
 The music sweeps her in its swirling tide.

Love and denial, mockery and desire,
 A fountain tossing in its moody play,
 Tempest of sunshine, cloud, and dew, and fire,
 Dancing in joyance to the jocund day!

*(Ah! Manuelita,
 Till the moon swoons in mist,
 Till the stars dim and die,
 Dance! dance!)*

Soft! through the music steals a yearning strain —
 Now distant viols grieve down the drowsy night —
 Her fluttering feet are poised; then drift again,
 Luring in languor, dreamy with delight.

(*Ah! Manuelita,
 Witch of the wingèd feet,
 Lead on to dream or death!
 Dance! dance!*)

Hushed in her heart are raptures and alarms;
 Falling, as water falleth, to her knees,
 She spreads the drifted foam-wreath of her arms;
 The music dies in whispered ecstasies.

Ednah Proctor Clarke.

THE CHAMPION OF THE MIDDLE GROUND.

A CONVERSATIONAL DUO BETWEEN THE ONE AND THE OTHER.

The One. When the social constitution of the world shall come to be revised, I hope I shall be present, to suggest the creation of a few new offices with plenary powers. From time to time we hear some hard-headed man or woman inquiring whether the "fool-killer" has been on his rounds of late. Undoubtedly, there was a crying need for the services of this functionary long before the creation of such an office was proposed. Now I have in mind another sort of noble ameliorator, to perform a more delicate because it is a more diplomatic service in the world. I should like to create a new knight, if the power were given into my hands to do so.

The Other. Well, why not? "This is the court of the queen." But what would his cognizance be?

The One. He should be known as the Champion of the Middle Ground. I had not thought of him as an absolute necessity, until the other day when I was listening to a warm dispute which was waxing acrimonious, as it seemed to me. As the *casus belli* developed, there ap-

peared to be so many wrongs on the right side, and so many rights on the wrong side of the question that I found myself, mentally, in something like a fierce advocacy between the two disputants. I want a champion who will defend this very position.

The Other. Ah, I see. But your knight would need all the valor in the old Roman world, and all the Machiavelianism in the mediæval, to maintain his position there, to say nothing of doing effective service in the abstract. Your Champion would himself need a champion.

The One. I do not see why. Please explain.

The Other. Because he would have the heroic task of proving that he was not identical with the Man Who Sits on the Fence. There would even be some who would mistake your knight for the Prince of Shysters. The most indulgent of spectators could account for him only on the ground that he was possessed of a temperament too cold to admit of his becoming vehemently involved in the in-

terests of either antagonist. His judicious neutrality would be admired by some, but distrusted by all.

The One. But you forget, or I have not said, that my Champion of the Middle Ground has nothing of all this in his composition. He is not neutral in any question. He is more deeply involved than either of the combatants, in the human issue between them. With such a person as I am thinking of there can be no real indifference. Where he does not either love or hate, he entertains at least what might be called a passionate indifference. Nothing occurs which does not force him into a well-defined mental attitude. He may not embrace the cause of either of the contending parties; but it is because he is retained by a third party in the dispute, whom the other two have not recognized, and whose claim, if advanced, they would both indignantly repudiate as irrelevant; and thereupon they would fall to abusing its champion, and probably lose sight of the disagreement between themselves.

The Other. That third party is Justice, and your Champion of the Middle Ground might also bear the title of Counsel for Fair Play? Yes; I quite agree with you that he who undertakes this part, so far from being calculating and non-committal, and of a frigid temperament, must be something quite opposite; else he had never been on the field of combat. His method must be dispassionate; nevertheless the nature is an impassioned one. But you do not expect the disputants or the spectators in general to recognize this fact, do you?

The One. Alas, no; for however much they may profit by such intervention, as a rule there is a tendency to depreciate the nature which offers it. Sooner or later all would have banished Aristides, not, as was declared, because they were tired of hearing that he was just, but because they were tired of his being just. Commonly, such persons speak of a scrupulous sense of justice

as to the property and right of others as somehow necessarily implying a coldness and hard calculation in one's mental composition. To borrow and not to restore promptly, to neglect or defer to pay the bill of the laundress (or even the coin to great Cæsar himself, the tyrant!), may be the insignia of an ardent and liberal nature; but in that case it would follow that ardent and liberal natures are in excess in the world, — a statement that no one is ready to corroborate. But as to the Champion of the Middle Ground. We produce out of our own heads the plan of a temperament, hastily cut out by some old well-worn die of popular belief, aligned by some convenient character-gauge, and assign the result to him who acts the thankless part of moderator. In this temperament there is no place left by us for the "generous faults;" we reserve those to ourselves! According to the general belief, as you have suggested, the Champion of the Middle Ground exercises his function well, simply because he is of too cold a temperament to become embroiled in the causes which agitate his fellows. Now, why should they have this opinion?

The Other. Perhaps because your Champion, however vehemently he may feel, is slow to define in words the position he holds. And words, my dear friend, speak louder than actions, whatever you may have heard to the contrary from our preceptors. What is said is invariably heeded, unless in case of poor Cassandra and her order of prophetesses. What is done is sometimes heeded; but it can always be rendered of no effect by a judicious use of the antidote of words. Your Champion must not indulge his inclination to taciturnity, if he hopes to vindicate his position. It will be a long time yet in the world's little history before the violently assertive person learns that he who remains silent is not therefore timidly acquiescent. There is a species of arrogance which thinks to

do the contumelious act vulgarly known as "sitting down upon" him who does not readily retaliate. It mistakes non-belligerency for cowardly humility, which it is at first inclined to visit with irony of compassion, and then to treat as in the significant phrase used most frequently by the Irish, "Knock a man down, and then kick him for falling." These two can never really come together in fair fight. One approaches with the sword of the spirit, and the other with a bludgeon as material in composition as words can make it. The combat between them is even more quixotic in its character; it is "to take arms against a sea of troubles." It is not in the nature of things that the tempest should recognize the fact of there being dispatch in steel. But to come back. The difficulty seems to be that your Champion of the Middle Ground occupies an entirely anomalous position. As I see him, he is not merely an umpire; his interest is too impassioned, too personal, — not in behalf of persons, but of justice as a personal cause. He is not a judge, for he has never been gowned and invested with the unimpeachable high powers of the judiciary. He is not a professional mediator, for he is not even benevolently pragmatic; he does not take the initiative, and though his interest is readily roused, he prefers to keep away from inflammatory occasions. He "rescues the drowning and ties his shoestrings," and does not remain to receive the reward therefor (or, what is quite as likely to follow, criticisms of his method of rescue). Your Champion is the Disinherited Knight who in general makes no very striking figure on a given occasion, but a few who were present may afterwards recall him with an interest half regretful, sometimes even poignant. They would fain have deciphered the legend on his shield, and learned "what he was all about." There, have I discerned him at all in his true colors?

The One. You make me think that

you have been at some tournament where he was present. But is n't it strange that there should be any confusion as to the device on his banner?

The Other. Is there anything so rare in this world as a "sense of justice"? It would be a satisfactory thing could we determine how far it is inherent in human nature, how far due to the world's growing recognition of the fact that the exercise of this trait is a matter of reciprocal convenience. However, there is an intimation that it is recognized as a useful expedient, in the old popular injunction, "Live and let live." One must move with the motion of the system to which one belongs. The reign of injustice has been found, in the evolution of the race, to be inexpedient. No individual cares to be obsolescent, and so no one is as despotic and unreasonable as the primal instinct in him would at times dictate.

The One. Say also, "the primal instinct in *her*."

The Other. My dear lady, I could not say it. You yourself so exemplify —

The One. Oh, make no mistake. It is very hard for a woman to be entirely just. I wonder our old Greek friends, the mythologists, ever figured Justice in the guise of woman. It was a great pity; and the distinction only emphasizes the disparity between fact and fancy. Pray do not insist upon an exception. Don't you know that it is a sort of injustice to attribute to one merits which one does not possess, to assign a character more sternly great than one will ever be able to bear out?

The Other. But what if it is exemplified before my very eyes that a woman can be just, and if I have within the moment past heard her affirm a desire for a Champion who shall exercise the faculty of just judgment in the highest degree?

The One. I can only say that this woman — such a woman — has made a very valiant conflict against a native propensity towards injustice. You have

sometimes said that it requires intelligence to be able to tell the truth. Any acquisition of the sense of justice which I may have made is due to such exercise of intelligence. Perceiving that the progress of the race no longer permits us to be unjust, I am determined to throw myself in line. Once having seen so cruel a defect, who would not save herself from being unjust, as much as is possible? Such is the force of habit, I own, that now, after having practiced taking large draughts of tolerance for some time, possibly I am myself hurt more than any other human creature when I have on any occasion yielded to the "primal instinct," as you call it. There! having made my confession, I am disposed to modify it in one direction, if you will have patience: I do not think I am actively unjust; that is to say, I would not hasten to volunteer judgment, which act nearly always results in injustice. God has made his creatures, and it is his affair to judge them. It seems to me that we ought to be supremely thankful that we are not deputed to this office. It grows more and more a wonder to me that so many should be willing to assume so onerous (and gratuitous) a responsibility. Then, too, I observe that none are more willing to administer justice than those who possess the least sense of what justice is. None are more willing to condemn than the culpable. *Per contra*, I notice that the nearer the just man is to being made perfect in that respect, the more lenient will be his judgment of those peccant. So far from its being the sign of the kingdom of heaven within us, — this desire to levy judgment and to execute justice, — it might be regarded as a particular designation of the world and its way.

The Other. Did you ever reflect that by nature we are all attorneys; the judicial faculty is a matter of cultivation? "Attorneying" has become a phrase of more than professional application. It

is the advocate's business to gather up all the testimony favorable to his client, and from it to construct his argument and his "eloquent appeal to the jury." All negative testimony he carefully rules out of his plea, and endeavors to annihilate it in the minds of that discriminate twelve, the jury. How singular a thing it is, when we consider it, that the judge, in our courts of justice, has himself been one of those habituated to ruling out the negative testimony; and yet now, in his judicial capacity, he must give impartial ear to both affirmative and negative testimony! How can he overcome the mental habit of the advocate? It would sometimes seem that there should be training schools for the judiciary, something quite different from those in which the lawyer receives his education. But as I was saying, we are all natural attorneys, and those of us who are constituted judges (self-constituted, or otherwise) bring to the adjudication of human affairs the methods and point of view of the attorney, of him who has been retained by his own strong prejudices or predilections.

The One. Speaking of such methods, have you ever noticed that in all societies there are certain individuals who are never just, who have no impulse to be so, except when they undertake to defend the unjust? They can endure to see the innocent assailed without coming to the rescue, and ridicule cast upon unpretending merit; but let a word be uttered which is, constructively, unfair to an inconsiderate and violent person, and our advocate dashes out with all the equipment and valor of noble championship in that person's behalf. And this is often the case where the advocate is gifted with a really large measure of the judicial faculty; and it cannot be said in excuse that the intelligence is lacking which is necessary to a just discrimination.

The Other. I know those of whom you speak. It is not easy at all times

to understand the *rationale* of their conduct or motives. The judicial faculty is indeed present, and one might expect it to be exerted on the side of obvious justice. It is a question whether it is mere indolence and inertia that interfere with its exercise in behalf of worthy objects, on the one hand, or whether, on the other, it is pride in unique and solitary action that rushes the Champion into the field when but the smallest show of deserving calls forth so chivalrous a demonstration. Don't you think we might call such individuals the Criminal Lawyers of Society, since it is their forte to feel the fictitious grievance of a client without a cause, the wrongs of a defendant against whom the general voice of a sturdy commonalty is unanimously raised? There are others to whom some preconceived situation requiring adjustment so appeals that, without waiting to learn the individual rights of the case, the general idea of justice and fair play runs away with them as the horses of the Sun ran away with Phaethon. "If there's a government, sure, I'm agin it," satisfied that all stringent measures must needs be despotism. They are the same order of individuals who, on the most incomplete testimony, or with no testimony at all, espouse the cause of the "under dog" in any fight. I recall having read somewhere a very clever little poem which slyly satirizes this exuberant enthusiasm for the losing side, right or wrong, by representing as among the spectators of a "free fight" one who boldly proclaims that as for himself, however others may choose, he is for the "outside dog in the fight." Might not this humorous commentator have been one and the same with your Champion of the Middle Ground? — indulging in a somewhat grotesque humor and the broad vernacular, it is true; but then he must have his little diversions and undress occasions. It would be a wearisome thing never to descend from the "high horse."

The One. Ah, you are laughing at my cavalier. But then he does a great deal of laughing at himself, as well as at others. He strongly suspects at times that he cuts a figure much resembling that of Cervantes' old Don, while the "high horse" he rides can but suggest Rosinante to the general observer. All the same, he is not discouraged from his knight-errantry.

The Other. Heaven forbid! Among the services rendered by the Champion of the Middle Ground would be the destruction of what you a little while ago termed a "character-gauge:" a man is this because he is that; or, a man cannot be this because he is that. One is a spendthrift; but then you can rely on his being generous to his friends. One is rough and ready in his speech; but at least you can learn the truth from him. A woman is intellectual; she is therefore a "spirit," and "too bright and good" to meet the requisitions of Mr. Wordsworth's ideal of gracious womanhood. And so on. We should be much indebted to the Champion of the Middle Ground for taking away from us these toys of a false dialectic, these too convenient units of measurement which we employ to save the trouble of finding out in what special way one individual differs from another, even when both fall under some given type. The pigeon-hole and label system is so much more convenient and time-saving than is any outlay of ingenuity in determining and naming all the human variations from the generic specimens which come in our way.

The One. I seem to hear my Champion say, in one of those whimsical moods in which he sometimes indulges, that it is not so much a moral good as it is a certain artistic sense of proportion that impels him to interfere in behalf of moderation. The balance is too heavily weighted on one side; he cannot help throwing in whatever shall serve as make-weight. "It is not quite as you think it is," he says in effect. "There is this plus quan-

tity, there is this outstanding consideration: what will you do with these?" Moreover, he knows that there are certain causes forever dear and forcibly eloquent to the human heart. Indeed, their eloquence is so appealing that, like siren music, it preoccupies the ear to the exclusion of all claims from the opposite quarter. One class of petitioners, while the world stands, is sure to have audience and able advocacy, — sure of the heart-beats, if not the heart-blood of its champions freely expended in its behalf. I do not say that this is not well. But the weak will be supported always, the strong almost never.

The Other. If you will leave it to the Muse to state the case, might not the whole matter be put in this way? —

"If I have pity for the Strong,
Whom unforbearing weaklings throng,
And lade with burdens great and small,
Till by the way ye droop and fall;
If I have pity and refrain,
And, while I may, my load sustain,
And *sursum corda* cheerly chant, —
If I have pity, pity grant!
If I forbear all the day long,
On me have pity, O ye Strong,
If at the day's close I should cry,
'I faint, — me, too, pass ye not by!'"

To Strength did craven Weakness go,
On Strength did craven Weakness throw
The load it did not list to bear.
To Strength did fretful Sloth repair,
Of Strength did fretful Sloth require
To pique its languishing desire,
And dress dull Time in boon attire.
To Strength did party Zeal apply,
To be its champion and ally;
To Strength all minion things resort,
When they would have a friend at court.

To each of these did Strength give ear,
Spake piteous words, gave cordial cheer,
Nor slackened patience all day long,
Howe'er so pressed the clamoring throng.
But when, at last, went forth the cry,
"I faint, — me, too, oh pass not by!"
Lo! Strength nor help nor credence gave!
Not to the Merciful, the Brave,
Not to the unrepining Strong,
Lives Strength, but to the clamoring throng.

The One. Yes. Again I see you have

met my Champion in some of his quixotic but perhaps not altogether hopeless contests. It will be a great triumph if he can bring the world to have consideration for its burden-bearers, and a peculiar triumph if he can persuade Strength to have compassion for Strength as well as for the Weakness whose blind eyes will never be opened to see how great is the debt it owes to the arm on which it leans. But I have another commission for the Champion to execute, — perhaps a twofold commission. It is, to persuade the zealous and partial friend, while he is sparing from chastisement those dear to himself, to forbear balancing the account of justice by inflicting double punishment upon those not dear to him, and who may be guilty of no greater obliquity than he has extenuated in his own elect. I know that my swans may be geese; I am sure that another's are so; but I must be indulgent to the masquerade which that other one chooses to encourage, while I hug closely the same delusion. Still another task for the Champion to perform. It is to convince the friend, the lover, the ward, that declared hostility towards one's errors of thought or of conduct in no wise affects the real situation between any two who are mutually dear. I have tried to love the faults of several of my friends; but the effort too often seems like encouraging a known traitor in the house of a friend. If I love my friend well, shall I not apprise him of the lurking enemy? Now, if I, too, were to call the Muse to my aid to state the case, I think she would speak in some such language as the following: —

Think'st thou if any skill could draw a veil,
Or tenderness could shield, that Love's would fail?
No, no. Love saw thy fault, that fault thou hast,
For shaftlike through Love's breast its knowledge passed;
And ere Love's trembling lips its name could urge,
Love had endured fast, vigil, and the scourge.

The Other. If I remember rightly, Emerson has some such observation as this: He will find himself in sufficiently tragic situations in life who resolves to tell the truth. The Champion of the Middle Ground seems to have been born with a fatal instinct for telling the truth. In this heroic venture, he relies on an intelligent and joyous hospitality on the part of others, as great as his own, to receive the truth. He cannot understand party reserve nor partisan hostility towards the same. Is the position a false one? Shift your position, is the only remedy. Is there a doubt? Hazard the doubt; for until its voice has been audited, the confirmation of faith is impossible. While others propose, at the start, to make the best of things, he is disposed to make the worst of them; so to build upon a securer foundation. How many times have we spoken of that pathetic text in *Job*, and the usually suppressed human cry in its conclusion: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him; but I will maintain mine own ways before him." With that voice from Arabia still crying in the wilderness, how can the world be so summary with its

honest doubters, its Champions (whether they will or not) of the Middle Ground of religious thought!

THE TRAGEDY OF THE MIDDLE GROUND.

SUPPLEMENTARY VERSES WHICH MAY HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY THE ONE OR THE OTHER.

"Lo! thou art craven!" they cried;

"Thine allegiance no man may know;

For now thou dost fight on our side,
And now on the side of our foe!"

"Behold, I have changed not my troth,
On the Middle Ground where I stand;
I fight but the foe of ye both,
A malign, invisible band!"

"For ye both have welcomed allies
More fell than the foe ye would smite.
Error and Guile in proud guise, —
These, and not you, would I fight.

"Therefore I strike as I may,
Wherever marches the foe;
And this must I do, though ye say
Mine allegiance no man may know!"

With the sword of the Spirit he smote,
With the wreath of the Spirit was crowned;
For they fell on that soldier devote . . .
And his grave was the Middle Ground.

Edith M. Thomas.

NEW FIGURES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

I. DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH.

BECAUSE an art that reduces itself to the simplest and purest terms of expression brings us immediately in contact with the artist's idea, it may be said that we have no more transparent canon of æsthetic perfection than that which exists in Greek sculpture. Plastic art, in any country and at any time, would enjoy a similar distinction were its followers always capable of reaching its highest levels. In other words, it is in sculpture that an artist is given at once the most

exacting and most inspiring opportunity to express his genius; for as he thumbs away layer after layer of the clay, he leaves less and less to intervene between his conception and the world. Sculpture is the inspiration in the concrete; less absolute, less isolated, than architecture, perhaps, because it is representative, illustrative, where architecture presents nothing save itself, but spared the renunciations of the sublimer art by the absence of utilitarian considerations. It is

necessary to make this contention as a basis for the assertion that the subject of this paper carries us as close as it is possible to get to the animating elements of American art. It is only in proportion as he carries us thus close that an artist is interesting and suggestive. To seek the very substructure of an emotion, of a talent, of an art, to pursue the colors of a personality to their uttermost source, may seem sometimes to be refining upon refinement; yet I cannot feel that it is to consider too curiously to consider so, for it is at the roots of things that you find what they have most to give. The Autocrat has a fine figure on this point. "They little know," he says, "the tidal movements of national thought and feeling who believe that they depend for existence on a few swimmers who ride their waves. It is not Leviathan that leads the ocean from continent to continent, but the ocean which bears his mighty bulk as it wafts its own bubbles." It is the same in art. No artist worth the name ever failed to lead his fellow-men higher and further along the road of spiritual construction; but no artist, either, who ever produced good work failed to build it on the spirit of his time. I can find, therefore, no more stimulating point of departure, in speaking of Mr. French, than that afforded by his intimate identification with the best thoughts and feelings of his place and time. He is an American sculptor, and his significance for us is that he has been disengaging from the play and interplay of eclectic tendencies what it seems to me must be the American idea. He has himself elements of eclecticism, but the turning-point in that transitional phase of a national art is marked when specific alien qualities are forgotten, and contemplation of a work perceives only its essential, entire effect. Alien qualities are forgotten in Mr. French's art, as they are forgotten in the works of his two most distinguished contemporaries on this side the water.

Is it often realized, I wonder, how free from fads and fashions sculpture in America has been, how emancipated from the whims of the schools it has been, in comparison with painting? Sculpture, with us, has gone through no such period of disorder and doubt as pictorial art has suffered in impressionism; it has not felt the force of such a wave of change as swept across our school of painters from the romantic glades of Barbizon. Our best sculptors have been, without effort, our best Americans in art. Take the two colleagues of Mr. French alluded to above, Mr. Olin Warner and Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens. Warner has acknowledged the sway of Greek art, and has embodied in the caryatides of his beautiful fountain on the Pacific coast just such austere sweet images as you would expect of a classic temperament. The same strain has made itself felt in some of his busts, notably that of Alden Weir, wherein he has subdued a most realistic motive to the serene yet exquisitely veracious temper of a Grecian style. But when Warner rose to the great subject of his Garrison statue, a work infinitely removed from the perfunctory mood to which some thoughtless critics have ascribed it, he responded unmistakably to the Americanism in his theme, and wrought out his dignified work on lines neither classic nor romantic, but intellectual, imaginative, sympathetic, and critical, as the country and the moment demanded. Similarly, Mr. St. Gaudens has proclaimed in many of his works, in his statues of angels and in his medallions, an instinctive feeling for the grace, the elegance, the decorative charm of Renaissance sculpture. But in the presence of General Sherman, in the presence of Lincoln, all that fell away, and the style in which he has perpetuated those great men is in unshakable accord with their own American fibre. There is no memory of American achievement in art more comforting to carry around Europe than the noble statue of Lincoln which adorns

the park named for him in Chicago. In no Continental school has work more elevated or more authoritative been done in any style, and only one of the French masters, Dubois, has risen to the plane of Mr. St. Gaudens's fine impersonality.

The Parisian school always finds it hard to get away from its idiosyncrasies. Here in America two eminent sculptors, as I have shown, have accomplished the feat, and to them must be added a third in the person of Mr. French. His inclusion in the group is a matter of recent date, if we look at it with reference to definite exhibitions and reintroductions to the public, and he is indeed one of the latest figures in American art; yet it is instructive to observe, as a proof of the logic of evolution, how the nature of his individuality has been left unchanged from the first. I used to think, as I studied the gigantic statue of the Republic at Chicago, during the summer of 1893, and remembered vaguely certain rather decorative busts by Mr. French in long past exhibitions, that the requirements imposed by his architectural surroundings at the Fair had called out a new impulse in him. I thought that he had had the severity of his Columbian work forced upon him, more or less. I find now that he has always cultivated the peculiar tone of simplicity there disclosed so impressively. Looking back systematically over the work which he has put forth since the Minute Man, at Concord, of 1875, his first statue, one is aware that his *métier* was settled then. I like to think of it as being settled on such a figure in American history. It has been said over and over again that the earliest effort of an American sculptor is bound to be the effigy of an American Indian; but Mr. French appears to have escaped that, and to have plunged at once into an analysis of the American genius as we know it best, the American idea as it was founded on New England char-

acter and courage. The Minute Man is not more than promising as a work of art. Those who have rambled about the old battlefield will remember it as a straightforward, cleanly executed piece of work, in which the idea uppermost is one of physical alertness and defiance. There is in it no touch of the idealizing ambition which led its author to attack Endymion, in his first group, designed in Florence soon after. Imagination has no mean subject in the early defenders of the flag, no matter how homespun their exterior, and in this statue there is no imagination to be apprehended at all. But the work has one quality which it is important to remember. Without being profound, it is yet far from shallow; it is thoroughly dignified, and, in its tentative way, thoughtful. There, I believe, is one of Mr. French's chiefest virtues, and one of the things that most make him valuable to us at this stage in the development of American art. I have never seen anything of his that was trivial in subject. I have never known him to fall below his theme. And his subject has always been worth while, partly as a matter of individual taste, and partly owing to his environment. You could not be born in New Hampshire forty-five years ago, receive your first lessons in modeling, as Mr. French did, from a member of the Alcott family, live at Concord in friendly intercourse with Emerson, sit under Dr. Rimmer's earnest discourse, and fall back upon thoughts and things of no earthly consequence. The atmosphere in which Mr. French grew up was never without incentives to aspiration and seriousness. Curiously, however, it does not appear that his first adventures in the region of fancy, to which his Endymion had drawn him on the threshold of his European apprenticeship in the studio of Thomas Ball, were prolonged enough or were felt enough to leave any permanent marks upon his career. Much later he returned to that enchanted ground, but

between the Minute Man and his first authoritative work, the John Harvard statue, unveiled at Cambridge in 1884, the only outlets he found for his ideas were some allegorical groups for post-offices in St. Louis, Philadelphia, and Boston, in which he had nothing to say that bears a deeply suggestive burden now. The meditative turn of mind which has been referred to was not yet liberated from the trammels of immaturity; it had not yet begun to move freely, intuitively, naturally, and with the special force of an eager individuality around a wholly sympathetic motive. Such a motive came to Mr. French in the Harvard statue.

He was in his thirty-second or thirty-third year, and had labored long in the technique of his art. His earliest handling of the modeler's tools was in his eighteenth year, and he had been studying continuously ever since. He brought to the execution of the Harvard, then, an accomplished hand and a mind in harmony with the mental and emotional equipoise of his sitter. I speak of Harvard as though he had posed for Mr. French, because, on his massive pedestal amid the Cambridge trees, he sits with just that sharply outlined character of purpose and repose which must have been his in life. It is an entirely just portrait, as it seems to me, of a single-minded Puritan type. We have had the masculine nature that went to mould the Commonwealth very acutely crystallized in American sculpture. The Chapin monument at Springfield, by Mr. St. Gaudens, utters the last word on the stern and almost truculent integrity of Puritan New England, the unbending, uncompromising side of a society with iron laws. Mr. French's Harvard revives the more urbane lineaments of Puritan scholarship, and shows us a man whose intolerance, whatever it might amount to, would at least be marked by a certain grave reticence. There is nothing choleric in this reflective, almost pensive figure. It is the founder of the university

as we would most care to know him, easy, approachable, yet conscious to the full of the gravity of his place in the world. It is an ideal portrait, but its ideality never leaves out of account the restraint, the sense of measure, the almost local traits of manner and bearing, which make of the founder not only a man, but a personality.

I dwell upon these matters because they refer very closely to Mr. French's own character as an artist. He is himself reserved and jealous of the proprieties which govern his art. To prove this, it is only necessary to consider the excellent taste which rules the Harvard in every one of its details. Here was an opportunity to give picturesqueness its full value, to make the most of Harvard's interesting costume, one of the most refined and artistic our country has known. Amongst all the old furniture of the time, surely some relic might have provided Mr. French with a much more decorative passage in his design than that which he has extracted from the simple chair reproduced in the group. But for the decorative idea in any such sense as this, for picturesqueness of the sort that might have been derived from Harvard's dress and shoes, he has no fondness. Decorative he can be when occasion demands it. On the chimney-breast in his studio, he modeled, some ten years ago, an allegorical procession which gives a true and very graceful solution of the problem which any space presents that has been left free for mural decoration. Picturesqueness of a high order he can control when necessary, as a glance at one of his latest productions will demonstrate below. But neither in the arabesque nor in the accidental irregularities of quaint attire does this artist find anything but subsidiary sources of effect. The broad aim of his work is *monumental*, and in the John Harvard his object was attained with uncommon and almost unqualified success.

If there is a reservation to be made,

it is in connection with the self-denial for which Mr. French and two of his fellow-sculptors have just been praised. Mr. French wisely holds his idiosyncrasies in abeyance. But there is such a thing as suppressing them altogether, and that is less judicious. To be impersonal is one thing, to be colorless is another; and in the Harvard statue it is true that Mr. French comes dangerously near to leaving himself quite out of sight. But it is from excess of virtue that he does so, and the point is made in passing, not as one to be pressed. It may more than once occur to the critic of Mr. French's work that it lacks something racy, lacks warmth of color and the earmarks of a fervid personality; but that, after all, is only another way of saying that the sculptor is himself, and not somebody else. His temperament, evidently, is not of the impulsive, varied sort. In so far as his work illuminates the question he is of the race of deliberative, even cautious artists; and this being admitted, we revert to the abstract character of the Harvard as to one of the most eloquent revelations of the sculptor's individuality. The coldness which permeates this work thaws out, moreover, when another subject is undertaken, richer in sentiment and emotion.

Four or five years after the Harvard was put up, Mr. French designed the memorial to Gallaudet which stands in Washington. The beneficent teacher is seated, with his arm around the deaf-mute girl who was his first pupil. The right hand of each is uplifted in the making of their talk. The faces, turned to each other in mute interrogation and reply, are conceived with genuine tenderness. There is downright pathos in the group. In respect to merely human interest Mr. French has done nothing finer. It is not the moral of the statue, though, to which I wish to call attention. Its value as a work of art resides in the subtle precision with which it suspends two figures, thrilling with emotion, midway between

the ebullience of life and the fixity of monumental art. In the simplicity and dignity and symmetry of the group, the rounded excellence of the Harvard is repeated. In the vivacity and poignant intensity which it possesses, it establishes Mr. French on higher ground. He passes through this to the facility and balance distinguishing his treatment of the majestic works which have brought him actual fame.

To attribute the quality of majesty to the statue of the Republic at the Fair, to the Columbus Quadriga reared above the peristyle behind it, and to the Milmore statue in Forest Hills cemetery, near Boston, is not in the least hyperbolic. They deserve the epithet to the full; and it is just because they do deserve it that Mr. French occupies his present position in America. Grandeur, stateliness, the heroic handling of heroic material, these are things for which it is ever necessary to go far afield. They are found in Mr. French's art, and they are found, furthermore, couched in a language that he has cultivated within our very gates. To resume a line of discussion at which we have already glanced, he has given us an interpretation of beauty which comes not through classic or romantic channels, not through a composite of antique art and modern European, but through a style that is his own, and that is mature, refined, and vigorous. The great colossus that looked down in gilded splendor upon the academic arcades of the Court of Honor remained, for all its reëchoing of their characteristics of simplicity, an American goddess conceived by an American. The ancient severity of line was there in obedience to the spirit that dominated the entire architectural scheme. The tranquillity and power which seemed concentrated in the vast quadrangle of dazzling white were finally summed up and ratified, as it were, in the benign calmness of the goddess who surveyed it all. Yet while she was in it and of it, while the effect of

this statue was inextricably mingled with that of the buildings on every side, showing that Mr. French's sense of relation had never for a moment forsaken him, the intrinsic beauty of the Republic remained different from the beauty of classic art; and I mean different in kind, not in degree. It was a goddess of the West, not of the East. Accepting a certain convention of drapery furnished by Greek, and especially Roman art, the sculptor nevertheless contrived to maintain an atmosphere, a style, an indefinable touch of character and vitality, for which only his native instinct was to be thanked. This judgment was confirmed by the Quadriga, which was lifted to even a higher altitude than the Republic. On the triumphal arch in the centre of the peristyle which screened the buildings from the lake, Columbus rode triumphant in a chariot drawn by mettled chargers, and attended by pages, mounted and on foot. Classic, broadly speaking, this spirited group was; and indeed there was no more felicitous embellishment in all that extensive panorama of antique beauty than the dauntless captain riding on in power, like a new Cæsar at the portals of a new Rome. But here again Mr. French disarmed such judges as might have been disposed to question the unborrowed origin of his work. The classic framework of the Quadriga was compelled by the exigencies of the situation. The management of the group, once its reference to the peristyle and the court was decided upon, was dictated purely by Mr. French's natural habit; the group took on the air of severe simplicity combined with force of execution which had been foreshadowed in the John Harvard of ten years previous. There was improvement, of course, signalized in the later work; there were gains in flow of line, in breadth, most of all in virility and picturesqueness. Here, raised to a higher power, was the movement which began to stir in Mr. French's group of Gallaudet and his pupil. With the

most engaging persistence and faith, he had worked out the principles those works had first advanced. He had applied them in the celebration of even more imposing themes, and they were discovered to be more potent than had first seemed possible.

If I have touched upon the works at Chicago before discussing Mr. French's most remarkable monument, which has a prior claim in point of time, it is because the latter really provides the most natural period on which to terminate an examination of his art. For years after he first became known, his work enforced respect and admiration. At the Fair, the Republic and the Quadriga widened immensely the sculptor's celebrity. But it was upon the appearance of the Milmore monument, in 1892, that the scope of his talent was recognized and applauded most significantly; it was then that he was established in the place in which this paper finds him, in the very front rank. It is this monument which turns criticism into something not unlike eulogy. Martin Milmore, over whose grave it now stands, was an Irish sculptor, whose figure must still be remembered in Boston, since he died there only a few years ago, in 1887. He it was who was responsible for the soldiers' monument on the Common, and whose handiwork was invoked in the same cause at Mount Auburn. He was an older man when he died than the stalwart young chiseler represented in Mr. French's monument; but it may be said, apropos of this, that in no respect does the latter follow the facts in the dead sculptor's career. To do this was not Mr. French's intention. What he wanted to symbolize was the curtailment by death of any manly life dedicated to plastic art, and to recall in the Sphinx upon which his sculptor is engaged, not the well-known monster which Milmore himself once produced, but the insoluble mystery which stands forever between life and death. To most of the readers of these lines the design of this beauti-

ful statue is probably familiar. It represents a sculptor laboring upon a bas-relief of the Sphinx. As he stands with chisel and hammer uplifted, the angel of death approaches and arrests the hand in its task. The idea is simplicity itself. The allegory needs no elucidation. The group has no complexities. Its meaning is pithily conveyed. Yet no work has made its entrance into the field of American sculpture which has left an impression more deep, more lovely, more richly laden with the solace of lofty sentiment beautifully enshrined. I have said that after his first poetic essay, the *Endymion* done in Florence many years ago, Mr. French ceased to make fanciful idealism his guiding principle to any great extent. In the Milmore group he resumed the imaginative impulses of his youth, and fortified now by experience in thought and manual training he reached his goal. There, as the statue shows, he has achieved more than the most sanguine admirer of his Harvard would have prophesied. Some of the inner qualities of this statue might have been expected. It has been pointed out that the first work done by Mr. French, the *Minute Man*, is typical of a high-minded artist, and every step by which he has risen to this later victory has held the assurance of pure ideals loyally served. But in the Milmore, along with poetry, ideality, and nobility of conception, there is visible also the power of performance so worthy of the thought that the technique shares the beauty of the latter. We have in this statue the spiritual possessions of a fine na-

ture fused in a splendid scheme of line and surface: we have a plastic unit wrought with that elevation of style which sets a work apart, a statue interpenetrated with the spirit that gave it birth.

Therein is Mr. French's service to American art, therein do we feel the American tone of his utterance, therein do we find his claim to unstinted praise. What is needed in American art is exactly the impetus toward reflection and independent effort which he offers. He is not, I repeat, a classicist, yet he comes very close to that type of artist in those precious qualities of dignity, simplicity, and fineness which all art ought to possess. And he is the more fruitful in texts for the mere technician to ponder because he disproves completely that busy person's pet assumption, that for art to have a meaning is for it to degenerate into story-telling, and to lose all its charm of form. In the Milmore monument, the young sculptor presents a type of young strength superbly modeled, and the angel, with her slowly moving form and outstretched arm, is magnificent in the resistless sweep of her carriage. Could any *tour de force* of the clever craftsman mean so much as this? Mr. French is more than a craftsman, and his example, therefore, is beyond price in this period. His star has risen very recently, but it flings a steadfast beam of pure and welcome light into the ranks of the American school. There it helps the older painters and sculptors in dissipating the foolish glimmerings of the thoughtless.

Royal Cortissoz.

"COME DOWN."

I.

"AND are people saying — have you heard that Edgar wants to marry Polly Keys?"

"Yes," I said, "I have heard."

She stood before us that evening for the last time as she had been in days forever gone by. The shadow was already falling, but this was still the Mrs. Fairthorne whom we had known, would know no more, — tall, massively handsome, upright without conscious effort; though middle-aged, in some flashes of expression childishly young; the old rippling roughness in her gray-brown hair, and the shawl which she was wont to wear half slipping in large, loose folds from her shoulders. Her way of pulling this shawl up now and then, of patting down those rebellious tresses, had always seemed a part of herself. Not that either's being wrong troubled her much. Her slovenliness, or rather the disdain of general appearance into which it merged, was still more characteristic. Her pride, till humiliating challenge and defeat came, openly beyond escape, was such as feels no need of outside props. The figure might be called commanding; but the face, large and fleshy-jawed, with nose, though aquiline, too heavy, was hardly of patrician type. And after all, rather simply, broadly human than aught else she seemed, there in the twilight, against the background of her past, gazing with startled dismay upon the future.

Her pride!

We two girls bent over our work by the window, near what light was left. The woman of fifty, after that pause for question and answer, was again pacing restlessly back and forth through the gathering dusk inside. As if spoken more than half to herself came presently

her next words: "To think he should care so little for the blood that runs in his veins!"

The keynote of all had been struck.

Annice Field glanced up. "It is hard to bear, Cousin Mary, I know," she said.

The other gave an impatient start. "You know, child! *You!* Yes, I dare say — about as much as you care! If you'd ever tried to please him, it might have been different."

"I, Cousin Mary! I!"

Annice shuddered slightly. Tried to please Edgar Fairthorne! I thought of some one whom she had pleased without trying, and without Mrs. Fairthorne's leave or knowledge. Gentle blood had brought Annice but few of life's advantages. Her own sense of its importance was less strong than a new opposing feeling. Yet that elder influence clung fast. Would the baseness of Edgar's treachery mean a loyal rallying here, part won back or all lost?

"It's little sympathy I expect from you, Annice. Even with Margaret — no older — I feel the difference. It seems you can't understand. If you think I need a lesson, this is hard enough. Who would n't object to Polly Keys?"

"I can understand that, at least, Cousin Mary, if not some other things. A Keys! Polly Keys! Mr. Craven does not think her really bad; but far better might be bad enough to you, — even simple want of high blood in goodness itself, let alone low, in such as she! It must be hard."

"Mr. Craven thinks! not bad! Let him take her himself, then! He has sprung from hardly better."

She paused again, and looked dazedly around, like one half waking from a dream, at the old, cracked, faded portraits on the walls; at the old silver hunting-horn over the mantel, graved

with her coat-of-arms ; at the volumes of Scott just below, — her one novelist, in whom she had always found (or fancied) a congenially high appreciation of what these things meant to her. It was very old, that Family so dear to her heart, with its hints of "down the country" colonial splendor, of earlier mysterious English dignities. Was it coming now to this — Polly Keys ! No, Annice could not sound the deeps here.

"He shall *not* marry her," came that voice through the dusk, as she paced once more to and fro ; still strong, though quivering with strange, new doubt. "Marry Polly Keys — a Fairthorne ! To think of his wanting to do it ! I suppose people are calling this a judgment on me for keeping him here so — my only child ! Since that hateful war everything's been topsy-turvy, wrong side out. All the young men must go away, — out West, or somewhere, — or go to work at home, like slaves. Gentlefolks must live like upstarts, or be trampled underfoot. We've had enough without all that. I could n't let him go away ; and with the land rented out, what was there for him to do here ? Why should a gentleman born — a Virginia gentleman — work in any way, if he can help it ? I could n't send him off to college, or traveling, like his father, but I've kept him from that much, at least. And at most times he's been satisfied. Why should n't he be ? Why should he turn against me now ? As for his going to the Red House, did n't his own father use to go there ? How could I dream, after all my care in keeping him away from even the nicest plain girls. — dream of his ever wanting to marry — to *marry* — Polly Keys, a low-born creature, in herself hardly respectable !"

What could one say for comfort here ? As I folded my work and rose to go, only a commonplace question came : —

"Shall you be at church to-morrow, Mrs. Fairthorne ?"

The trembling lips grew suddenly resolute.

"Yes, I'd go even if it were not communion Sunday. People shall see that I can hold my head up still, much as some there would like it brought down. Even the church is n't what it used to be. Looking around there now, one might think it a Methodist meeting. But what else can one expect, with the very minister an upstart, preaching in the very church where his grandfather used to be sexton ! I — What's the matter, Annice ? I thought a wasp had stung you, — there are so many here. Old Tom Craven's grandson an Episcopal minister ! To think of it ! To think — But let him dare marry my son to that girl ! Well, good-by, child, till to-morrow. You'll all see I'm still a Fairthorne — a Fairthorne born and married — in spite of Polly Keys."

II.

The Red House was an old square red brick structure, originally built for a cross-roads tavern, which had seen more prosperous if not better days and occupants. In the August glare of a certain Sunday afternoon of which I am going to tell, it seemed, there over against its worn, sunken approaches, to swell and enlarge every crack, like some corrupting carcass, — uninclined and dilapidated, given up to outward decay as well as inward ignoble uses, with a few old scraggy locust-trees, all that were left of the once inviting shade, and what might have been a thrifty garden run to wild waste behind. Some patches of new white shingles on the big black crumbling roof, and a new stable unpleasantly close at one side, thrust forward a discordant rawness, — the sole attempts at late improvement. Gaudy soiled paper shades hung at the windows. The litter of an untidy thoroughfare encumbered the doorways. So much for the material aspect of a place well suited to its unwholesome fame ; the despair of a certain "upstart" minister's heart, the plague-spot of his parish.

A little store kept in one of the ground-floor apartments had long served as legitimate excuse for the bar-room adjoining, and a gambling retreat above more than whispered about. Towards the Red House all paths of idling, drifting disreputableness from miles around seemed to tend, and that the Keys family, who had for years owned and kept it, found there a congenial abode and occupation speaks for their general character. In prosperity they too had of late come down. The Red House was not what it had been once, either as stopping-place or rendezvous. To it, instinctively, in the old days (as was said), had more than one anxious lady, wife or mother, sent, when needful, to fetch home the missing master. There were tales of cock-fighting, of horse-races on the adjacent levels, — ugly tales of midnight brawls resulting. A man had once been stabbed in the bar-room, where of course the blood splashed on wainscot and floor would not be scoured out. Another had been lamed for life in one of these scuffles. Some of the Keys women had taken no creditable part, now and then. At the time of which I write, however, this before-the-war prestige, this evil importance, had declined. Public sentiment was in revolt, with even dark hints of "breaking up." Other features were guardedly made second to the store-keeping. Gains were comparatively small, though customers, frequenters, still many. The old tavern had got to be as incongruous a survival as another with which this story has to do. It had been part of the under side, the shadow of a social life now, for all former good and pleasantness in it, either changed, renewed, or sinking surely to decay. All things considered, had Edgar Fairthorne but naturally betaken himself for diversion to the Red House?

For a wonder he was not among the loungers visible this afternoon. As usual, there were half a dozen horses hitched near, and more than that number of men on the high ramshackle porch; and yet an

unusual quiet, a pause as of expectancy, hovered about the whole place, when Mrs. Fairthorne's old-fashioned carriage, on its way from church, stopped at the door to set down Mrs. Fairthorne with two puzzled companions, Annice Field and myself.

The old inn garden back of the Red House!

What we went through in those first few moments before finding ourselves there seems to me a dream. The staring of curious eyes out of that hush aforementioned; the half-impertinent defiance, half-gratified pride of Polly Keys's greeting; the impression of something unusually festive and decorated about her dress, about a partly set supper-table glimpsed through the doorway admitting her; that sudden paralyzed halt in the passage where we had waited; then the lady's revulsive stiffening from head to heel; her fierce whisper, "I must see you by yourself," — all this is blent and softened in the haze which encompasses a vivid central scene. But at will I stop again under the old decayed pear-tree with Annice, waiting and wondering. I see the damson hedge opposite, covered with black-knot, the stretch of seared unkempt grass between, broken by stunted shrubbery and clumps of knife-like blue-flag; see the green-stained, tilting sundial in the midst, and by this last, clearest of all, in the yellow-red sundown light, the heat thickening as it were with their own overstrained intensity, those two women standing, breathlessly pausing, face to face.

That Mrs. Fairthorne had appeared at church that afternoon dressed with unprecedented care, and with something of strange new self-assertion in mien and manner, was afterwards remembered. Her black silk gown, the lace bonnet set well back on her carefully smoothed hair, now befitted the wearer. The Prayer-Book which she held in one hand, and was clasping as if unconsciously to her

breast, had a gilt cross on its black cover which, though half hidden, glistened in the sun rays. Never before had her handsome face been so handsome. The brows were drawn level; the eyes blazed like a shaken dagger-point. A bright red spot burned in each cheek. The mouth had thinned into cruel, curving delicacy. The full lower jaw and chin, the suggestion of double chin below, looked as if cut from grayish marble. Though mingled with that new expression aforementioned, something of grosser strain, which no word but "overbearing" will quite suit, the transmitted pride of generations back, seemed to flash from every line and gesture. It was not only an outraged mother. The whole Family stood there in condensed reincarnation, revealed, verified, glorified. The "commonness" of that other, now anger-flushed from forehead to throat, showed by contrast as of earth, earthy, half shapen. The slight flutter of doubtful, uneasy pleasure discernible at first upon her countenance had faded, and changed to resentment. She looked not only coarse, but hard, her usual buxom beauty quite lost. Her heavy black eyebrows and the masculine shade on her upper lip stood out harshly. The white muslin frock and red ribbons, the bead necklace and showy breastpin and earrings, which struck one as being all brand new and donned for some great occasion, took on a cheaper flimsiness than before. Yet with all this unlikeness, what here emphasized itself most was a likeness, a kinship in very race difference, between these two; something close, though subtly elusive; deeper than the flesh, though suggested by it, and claiming unmistakable recognition.

"Do you think my son is really going to marry you?"

"Not without askin' my leave, ma'am."

The words came with a laugh fully challenging the rage which began to shake those next following.

"Your leave! Yours! Upon my word! And even if he were such a fool,

do you think he'd dare, without *my* leave, or ever do such a thing with it? Do you think Mr. Craven would dare perform the ceremony? Take care, girl, what you say — or expect! Take care! Young gentlemen are going for wives to some queer places nowadays, but not quite to the Red House, — not quite. The Fairthornes don't quite marry Keyeses."

"They don't, ma'am?"

The tone, look, and smile were all of assured triumph, insolent. One moment that other paused waveringly. Did it mean defeat, or fresh attack? Then a sweep forward, an outflung hand, and — Why, what change was this? Pleading in that touch on the beribboned shoulder, pleading in those eyes! What now?

"Let's be reasonable, talk sense!" The high, haughty tone had fallen to a whisper, yet one so intense that we two apart, both evidently clean forgotten, could not miss a word. "I know he's bewitched, will not give you up, but don't let's waste breath on talk of marrying. If he'd taken a different notion, would a Keys have stood back? Don't make out to me you don't understand! There are other ways besides marrying. There are other ways without giving you up, and you know as well as I. I could n't speak out to him, but you can manage. Young men will be young men. He's been used to having all I could give; I've always tried to keep him satisfied. I can't expect him to give up now — quite. If he won't give you up, why — think it over. I've thought and prayed about it. In church to-day, I prayed till it seemed to come right and clear. If you marry him, I'll never forgive it; but once settled the other way, I'd swear — give you a written promise to stand your friend lifelong. Don't be afraid I'd back out. His getting tired would make no difference; I'd more than make it up to you. Even his getting married would make no difference. The land is mine, everything — to do what I choose with. I'd see" —

She broke off short and sprang aside.

The other had started so suddenly, with such a fierce updrawing movement, that the idea of a swift-coming blow was only natural. But the fist, though clenched, was not raised.

"You ——!" said Polly Keys, with a great breathless pant. "I'm a decent woman!"

Her red face had whitened all at once. It seemed to thin and sharpen into refinement. She rose, — she towered in a strange dignity before which the lady shrank abashed. There was dead silence for a space, both standing perfectly still. Mrs. Fairthorne, too, had paled, and again that likeness showed out. She recovered soon enough her still fiercely unyielding self; yet on another side, shared in common with Polly Keys, an impression had been indelibly made.

Wrath and scorn, however, would have way now. The cross on the Prayer-Book flashed as she mockingly lifted the hand that held it. She laughed.

"Oh-h!" she cried, with bitter derision, such as only a woman could give utterance to. "Oh-h-h! So much better than those you've sprung from! Upon my word! so much better! How about your aunt Sally Lawson, a kept mistress for twenty years, your cousin Susan Williams, and all the low wretches kin to you? Do you think I don't know — have n't heard of them as well as you? A decent woman! Oh-h-h! Upon my word! You have romped and joked with men while your father was measuring out their drams. You've let them kiss you for finery, — rings and no telling what! I've seen you myself in church — since such as you have been allowed there — making eyes at them, whispering. Ah! you can blush a little! You *can* blush! You've been common — common — with the riff-raff of the county. A decent woman! I might look higher than even decency, want something more for my son, though I'd not expect *you* to understand that! But a Keys even decent! Oh-h-h! Margaret, Annice, hear that!

Come, Annice, child, stand out and let this hussy see the sort of young lady I have the right — the right" —

She stopped, and stood, shaking, gazing towards the house. Two people were coming down the rickety back steps, down the unkempt walk. The first, a little in front, was a young man, short of stature, loosely made, heavily lounging in gait, low-browed, weak-lipped, yet sullen-jawed. A sort of depraved resemblance to Mrs. Fairthorne was heightened just now by anger mingled in his countenance with dismayed surprise and another expression, one which I had never before seen there. In this its last male representative the dignity of an old line appeared certainly run out. One might guess that but little sense to begin with had here gone unschooled, unchastened, and unenlightened. The whole story of his years: the idling in belated stagnation behind a changing time, with its new, loud call for work; the being, with new self-denial in the very air, kept "satisfied" by what fallen fortune could give on one hand, and his mother's creed as to gentlemen born would allow on the other; the "come-down" at last to Polly Keys, — all seemed somehow revealed by this presence. And yet what might that unfamiliar look mean, even besides a refusal now to give up? As for the other man, he was slim and "nice looking," dressed in clerical black, with a gentle, and at this moment anxious face, an air of pained embarrassment, as one who must perform a duty not pleasant, and with fingers holding place in a small, plain book which he carried.

One glance at these two, and I divined what errand had brought them, knew the meaning of Polly Keys's white frock and that expectant atmosphere indoors. Did Mrs. Fairthorne also guess? I wondered. Annice, white and trembling, had shrunk back at that fierce call. Could she who stood there in the midst, alone, quite help seeing all this, and more? The handsome face had grown suddenly ashen.

hued and old. The eyes stared with a dull look. The mocking hand fell; then went again with a wavering gesture to her heart. She moved a few steps forward, heavily, uncertainly. Her lips moved, too, but without a sound. When I took her arm and whispered "Come," she followed, unresisting.

As the men drew apart to let us pass, Mrs. Fairthorne gave Edgar one look, the minister another. I saw Annice Field's glance follow this last, — saw and understood. Within the last few moments the old lifelong faith had lost, the new had been strengthened from a most unlikely quarter.

III.

"Are these all?"

"These are all."

She sat in the great, deep invalid's chair, near which Annice Field was standing; sat with the firelight opposite touching here and there in ruddy mockery her aged and worn features, pinched now with acute suffering; her body, enlarged by the dropsical disease which was yet wasting it to a sort of awful brooding majesty, propped high against pillows, still erect, her swollen, helpless feet upon a footstool. More than eight years had passed, as all earthly time for her would soon be. The sunken yet still keen gray eyes seemed to look as proudly on death as they had those eight years looked on life; yet into them, too, a mysterious change had come, both softening at moments to yearning sweetness, and making harder with concentrated fortitude. The richness, the exact precision of her dress at such a stage of illness would have struck a new-comer as remarkable. The snow-white hair on her temples was as smooth as hands could make it (the old wave, however, not quite subdued) under a beruched, beribboned cap. An embroidered China crape shawl hung, carefully pinned in place, around her. There were lace ruffles at her wrists, rings on her

fingers. That new outward and visible assertion which inward and spiritual self (or at least a certain part of self), once pleasantly at ease, had called to its aid when wounded, worsted, — here it was still on stubborn guard. On the high mantelpiece against which I leaned were ranged the inevitable bottles of medicine, the stimulants, the cordials, called for by long illness. On a little table within touch of her hand, and on the hearth rug at her feet, lay heaped those things of which the two had spoken. Outside the windows a gray evening sky darkened yet more a gray, wind-swept November landscape.

Annice flashed a quick glance at the clock in one corner, one across the desolate fields, and instinctively my own eyes followed. Only a half-hour since his setting out! Had he reached his destination? Was he even now delivering that message? For the first time in eight years the Reverend Gilbert Craven had this evening stood in Mrs. Fairthorne's presence by Mrs. Fairthorne's wish. The "upstart" who had been, however unwillingly, an instrument of her humiliation was hardly yet forgiven by that brooding and stubborn heart; but finally she had said "Come," and then "Go" on the errand now doing. A day of unusual happenings this, but it seemed to me that the last half hour had been strangest of all. The woman in the great chair had commanded; Annice and I, as in a puzzled dream, obeyed. Now those hurried runs upstairs and down, hurried flittings from room to room, the climbing on chairs to reach high, the dusty stooping low, the opening and shutting of bureau drawers, of closet doors, and little brass-nailed treasure chests, had at last come to an end. The gathering together was done, that queer collection made. There lay family portraits and all.

She husbanded her scanty breath awhile; gazing down, making a last count; fingering over for the last time those pitiful relics dear to her heart as a gentlewoman born. Then she glanced up at the girl

beside her. "All that will suit her — and help," she said, "I'll leave. These must go with me."

Annice Field looked the puzzled question, How? What did she mean? But the eyes were again bent down, away.

"It's not only because the part of me that cares for them must draw a line somewhere. There's another reason. I would n't leave them if I could. I could n't if I would. These *must* go with me."

"Cousin Mary!" Annice's voice sounded forced and strange. Still, though not often brave, she kept on: "Can't you quite forgive all — everything? Can't you forgive — even now? Cousin Mary, she has helped him, — maybe saved him. She has not seemed to drag him lower down. Has it really hurt him to work for his living and hers, — even keeping store at the Red House? Everybody says not. Oh, I know it was hard for you, — dreadful, — but might it not have been worse? And she has done well. She *is* a respectable woman. Everybody must know that much now. Is n't it because she's grown too good for most who used to go there that they've burnt the Red House over her head? Best for all that it's gone. You remember what he said just now, — a purification by fire? And now everybody knows she is a decent woman."

"Who else knows that so well as I?" Her breath had to be fought for now. The words came out heavily, gaspingly, in a sort of strange, defiant anguish. "Do you think I've forgotten, Annice Field?"

"Dear Cousin Mary, how could you, or anybody?"

"Do you think I've repented, though, in your way, child — Gilbert Craven's way?" There was almost a smile beneath those frowning brows. "Do you think I'd not do the same again in my place, under the same circumstances? How was I to know she was — better? If it did happen so that I've *liked* her in my heart ever since, felt that, in her place, I'd have done the same as she,

even felt sometimes as if we belonged to each other, must I give up all, everything? Besides, there's the other reason. Did n't I say that I could not if I would? The Red House is gone. Let what's turned her out of one home make room for her in another. I can't leave them behind."

"Is there nobody else kin to you, — down the country, or somewhere?" began Annice helplessly; then paused.

"Down the country" was where all the family trees of these parts were rooted, where everybody's forbears had come from, — come, a century or so back, to the uplands. All ancestral estates down the country had been vast, all ancestral halls magnificent. To my ear the expression was suggestive of colonial mystery, river marshes, chills and fever.

"Down the country! There is nobody, not one. I thought once that you — Oh, child, don't look that way! Don't be hurt or mad! But how *can* you know, who are going to marry old Craven's grandson! If 't were anybody — anybody with good blood in his veins, I might leave them with you. Now there's none of my kin to care, even to know what these things have meant to me. If he had married you!" The tears gushed out at last. "If you'd only tried a little to please him! Oh yes, I suppose — see now it could n't have been. That time at the Red House, when he came, I saw that all had somehow got wrong. If it was my fault — and yet how could he? I suppose, if she wants me, I must see him too, and the children; but what is he to me now! How can I help what's in my very bones? How can I? I am a lady born, and my grandchildren are old Jerry Keys's grandchildren, and your children will be half Craven! No, you can't feel as I feel; can't know even as Margaret knows. I hope you'll be happy, child. I've liked him too — for really marrying them. He's a good young man, educated and all — might be a real gentleman. Of course he's dif-

ferent from the Keyeses. My blood has run down there into the very rut. He's different. He's tried to be kind to me. I hear he's been very kind to — them. I hope they — you will all be happy; but you can't know how it's been with me these eight years."

Annice shivered. Once more I saw the old wistfulness, the old sense of outside chill, in her blue eyes. But there was no doubt there now; had been none since that day in the Red House garden. Here, too, had fierce pride worked out its own fall.

"This little ring with the pearls, you must take, child; and you, Margaret, the black Prayer-Book with the cross on it. Now, both of you help me — quick! If it goes to my heart, I may die any time, you know. Make haste — before I die or she comes. Here are all the things — and there's the fire."

Well, though my own unregenerate heart was perhaps too sore for and with hers to speak very strongly contrariwise, I said that time all that it seemed a kind of duty to say. When I talked of a fresh start, a new-old family springing up in a few generations to who could tell what new honors, influenced by, prizing, these very heirlooms who could tell how much, Mrs. Fairthorne said, "To come again to this!" "If you want the other reason," she cried out fiercely at last, "think how for what these stand for I did *that*!" Then, like Annice, I fell silent. This last sacrifice to a smaller god was also an atonement for sin against the greater, and not to be given up.

We cut and tore the pictures from their frames. For once their general badness was a comfort. Some of the lack-lustre eyes seemed to start into life as we did so, now reproachful, now exultant. There were hints of Edgar Fairthorne about some of the faces; dimmer hints of Edgar Fairthorne's mother, who had been, seemingly, an exception, not in rule. One old colonial dame in long-waisted, low-necked bodice and a top-heavy powdered

mass of frizzes shook her head (I fancied) threateningly. There were some ancient brocade gowns such as she might have worn; fans, laces, ribbon-knots which had gone with them, helped till now to keep alive the old traditions, the old honorable pride so brought down at last by its own perversion. We shook all out into quick-kindling looseness. There were two or three bits of old silver graved with motto and crest; two or three books, both old and dull, with the same in faded gilt on their bindings; and Mrs. Fairthorne's own favorite volumes of Scott in modest pasteboard backs.

"These too?" asked Annice, almost sharply.

She nodded. "There are others downstairs that will suit them better — if they care to read. These are — for gentle-folks. These too."

Then I took up last the great leather-covered family Bible.

A sudden spasm of coughing seized the woman in the chair. She gasped. "Some of that brandy — quick! Don't let me go now — not yet." Annice obeyed. "Only the record" — she whispered presently. "Cut out the record."

"Think a little," I said. "Wait — and think!"

She struck her wasted hand against the table. "Is it not enough," she asked, "for me to leave them the book?"

I turned over with a trembling hand the leaves, — yellow-gray, covered with births, deaths, and marriages (Edgar Fairthorne's marriage not among them), in the handwriting of eight or ten generations, — and it seemed to me that this was going too far. The faint musty odor that stole to my nostrils was like a breath of appeal from some burial vault threatened with desecration. "I cannot think this either needful or right. I cannot cut them out," I said.

"I will leave them the book — and other books," came the gasping voice heavily. "I'll leave them silver spoons — good beds to sleep in — a house and

home. Can't I do what I choose with my very own?"

I handed her the knife, held the volume close. For a moment we looked steadily at each other; then the shaking hand, the eyes fell. I turned away, — tried to feel glad. One concession, at least, had been made. Mrs. Fairthorne, would die very much as she had lived. The old feeling and most of its tokens would go with her. But after all, would not the essential best be left intact for a new beginning?

"Make haste! Make haste — before she comes!"

It was a great cavernous old fireplace, black with soot of constant using. There was room enough for all — and all for once fully illuminated. Whir-r-r! How the light flashed on brass andirons, and smoke-browned jambs, and Venetian-reddened hearth; on the Book left lying alone upon the table; on the dying woman's face! Can one who was watching there, — one who could understand, who, so tried, might even likewise have offended, — can she ever forget it, that last, strange upburst, that look by it revealed! How it burned, that crackling, shriveling little heap! How quickly, brightly, it burned away! The silk and lace caught fire first, — flared into filmy next-to-nothingness. Then the books opened and writhed, with a smell of scorching leather; the old paint on the canvas danced up in orange and blue; the melting silver in the midst began to drip like tears into the blood-red coals below. Whir-r-r! Whish-h-h! How it burned! What memories of the past and possible suggestions for the future; what true inmost heart's feeling, even if false vanity; what faith, if lack of wider faith, went with it! The huge throat of the chimney sucked up its flame. Its embers dwindled and sank, down, down, down, into ashes and dust.

"Mist'is!" The door was partly opened, and a black face looked anxiously

in. "Here's somebody you tole me to bring up."

She sat straighter, steadying herself; smoothing her hair, the shawl about her. Something strangely young, simple, and sweet — a sort of childish eagerness — dawned on her face, in her eyes. She glanced at the fire. It looked as usual. Annice Field had swept the hearth and put on more wood. Mr. Craven, who had returned with a message some minutes before, stood by it warming his hands.

"Ask her in, Kitty," she said.

The woman who stood, next moment, in the doorway had nothing of the lady about her. Polly Keys had grown larger, coarser, rough-handed with the toil and scrubbery for which she was now famous. The purple worsted frock which she wore, the big gray blanket shawl and over-trimmed Sunday bonnet, — saved by good luck from the fire that day, and evidently donned in haste, — seemed her fitting garb. She looked a plain, decent woman, who would probably never be anything more, yet with something in face and manners which for eight years past — ever since that strange, fierce challenge to her own pride given by another's — had set her apart from those she sprang from. Her countenance was eager, though less in its evident doubt and anxiety than pitying kindness. For the moment she seemed to have quite forgotten somebody hesitating a little way behind; somebody who had come, uninvited, to ask forgiveness, at least, if not love or blessing. As the eyes of the two women met, that old likeness again asserted itself; a common primitive honesty speaking out between one who had come to the leaning-point and one who might be safely leaned upon. "In the hour of death and in the day of judgment, Good Lord, deliver us" — from aught that may stand between our hearts and the great undying heart of human sympathy!

The lady lifted and stretched out her hand.

A. M. Ewell.

AD LEONES.

CHAINED to the dungeon wall, she slept.
Rome, moonlit, reveled overhead;
She heard not. She had prayed and wept,
Haggard with anguish, wild with dread.

She was too fair, too young, to die;
Life was too sweet, and home too dear.
God touched her with his sleep: a sigh—
And she had ceased to weep or fear.

She slept, yet, sleeping, steemed awake:
A fair Child held her virgin hand;
They walked by an enchanted lake;
They walked in a celestial land.

One thing she saw, and one she heard.
There were a thousand rose-red trees;
Each red-rose leaf sang like a bird.
“What trees, dear Child,” she asked, “are these?”

“These,” said the Child, “are called Love’s Bower:
They fade not; constantly they sing;
Each flower appears more fire than flower.
Now, see the roots from which they spring.”

She looked; she saw, far down the night,
The earth, the city whence she came,
And Nero’s gardens red with light, —
The light of martyrs wrapped in flame.

She woke with heaven still in her eyes.
Rome, moonlit, reveled overhead.
She feared no more the lion’s cries;
Flames were but flowers, and death was dead.

William Canton.

THE PRESENT STATUS OF CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

It is always a pleasure to be able to report definite, tangible progress in any reform movement. For a long time the voices of the men who inveighed against the foul spoils system were voices crying

in the wilderness, and the bulk of our people regarded the speakers merely with that good-natured amusement too often vouchsafed by the average American to a movement which does not seem to have

immediately ahead of it a paid return. But this stage has now been left behind. We have extended the national civil service law to cover so large a portion of the public service that we are past the period of agitation, past the period of mere experiment, and have reached a time when the new system exists side by side, in almost equal strength, with the old.

In 1883 the civil service law was established at Washington, and in the larger post-offices and custom-houses throughout the country, taking in a total of some fourteen thousand employees. The great extensions since have all taken place during the last six years, a period which happens to include my own term of service with the Commission, so that I write of them at first hand. In 1889 the railway mail service was added, in 1893 all the free delivery post-offices, and in 1894 all the smaller custom-houses and the internal revenue service. Other important but smaller extensions have been made, and the larger offices have grown, so that now about fifty thousand employees are under the protection of the law. There are, of course, and there always must be in a body so large, individual cases where the law is evaded, or even violated; and as yet we do not touch the question of promotions and reductions. But, speaking broadly, and with due allowance for such comparatively slight exceptions, these fifty thousand places are now taken out of the political arena. They can no longer be scrambled for in a struggle as ignoble and brutal as the strife of pirates over plunder; they no longer serve as a vast bribery chest with which to debauch the voters of the country. Those holding them no longer keep their political life by the frail tenure of service to the party boss and the party machine; they stand as American citizens, and are allowed the privilege of earning their own bread without molestation so long as they faithfully serve the public.

The classified service, the service in

which the merit system is applied, has grown fast. It is true that the outside service, where the spoils theories are still applied in all their original nakedness, has grown only less fast. The number of offices under the government has increased very rapidly during the last twenty years; but the growth of the classified service has been even more rapid, so that a constantly increasing percentage of the whole is withdrawn from the degrading grasp of the spoils system. Now, something like a quarter of all the offices under the federal government in point of numbers, representing nearly a half in point of salaries, has been put upon the basis of decency and merit. This has been done by the action of successive Presidents under the law of 1883, without the necessity of action by Congress. There still remain some things that can be done without further legislation. For instance, the labor force in the navy yards was put on a merit basis, and removed from the domain of politics, under Secretary Tracy. This was done merely by order of the Secretary of the Navy, which order could have been reversed by his successor, Secretary Herbert. Instead of reversing it, however, Secretary Herbert has zealously lived up to its requirements, and has withstood all pressure for the weakening of the system in the interests of the local party machines and bosses. It is unsafe to trust to always having Secretaries of the Navy like Messrs. Tracy and Herbert. The Civil Service Commission should be given supervision over the laborers who come under the direction of Cabinet officers. Indeed, all the laboring force and all the employees of the District of Columbia employed by the federal government should be put under the Commission.

When this has been done, and when a few other comparatively slight extensions have been made, all that can be accomplished by the unaided action of the executive will have been accomplished.

Congress must then itself act by passing some such bill as that of Senator Lodge in reference to fourth-class postmasters; by passing some bill in reference to the consular service on the outlines of that suggested by Senator Morgan (but giving power to the Civil Service Commission itself in the matter); and then by providing that all postmasters and similar officers shall hold office during good behavior, including as well those nominated by the President and confirmed by the Senate as those appointed by the President alone. Of all the offices under the federal government, not one in a hundred can properly be called political. There is not the least reason why the present postmaster of Boston, for instance, or the present postmaster of Chicago, both of whom have lived up to the civil service law in letter and in spirit alike, should not be retained under a Republican as well as under a Democratic administration; exactly as there is no reason why their predecessors, who were Republicans, should not have been retained under the present administration. Mr. Hesing, the present postmaster at Chicago, and Mr. Coveney, the present postmaster at Boston, have been uninfluenced by political considerations in making appointments to and removals from the classified service of their post-offices. Their duty is to do the business of the public interested in their respective post-offices. Their views on the tariff, or on questions of finance, or on questions of foreign policy have nothing whatever to do with the way that they administer their offices.

This is not a question of theory. It is a statement of fact. There is no possible reason why, under a protectionist administration, the postmaster at New York or Philadelphia should not be a free-trader, or *vice versa*, so long as he administers his office in the best possible manner, and so long as he does not take any prominent part in politics so as to cause friction or scandal in the adminis-

tration of his office. There is no hardship in requiring a civil servant thus not to take part in politics. For excellent reasons, we forbid certain civil servants — judges and policemen, for instance — and all military servants — officers of the army or navy — from meddling in politics. The same reasons that make this proper in their cases would make it proper in the cases of postal clerks, letter-carriers, and government employees generally who are protected by the civil service law.

There is not the least danger of government employees taking too little interest in politics; there is a real and great danger of their taking too much, when their positions depend upon their activity. The minute that we make men's bread and butter depend upon their political action, that action ceases to be influenced by considerations of the public weal, and is taken from considerations of private benefit. We therefore, under the spoils system, substitute in those most active in our political life the motive of private interest for the motive of devotion to the public welfare. That the effect is necessarily very bad scarcely needs argument.

Dishonest politicians, and foolish men who are not dishonest, but who are never willing to see good done in a practical manner, always try to belittle the effects of the civil service law. Politicians of this type are fond of denouncing it as impractical or visionary. At one time these accusations undoubtedly had weight with certain parts of the community, but they have lost their point now, for the law is actually in operation in many different places throughout the country, and every one can see how well it is working. If a man who lives in one of our great cities or in Washington questions this, all he has to do is to go to his local post-office and see the working for himself. I should be glad to have any reader of *The Atlantic* who looks at this article write to the Commission, and I will give

him a letter to the secretary of our local board, if he happens to live in a city large enough to have a good-sized free delivery office, and he can visit it for himself and see how the law is working. He will find that in most cases, and in the larger cities in practically all cases, men are appointed and retained without regard to politics, and that the postal employees no longer form a considerable element in the political machines through which so much of our municipal misgovernment is attained.

The weak-kneed man, or the man discontented with present conditions on mere theoretical grounds, sometimes rails at the law because it does not work perfectly in all cases. This is, unfortunately, true. There are a number of the smaller post-offices, there are occasional bureaus in the departmental service itself, in which there has been some evasion, and even some actual violation of the law. It is the duty of every public man to point out and denounce such evasion or violation, and the Commission is most anxious that this should be done; but it is mere nonsense to assail the whole law because it does not always work well. Every year there are unwise decisions rendered by United States judges in individual cases, yet no one dreams of denouncing our judiciary for this. The best of laws cannot invariably work justice. The thing to be done is, not to rail at the law because it fails to work faultlessly, but to strive to perfect it, to enlarge the scope of its activity, and to limit even further the number of cases where it may fail to do the hoped-for good.

It is true that we can never hope to make a reformation by legislation alone. There must be a spirit behind the law in its favor, and there must be a faithful and wise enforcement of the law. Nevertheless, it is also true that without the law itself the reform cannot come at all. The very existence of the law and its successful working tend to create a healthy

public sentiment in favor of the movement back of it. There is urgent need of rigid and severe criticism of those who administer the law; not only of the Civil Service Commissioners, but of the heads of the departments and of the executive officers generally. So there is urgent need of close supervision over Congressmen in relation to their action concerning it. Every decent man who believes that he ought to be a good citizen should study the question, and if he does he will inevitably become a friend of the merit system, and an opponent of the old, or patronage system. Then, having formed his opinion, it is his duty to make it felt in public life. The most effective way to do this is to keep an intelligent watch on the action of his own Congressman or of his own state legislator in reference to it. In Congress, the law has on its side the general sentiment in favor of decency and good government, and has against it the very concrete and active sentiment of those specifically interested in misgovernment and in foul politics. The Congressman who gets his nomination by his manipulation of fourth-class post-offices, or who makes himself felt as an influential man in his district by peddling out patronage; he who knows that the decent men of his district are against him, and that he must rely on the strength of those who can be bought or bribed with office when they cannot be cajoled or flattered, — all these naturally take an attitude of active hostility to the reform. Every such Congressman should be made to feel the weight of his constituents' ill will; he should be made to understand that decent men of intelligence will not tolerate his position.

The government cannot endure permanently if administered on a spoils basis. If this form of corruption is permitted and encouraged, other forms of corruption will inevitably follow in its train. When a department at Washington, or at a state capitol, or in the city hall in

some big town is thronged with place-hunters and office-mongers who seek and dispense patronage from considerations of personal and party greed, the tone of public life is necessarily so lowered that the bribe-taker and the bribe-giver, the blackmailer and the corruptionist, find their places ready prepared for them.

As always, the bad man has his natural ally in the stupid man. Exactly as every corrupt scoundrel who cheats and swindles in public life may count upon the support of a certain number of honest dolts, so the spoilsman, when he rails at the law, can count as an ally upon the dense unintelligence of a certain portion of our people. This is the man who occasionally — only occasionally, for his thoughts, as a rule, are too misty to be formulated in words — asks why, if we choose letter-carriers by competitive examination, we should not choose higher officers, too; why, if we don't want politics in the lower grades, we should have them in the higher. Of course the answer is perfectly simple: in each instance we choose with reference to the duties, which in one case are purely political, and in the other not political at all. We need different methods of choice for precisely the same reasons that we need different tests in choosing commanders in chief and private soldiers. To change government clerks because we change Presidents is as absurd as it would have been to turn out the rank and file of the Army of the Potomac when Meade succeeded Hooker.

Experience shows that we can get admirable material for letter-carriers through competitive examinations; and experience shows further that at present it is only through competitive examinations that we can keep out political influence in the appointment and retention of these letter-carriers and similar officials. We make no fetish of the competitive system; on the contrary, we are fully alive to its shortcomings. But, as a matter of fact, it works well where it

has been applied in our American public service. We have steadily tended to make it more practical. For instance, last summer, in comparing the question papers used in the British post-office with those of our own postal examinations, I was struck by the fact that ours were decidedly more practical; the questions asked being more relevant to the duties performed, and better fitted to test the intelligence of the applicants in the lines where that intelligence was to be used. It may be that, a century hence, when we have succeeded in completely eliminating from the minds of the people the idea of making appointments to these minor places for merely political reasons, and when there is no danger of giving a new lease of life to the monstrous spoils system, it will be safe to substitute something else for our competitive examinations; but no such substitution can safely be made now. At the present time and under existing conditions, the system of competitive examinations for minor offices is the only feasible alternative to the spoils system, and is immeasurably and beyond all comparison better. It is inferior in no respect; it is superior in almost every respect; and it is infinitely superior in many respects.

We strive to eliminate politics in the lower offices without trying to eliminate them in the higher, because we pay heed to the duties of the several positions. The higher officers of the administration, — ambassadors, heads of departments, chiefs of bureaus, the men who have a discretion and initiative in administering the laws, — all these should rightly be changed with each administration, because the very principles which they are to enforce are those that have been decided in the election. But the immense number of minor officers, going right up to and including all postmasters, should not be changed, because their duties are in no way connected with the principles at stake in any election.

This is just as true of the servants of

the State and of the municipality as of the servants of the United States. We have as yet only begun to eliminate the spoils system from our political life. There is work for at least another generation of reformers before the task will be even measurably complete; for we have got to extirpate the system not only from the federal government, but from every State and city in the land. The argument of those who think that the mere subordinates should conform in politics to their chiefs is like the argument so often advanced by defenders of civic misrule, to the effect that if we take partisan considerations into account in electing the President of the United States, we should also take them into account in electing, for instance, the mayor of New York. The answer to this is of course simple: we do pay heed to "party" considerations in municipal elections; but the lines of party cleavage in municipal elections need not coincide with, and may go at right angles to, the lines of party cleavage in national elections. Party may mean one thing in the municipality, and quite another thing in the nation. There was a contest between two parties in New York city, last fall, over municipal matters; and there was also a contest in New York city, as well as throughout the country, over the control of Congress. In fighting for the control of Congress, the two parties divided on such issues as free trade and protection. In fighting for the control of New York city, the two parties divided on entirely different issues, the chief of the issues being whether or no the government of the city should be administered honestly and economically, or whether or no the public servants of the city should be allowed to treat their offices as so much loot for the use of themselves and their friends. The parties in this municipal contest divided on the simple lines of honesty and dishonesty; which had nothing to do with the party divisions in national matters on the

questions of protection and free trade and of our foreign relations.

If people would only think clearly on the matter, it would be plain enough. For the general convenience, the government administers certain offices itself, instead of allowing them to be administered by private corporations, which may often do similar work. Thus, with us, letters are carried by the government; parcels, by the different private express companies. The letter-carrier's duties have no more to do with the policies fought over in a presidential election than have the duties of the expressman who takes around our trunks and delivers our bundles. Nobody would dream of thinking that the expressman would be either more or less faithful to his duties because he did or did not agree with the head of his company, or with the administration for the time being, on questions of finance or tariff; and it is foolish to say that this is not equally true of the letter-carrier. If the people wish the best of all possible object lessons as to the successful working of the merit system, they can take the railway mail service. When the present administration came into power, this service was under the protection of the law. Up to that time every change of administration had seen the service not under the law, and in each case it had been looted from top to bottom. The result was total demoralization of the service, and a tendency to even greater demoralization in the politics of the communities among which the offices were peddled out. It took at least two years in each instance to get the service back to its former degree of efficiency. But in 1893 the law had been established. In consequence, nobody was jeopardized for his political belief. The railway mail clerks knew that if they attended to their business, and were not improperly active in politics, they would be kept just so long as they did good work. The result has been that the railway mail clerks who

are now in are rendering admirable service; and the railway mail system is at a point of efficiency higher than ever before. The same men are in now who were in four years ago under the Republican administration, except that the vacancies naturally occurring have been filled, without regard to politics, from the list of persons standing best in the examinations. Through this means we have procured a much better grade of people than formerly came into the railway mail service; and owing to the fact that they are not chosen for political reasons, and not liable to be removed for political reasons, they do better and more effective work. Not an objection raised by the spoilsmen but can be answered through the actual experience of the railway mail service.

The reform has now begun to make way by its own weight. People are growing to realize that the civil service law is the most trenchant of weapons with which to fight political corruption, and the best device by which to secure good administration. When any group of citizens wishes that one branch of the service should be kept in particularly good order, the instinct is to turn to the civil service law. Thus, when there was widespread indignation among merchants and importers over the looting of the consular service, eighteen months ago, the boards of trade throughout the country took action strongly advocating the introduction of a merit system which would insure the appointment of competent people, and their retention, without regard to politics, just as long as they did their work well. So in Chicago, recently, when there was a feeling of bitter indignation against the mismanagement and corruption of certain branches of the city government, this feeling found immediate expression in the demand that some civil service law should be forthwith enacted for the protection of the citizens.

We are as yet very far from having achieved a permanent victory for the

merit system, but we have made great progress. We have shown by actual trial, continued for a long term of years, that under the civil service law we can get better administration than under the spoils system, and that through it we can most effectively curb the noxious power of the ring and the boss. There is very much yet to be done. We must work zealously and disinterestedly for the widespread extension and rigid application of the law, not only in the federal service, but in the state and municipal services as well. We must ask for additional legislation by Congress and by the state legislatures, and must insist upon the enactment of laws that will remove from politics all the non-political offices, from those of postmasters to those of laborers on the public works of great cities. We must keep a jealous eye on the action of our legislators, and on the action of our executive officers who have to deal with the administration of the law. We must uphold them with hearty good will when they do right. We must condemn them without stint when they fail to stand by the law. We must make it evident that, however strong party men we may individually be, we will never allow the cry of party to be used as a shield in the defense of a man who maladministers the law, any more than we should allow it to be used on behalf of a man who acted dishonestly or corruptly in public or private life.

Civil service reform is of marked business benefit to the country; it can stand on its merits as a business proposition. But it is much more than a business proposition. Its prime importance lies in the fact that it is the most powerful implement with which to work for the moral regeneration of our public life. No other force so strongly tends to increase the political weight of decent citizens, and to minimize the political activity of the bad.

Finally, among the many benefits of

the law, not the least is the bar it puts to discrimination for or against a man because of his religious convictions. Protestant and Catholic, Jew, Gentile, and Agnostic, are treated with an equal hand. I named above the postmasters of Chicago and Boston as being staunch upholders of the civil service law. Both of these officers happen to be Catholics, one being of German and the other of Irish ancestry; but both are themselves Americans in every sense of the word. Those of their employees who happen to be Protestants and Republicans are treated, and know they will be treated, wholly without regard to their political or religious affiliations; and all applicants for the service stand on the same plane and have equal chances, no matter what their creed or their party. It was the

same under the Republican predecessors of the present postmasters of Chicago and Boston. They happened to be Protestants; but when they left office it was found that, thanks to the zeal with which they had obeyed the law, Catholics and Democrats had entered the service under them as freely as Protestants and Republicans. All had done their duty alike, and all had been treated alike. It seems to me that this procedure under the civil service law could with advantage be pondered by those citizens who strive to bring into our political life questions of religious belief; who seek either to use church influence improperly on the one hand, or, on the other, to discriminate against worthy Americans because of their creed or their race origin.

Theodore Roosevelt.

PHYSICAL TRAINING IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

ONE who has traced the course of educational thought in this country during the last quarter century cannot but have seen that the spirit of the old adage, *mens sana in corpore sano*, has come to have a marked influence upon all the work in public schools, of whatever grade. No considerate person familiar with the educational doings of our time would maintain that the physical side of child nature is not as important in school training as is the intellectual, or perhaps the moral side; and yet this view seems to be peculiar to modern civilization, although a certain kind of physical culture was not unknown among ancient peoples. Art-loving Greece, for example, cultivated the body for beauty and grace primarily, and only in a secondary sense for strength and power; while a different aim was constantly before the Roman people, for they sought a method of training that would always insure their arms success

upon the battlefield. In some measure, our own ideals are determining the place which physical training is coming to take in our educational work, and are fashioning the means and methods by which the desired ends are to be secured. We are a various people, though with different ideals, and naturally our manner of attaining these is not in every case alike. It may safely be said, however, that we are not in any great sense a warfaring people, so we have little thought, when we insist that our boys shall have sufficient physical training, of preparing them to achieve renown upon the battlefield, though we desire, of course, that our youth shall have courage and strength to meet the usual emergencies in life; but these very rarely include experiences in war. We are in a greater measure, perhaps, an art-loving people, and are somewhat desirous that our children shall be trained in a manner to insure them

symmetrical and beautiful persons. But above everything else we are a practical people ; and in our educational work, as well with the mind as with the body, we are seeking to prepare our youth for the common affairs of life, and all things that do not strive together toward this end are esteemed to be superfluous, and oftentimes unbecoming. In many parts of our country, this regard for what seems practical so dominates the public mind that any distinct work calculated to develop the body will not be admitted into the schools ; it being maintained that this is wholly unnecessary, since the physical will generally take care of itself, while the more we become possessed of things intellectual, the better we shall be prepared for the emergencies of life. It requires but little observation, however, to see that the physical powers of school-children will not adequately be cared for or developed unless special attention be paid to them ; nor does it seem that any more *practical* work than this can be done in the schools.

But the great problem in this training of the body is the difficult one of so organizing the work that it may be made practical and serviceable under the many unfavorable conditions which exist in the schoolroom. Our present entire educational equipment has been intended in the main to promote intellectual culture, and consequently the opportunities for physical training are very inferior ; and as we are not fortunate in the possession of gymnasia in connection with all of our educational institutions, whatever bodily training is attempted must be accomplished without the aid of special buildings and apparatus. We have in our higher institutions of learning, it is true, special furnishings appropriate for gymnastic exercises ; but the number of those receiving the advantages of a higher education is so slight compared with the multitudes who are in the public schools at large that it by no means follows that, as a people, we are being much benefited

by gymnastic training. Any method of physical culture that is intended to help the people in a broad measure must reach down into the elementary and secondary schools, and there accomplish what is now being aimed at in a general way in our higher institutions. Work of this character was not undertaken by any of the peoples of antiquity, although it is oftentimes maintained that the Greeks went far beyond any modern nation in the care and culture of the physical man. It must be remembered, meanwhile, that it was only the privileged classes who had the freedom of the gymnasium ; and, regarded as a whole, they were probably not those splendid specimens of physical development that we are sometimes led to think they were.

Our present methods of physical training have had their origin within the present century. The story of Prussia is familiar : that after its conquest by Napoleon it determined to make every effort to regain its honored position among the nations of the world, and its statesmen foresaw that the first requisite was to reform the education of the people, not only intellectual and moral, but physical. From this determination has sprung a great educational system which has placed Germany first among the nations in intellectual matters ; and many assign it this place, also, in the physical vigor and development of its people. The originator of the German system of gymnastics was Zahn, followed by Guts-muths and Spiess, who collectively elaborated a system adapted to all the grades of the schools, including exercises without apparatus as well as those requiring gymnasia and special equipment. These gymnastics were gradually introduced into the schools ; and it was especially fortunate that they had at the outset such warm advocates as Pestalozzi and Froebel, who used them in their famous schools at Yverdon and Burgdorf. During the revolution in Germany in 1848, many refugees fled to this country, bringing with

them the advanced thought of their fatherland in regard to education, intellectual and physical, and their own radical opinions concerning political freedom; and no sooner had they become established here than they set about to put their ideas into practical operation, being particularly emphatic upon the subject of bodily training; for with them the physical had come to be the principal object of worship. They forsook all things religious, and in the communities in which they were strong enough prohibited the establishment of churches, setting up instead Turner Halls, in which physical education became deified. This is little city of New Ulm, in Minnesota, an example of such a community, controlled entirely, in early times, by these German radicals, who established a school for physical training, in which teachers could prepare themselves for work elsewhere. By the continued efforts of these Turners, their system of physical exercises has been introduced, in one form or another, into many public schools, and the work of propagation is going forward rapidly. Like most systems, it comprises exercises in what are called "free-hand" gymnastics, and gymnastics with apparatus, light and heavy; and much emphasis is laid upon marchings and all military movements. The free-hand exercises are designed for use in the grades of schools where it is inexpedient, and in many cases impossible, to use apparatus of any sort. In places favored with appropriate rooms, dumbbells, wands, and Indian clubs are used; while in schools where there are gymnasias, heavier apparatus, such as chest weights, chest expanders, leg machines, and horizontal and parallel bars, may be found. The system of free-hand training comprises a great many bending, thrusting, and breathing movements (in addition to the marchings), made possible by the numerous muscles and joints of the human body; and with children the first movements are mainly flexions

of the head, trunk, and limbs, these being executed in a quick, restless manner, usually in accompaniment to music. From these simple elements the flexions gradually become more involved, and thrustings of the limbs and breathing exercises are introduced. The intention is to call into action, in a definite order, every muscle of the human body, so that dexterity, agility, and strength may be maintained and promoted, and health and muscular development secured. The exercises are all executed upon military command, and the utmost attention and obedience are required in order that the directions of the instructor may be followed. Many purely military movements are given throughout all grades of the work, the purpose being to foster military bearing and promptness in executing commands.

It is unnecessary to say that much good comes to children who are subjected to this discipline from the time they enter school until they leave it; but as a scheme of physical training suited to American children it is not without its faults, and grave and serious ones. In the first place, the exercises lack steadiness and deliberation in their performance, and are not calculated to secure that restfulness and self-control which are so much needed in American life. It is the common judgment of those who are entitled to speak authoritatively that, as a people, we are inclined to be nervous, restless, and ill poised; and though these exercises may not perhaps increase our natural tendencies, still it seems that they will not prevent them from coming to full fruition as successfully as we had hoped they would in putting them into our schools. In a measure, this German system may be in accord with some ideals in our national life: that we must be constantly in a rush, as well in educational as business activity, ever stimulating ourselves to higher and greater exertions in the attainment of knowledge or of material things, thinking that these

constitute the *summum bonum* in life, no matter what use we may make of such possessions. Teachers and pupils in our schools are ever urged to work harder, that more facts may be acquired from books; and with all the blessings that flow from this, it at the same time leads to the unrest and lack of perfect control that seem so characteristic of the people of this land. It was the thought of those who favored the introduction of gymnastics into our schools that this feverish tendency might be overcome; for it was believed that to train the body would make it a natural outlet to the pent-up nervous energy which must be generated by so much mental effort all day in the schoolroom. But in many cases these movements only add to the strain, because of their quick, nervous character calling for great attention and exertion of the will. After two or three hours of intellectual discipline the pupil's muscles have become constrained, his nervous system is overtaxed, and the purpose of his physical drill should be to relax and relieve this unnatural condition. But instead of the severe military positions and movements demanded by the German exercises accomplishing this, they are liable to aggravate conditions. It is not maintained that this discipline is not most wholesome and good in its appropriate place; but it does not seem that this is, to any great extent, the schoolroom, at a time when children need freedom and relaxation rather than constraint.

Although the movements in this system aim to secure a harmonious and symmetrical development of the body as well as perfect self-control, it does not follow that in every particular they are suited to accomplish this; for most of the thrusting movements are stiff, awkward, and ungainly, and it has not been sufficiently recognized that these physical attitudes have a marked influence upon the mind and character. Thrustings with closed hands, if not actually injurious to the physical frame of ordinary schoolchil-

dren, have at least a harmful effect upon the mind in disturbing its most perfect poise. Psychologists have long since shown that most intimate reciprocal relations exist between bodily movements and attitudes and mental states; and it follows that those noble, gentle qualities of character which we are anxious that our educational work should instill into the lives of our boys and girls are not as likely to be secured by the ungraceful, stiff movements which the German exercises in some cases demand as by those of a different nature. We are not so anxious, either, that our children should have the bearing and manner of soldiers, with the reciprocal qualities of heart and mind that such demeanor necessarily begets. We cannot sympathize with the German if this be his ideal of the average man and woman; for while we are indeed desirous of possessing courage and strength at all times, yet we wish these qualities to come from gracious confidence, self-control, and self-poise, rather than from that stiffness and formality whose spiritual accompaniment is liable to be selfishness and austerity.

It may not seem that the few minutes which are given each day to physical culture in our schools will affect materially, for better or worse, the character and bearing of the children who are subjected to it; but when it is remembered that this sort of thing goes on day after day for eight or nine years, its influence will be more readily appreciated, and its hygienic importance more fully realized. If the present mental strain is to continue in our schools, then we must strive to overcome the nervousness which it induces through the efficient culture of the body. We must not have as our ideal of the work of physical training the development of great muscular strength and dexterity, so much as the promotion of health, and rendering the body an unconscious and ready instrument of the mind in the expression of its most gracious qualities. Nor can

we hope, under the conditions which exist in our schools, to make the bodies of all our children symmetrical and harmonious by physical training; for we have to deal there with children in the great average, and it is only by dealing with individual tendencies that we can secure perfect symmetry and harmony. But after all, this is not such a serious question; for if we can foster and promote the health of children, and induce in them the right attitude of spirit, the tendency of nature toward symmetry and harmony will produce gratifying results.

The ideal, then, of physical training in our educational work should be to promote the health of schoolchildren; and this implies that special care should be taken to overcome that tendency toward nervous unrest that the strain of American life, as well in business and social circles as in the schools, tends to create. The question naturally follows, Can we find any organized system of physical exercises that will secure this ideal in the schoolroom any better than the one just considered? It will perhaps be agreed that there would be no need whatever for such a system if opportunity could be given the child for sufficient unrestrained, natural play; for play is the most efficient method to secure both bodily development and relaxation, and is at the same time the most wholesome and conducive to happy, normal childhood and youth. But it is with this as with most other methods of training the body in the schools,—there are insuperable obstacles which render it very difficult to be carried out to the necessary extent. In the first place, most of our graded schools in the cities have not the facilities in the way of large playgrounds, where pupils of all ages may indulge in the games and pastimes which they long for, and enjoy so much. Then, during a large part of the school year it is impracticable for pupils to be in the open air at all; and while some schools have appropriate rooms where play may

be carried on with much freedom in inclement weather, yet in most places there are no provisions whatever for this. In some cities pupils are allowed no seasons for recreation during the school day, for it is thought that this affords splendid opportunity for the propagation of various kinds of immorality among schoolchildren. In the city schools of Rochester, N. Y., for example, no recesses are allowed, and it can be seen that some artificial method of relaxation and exercise must be arranged for. It should be said again that if pupils were permitted to indulge sufficiently in the natural appetite for wholesome, healthful play, and were given more physical freedom in their school work, the necessity for physical culture in the schools would be reduced to a minimum, or dispensed with altogether. We find this to be the way in the kindergarten, where the plays and games are participated in with great freedom, and where there seems to be little difficulty with health or the harmonious and gracious development of the body. One often hears, however, that over and beyond this we should have some artificial gymnastics of the German type, on the plea that these put the various members and faculties of the body under perfect control of the will; but it is an erroneous psychology which asserts that the unconscious use and control of all the powers of the body through play, when the attention is wholly upon the play itself, and not upon the movements of the body in attaining the objects of play, are not usually better for so-called will culture than conscious, forced exercises for the sole purpose of these exercises themselves. The right and best way to bring the body under the control of the will is to have it become, through habit, the unconscious medium in attaining the objects which the child desires, and in expressing his highest thoughts and emotions; and this should, so far as practicable, determine the means and methods of physical training.

It will perhaps be impossible to elaborate any system that will fully meet this ideal, under the embarrassing conditions which exist in our schools; but it may be said that there are others than the German for which much has been claimed in this direction. During the present half century there has been worked out in Sweden, by Ling and some followers, a series of exercises for use in the schools that is now attracting world-wide attention. This system seems to be based upon a most minute and careful analysis of the human body, and attempts, through a progressive series of exercises, to develop all the powers and capabilities of the physical being. The needs of schoolchildren have been considered to a greater extent than in the German system, and all movements are designed, in the first place, to relieve the strained and congested condition of the body naturally following upon two or three hours' study; and in the second place, to develop health and strength in the various members of the body, so as to secure a symmetrical and capable whole. In all the exercises the effect upon the lungs and heart is the great desideratum, for it is believed that upon the right action and condition of these depends the health of the body; and this is the primary consideration in Swedish gymnastics. In every day's exercises there is a certain order, which may be stated briefly as follows: (1.) Movements calculated to relieve the strain from the sitting posture during school hours, and to draw away blood from the brain to the extremities. (2.) Breathing movements, for the expansion of the chest, which has been contracted while the child has been sitting at the desk; and by full, deep inspirations to fill the lungs with pure air. (3.) Poising or balancing movements, designed to cultivate the power of sustaining the body in difficult positions. (4.) Movements of the shoulders and back, designed to afford graceful carriage to the shoulders, and to cor-

rect any deformity which may have resulted from faulty positions at the desk. (5.) Finally, movements for the fore part of the body, which seek to stimulate the normal activities of the vital organs in the abdomen. It can be seen from this brief outline that these exercises, when faithfully carried out, discipline the entire body at every period of training.

All of the movements, however, are stiff and jerky, and are performed upon military command, so that the most exact and stringent attention is required on the part of the child. The objection urged against the German system applies here also, — that instead of relieving the will effort required of the pupil during the intellectual work of the day, the movements, in many cases, make greater demand upon it. The answer made is that the attention is being turned toward entirely different things, and thus the movements are really a relief to the will. But the studies of psychologists along the line of fatigue have shown conclusively that, no matter in what direction the will is exerted, a tax is made upon the nervous system which, while perhaps not felt at the moment, yet reduces the sum total of available nervous energy in the body. This consideration will not be forceful except where children already have as many demands made upon the will as are conducive to perfect health and poise of body and mind; but as in most of our schools this limit is attained, and even passed, it is apparent that strict military discipline cannot have a very prominent place in our physical exercises. It will certainly be most wholesome to have a little of it, for the training it gives in prompt obedience and exact control; but it is surely wrong that all of our exercises should be based upon it.

An important consideration sometimes lost sight of in physical training is that it should prepare students for the lives they will live and the conditions they will meet when they leave their school. This is what is aimed at in intellectual education; it

should be the aim also in physical education. But if it is best, during the work of physical training, for the pupil's attitude and actions to be stiff and formal, then the same bearing could be justified in recitations, where habit will become formed and readily carried into daily life. The grace, carriage, and posture which most of the German and Swedish exercises encourage are not those which, as Americans, we care for in daily life. The Ling system, too, like the German, seems to have been elaborated upon an analysis of the bodily needs mainly, without tracing very carefully the interdependence of body and mind, and the possibilities of vitally affecting the spiritual by the movements and attitudes of the physical. The main thought has been to secure the health and strength of the body; and it has been assumed, if the question has been at all considered, that the health and wholesomeness of the spirit would naturally follow. But that any definite discipline of the physical can be used to secure invariable effects on the mind and character has not been recognized in either of these systems, except in a very indirect way. While it has been quite generally acknowledged by observing teachers that any state of the mind shows itself in some activity or condition of the body, the converse of this has not been sufficiently felt and appreciated in our schools. This thought has been embodied in a way, however, in systems of physical culture elaborated by followers of Delsarte upon principles which he announced some forty or fifty years ago. It is constantly maintained by many, though, that there is no such thing as Delsartean physical culture, but that the whole Delsarte philosophy is simply one of *expression*, making the body capable of portraying accurately and readily the thoughts and emotions of the soul. Though in a sense this last is true, still it seems to be implied that to make the body truly expressive of the soul life is not the very highest function

of physical training, which view is not, or at least cannot continue to be, held very extensively by the most open and progressive educators; especially so when it is understood that true expression requires the most complete and harmonious development of all parts of the body, and this necessitates the employment of exercises for training that are as potent in forming and developing the physical being as are any performances in the gymnasium.

The Delsartean systems are all based more or less definitely upon a philosophy setting forth the relation of mind and body, which may be stated in brief as follows: Every state or act of the mind is manifested in appropriate action of the body, either fully expressed or partially inhibited; and every attitude and function of the body and of its various members always produces a characteristic kind of mental activity. From this it follows that, in the first place, one's thoughts and deepest character are written in the conditions and activities of his body, and may be read from this external expression; and in the second place, one's character and thoughts may be influenced, and even shaped, by the habitual conditions and activities of his physical being. Every part of the body, according to this philosophy, is a medium through which may be read a particular kind of mind and character behind it, or by which this mind and character may be influenced. Thus, one who possesses a coarse, sensuous nature will reveal this to the world by certain characteristic movements of parts of the face, trunk, and limbs, and in his breathing; and as a converse of this, a coarse, sensuous nature may be cultivated by appropriate activities of these same parts of the body. In like manner, the highest intellectual and spiritual qualities may be expressed through the body, and, conversely, may be cultivated by the proper treatment of the body. So far as this philosophy is concerned in detail

it is not of great importance for us to consider, but that in a general way it sets forth a truth in regard to the reciprocal influence of mind and body there can be no doubt; and later investigations in physiology and psychology only tend to confirm this view. It may be said, however, that all the inferences drawn from this relation by Delsarte and his followers have not been generally accepted as yet; for example, that abdominal breathing only is always associated with and promotes sensuality, while clavicular breathing is indicative of and begets intellectuality, and at the same time develops a narrow, unsympathetic nature. But whether we believe in this and similar doctrines as mere theory or not, it is certain that their practical application in physical training produces most beneficent results.

The Delsarte philosophy makes the chest the centre of all being, and its proper development and carriage is the principal object of most of the exercises; but in order that this end shall be secured the whole body must be harmoniously developed. This is one object, of course, in all systems of exercises for training the body: yet in none of them has symmetrical, harmonious, expressive development been emphasized to the extent it has in the Delsartean systems. Most others, ancient and modern, lay great stress upon physical strength; while all Delsartean seek rather to develop freedom, grace, and poise, believing that health and sufficient strength will necessarily follow. Especially with school-children there is less need to give particular attention to muscular development than to train them to use freely and graciously what bodily powers they become possessed of in their plays; but this does not imply that a system of exercises intended to make free the muscles of the body, and to relieve the nervous strain induced by severe mental effort, cannot at the same time develop muscular power. Fault is sometimes

found with the Delsartean systems because they have apparently failed to recognize this fact; for many see in their exercises only weak attempts at grace and elegance of carriage and manner, qualities usually considered foreign to our sturdy American life. We have been accustomed to think that substantial strength and usefulness cannot go along with grace and harmony of bodily movement; but it is time to consider whether this is not an entirely erroneous view, particularly since such systems of physical culture as the Emerson, the Preece, and others have already accomplished so much to prove that it is. It is perhaps true that hurry and struggle are not generally compatible with beauty and grace in form and movement; but this only seems to urge the greater need of inducting the present race of school-children into ways of acting that may be self-poised and deliberate. The Delsartean exercises constantly favor this by the emphasis which is laid upon many poising movements that require the greatest calmness and steadiness of person in their execution; they favor it, again, by the greater stress which is laid upon the frequent relaxation of the entire body from muscular constraint, thus predisposing the mind to composure and restfulness; they favor it in still another way by the many graceful curved movements, and bending and stretching movements, which are executed with slowness and precision, instead of in a jerky, agitated manner, as is the case with most of the movements to be found in a majority of the schools where physical culture has a place. The exercises are usually accompanied by soothing, restful music, and this is always of marked psychological benefit, producing a peaceful effect as no other agency readily can.

In trying to determine which of these several methods appears best suited to our American schools, it is possible that we cannot find in any one of them alone all that we are looking for. One hears

now and again of an American system of physical training; but aside from the Sargent, which is not calculated for use in the public schools, there is certainly no objective reality to which that term can be applied. What is commonly meant by this is the series of exercises with and without apparatus that have been selected from the different systems described above, and modified to suit our conditions; but it seems apparent that the aims of mere muscular development and military action and bearing

dictate to a harmful extent the character of the exercises which obtain favor in our schools. It is not too much to expect that the character of our physical training will shape in a certain measure the destiny of our nation, for history is emphatic in proving this of other times and peoples; and so it behooves us calmly to examine our ideals, and see if the highest that can be kept in view, considering our peculiar needs, are not those of self-poise and deliberation, and the grace and strength of mind and body which flow from them.

M. V. O'Shea.

CELIA THAXTER.

BORN JUNE, 1835; DIED AUGUST, 1894.

If it were ever intended that a desolate island in the deep sea should be inhabited by one solitary family, then indeed Celia Thaxter was the fitting daughter of such a house.

In her history of the group of islands, which she calls *Among the Isles of Shoals*, she portrays, in a prose which for beauty and wealth of diction has few rivals, the unfolding of her own nature under influences of sky, and sea, and solitude, and untrammelled freedom, such as have been almost unknown to civilized humanity in any age of the world. She speaks also of the effect produced, as she fancied, upon the minds of men by the eternal sound of the sea; a tendency to wear away the edge of human thought and perception. But this was far from being the case with regard to herself. Her eyesight was keener, her speech more distinct, the lines of her thoughts more clearly defined, her verse more strongly marked in its form, and the accuracy of her memory more to be relied upon, than was the case with almost any one of her contemporaries. Her painting, too, upon porcelain possessed the

same character. Her knowledge of the flowers, and especially of the seaweeds with which she decorated it, was so exact that she did not require the originals before her vision. They were painted upon her mind's eye, where every filament and every shade seemed to be recorded. These "green growing things" had been the beloved companions of her childhood, as they continued to be of her womanhood, and even to reproduce their forms in painting was a delight to her. The written descriptions of natural objects give her history a place among the pages which possess a perennial existence. While White's *Selborne*, and the pictures of Bewick, and Thoreau's *Walden*, and the *Autobiography* of Richard Jefferies endure, so long will *Among the Isles of Shoals* hold its place with all lovers of nature. She says in one place, "All the pictures over which I dream are set in this framework of the sea, that sparkled and sang, or frowned and threatened, in the ages that are gone as it does to-day."

The solitude of Celia Thaxter's childhood, which was not solitude, surrounded

as she was with the love of a father and a mother, all tenderness, and brothers dear to her as her own life, developed in the child strange faculties. She was five years old when the family left Portsmouth, — old enough, given her in-born power of enjoyment of nature, to delight in the free air and the wonderful sights around her. She gives in her book a pretty picture of the child watching the birds that flew against the light-house lantern, when they lived at White Island. The birds would strike it with such force as to kill themselves. "Many a May morning," she says, "have I wandered about the rock at the foot of the tower, mourning over a little apron brimful of sparrows, swallows, thrushes, robins, fire-winged blackbirds, many-colored warblers and flycatchers, beautifully clothed yellowbirds, nuthatches, cat-birds, even the purple finch and scarlet tanager and golden oriole, and many more beside, — enough to break the heart of a small child to think of! Once a great eagle flew against the lantern and shivered the glass."

Her father seems to have been a man of awful energy of will. Some disappointment in his hope of a public career, it has been said, decided him to take the step of withdrawing himself forever from the world of the mainland, and this attitude he appears to have sustained unflinchingly to the end. Her mother, with a heart stayed as unflinchingly upon love and obedience, seems to have followed him without a murmur, leaving every dear association of the past as though it had not been. From this moment she became, not the slave, but the queen of her affections, and when she died, in 1877, the sun appeared to set upon her daughter's life. On the morning after Mrs. Thaxter's sudden death, seventeen years later, a friend asked her eldest son where his mother was, with the intent to discover if she had been well enough to leave her room. "Oh," he replied, "her mother came in

the night and took her away." This reply showed how deeply all who were near to Celia Thaxter were impressed with the fact that to see her mother again was one of the deepest desires of her heart.

The development wrought in her eager character by those early days of exceptional experience gives a new sense of what our poor humanity may achieve, left face to face with the vast powers of nature.

In speaking of the energy of Samuel Haley, one of the early settlers of the islands, she says he learned to live as independently as possible of his fellow-men; "for that is one of the first things a settler on the Isles of Shoals finds it necessary to learn." Her own lesson was learned perfectly. The sunrise was as familiar to her eyes as the sunset, and early and late the activity of her mind was rivaled by the ceaseless industry of her hands. She pays a tribute to the memory of Miss Peabody, of Newburyport, who went to Star Island in 1823 and "did wonders for the people during the three years of her stay. She taught the school, visited the families, and on Sundays read to such audiences as she could collect, took seven of the poor female children to live with her at the parsonage, instructed all who would learn in the arts of carding, spinning, weaving, knitting, sewing, braiding mats, etc. Truly she remembered what 'Satan finds for idle hands to do,' and kept all her charges busy, and consequently happy. All honor to her memory! She was a wise and faithful servant. There is still an affectionate remembrance of her among the present inhabitants, whose mothers she helped out of their degradation into a better life."

If it was not in Celia Thaxter's nature to teach in this direct way herself, she did not fail to appreciate and to stimulate excellence of every kind in others. Appledore was too far away in winter from the village at Star Island for any regular or frequent communication between

them. Even so late as in the month of May she records watching a little fleet beating up for shelter under the lee of Appledore to ride out a storm. "They were in continual peril. . . . It was not pleasant to watch them as the early twilight shut down over the vast weltering desolation of the sea, to see the slender masts waving helplessly from one side to another. . . . Some of the men had wives and children watching them from lighted windows at Star. What a fearful night for them! They could not tell from hour to hour, through the thick darkness, if yet the cables held; they could not see till daybreak whether the sea had swallowed up their treasures. I wonder the wives were not white-haired when the sun rose and showed them those little specks yet rolling in the breakers!" How clearly these scenes were photographed on the sensitive plate of her mind! She never forgot nor really lost sight of her island people. Her sympathy drew them to her as if they were her own, and the little colony of Norwegians was always especially dear to her. "How pathetic," she says, "the gathering of women on the headlands, when out of the sky swept the squall that sent the small boat staggering before it, and blinded the eyes, already drowned in tears, with sudden rain that hid sky and sea and boats from their eager gaze!"

What she was, what her sympathy was, to those people, no one can ever quite express. The deep devotion of their service to her brothers and to herself, through the long solitude of winter and the storm of summer visitors, alone could testify. Such service cannot be bought: it is the devotion born of affection and gratitude and admiration. Speaking of one of the young women who grew up under her eye, she often said: "What could I do in this world without Mine Burntsen? I hope she will be with me when I die." And there indeed, at the last, was Mine, to receive the latest word and to perform the few sad offices.

To tell of the services Mrs. Thaxter rendered to some of the more helpless people about her, in the dark season, when no assistance from the mainland could be hoped for, would make a long and noble story in itself. Her good sense made her an excellent doctor; the remedies she understood, she was always on hand to apply at the right moment. Sometimes she was unexpectedly called to assist in the birth of a child, when knowledge and strength she was hardly aware of seemed to be suddenly developed. But the truth was she could do almost anything; and only those who knew her in these humbler human relations could understand how joyous she was in the exercise of her duties, or how well able to perform them. Writing to Mine from the Shoals once in March, she says: "This is the time to be here; this is what I enjoy! To wear my old clothes every day, grub in the ground, dig dandelions, and eat them too, plant my seeds and watch them, fly on the tricycle, row in a boat, get into my dressing-gown right after tea, and make lovely rag rugs all the evening, and nobody to disturb us, — *this* is fun!" In the house and out of it she was capable of everything. How beautiful her skill was as a dressmaker, the exquisite lines in her own black or gray or white dresses testified to every one who ever saw her. She never wore any other colors, nor was anything like "trimming" ever seen about her; there were only the fine, free outlines, and a white handkerchief folded carefully about her neck and shoulders.

In her young days it was the same, with a difference! She was sligher in figure then, and overflowing with laughter, the really beautiful but noisy laughter which died away as the repose of manner of later years fell upon her. I can remember her as I first saw her, with the seashells which she always wore then around her neck and wrists, and a gray poplin dress defining her lovely form. She talked simply and

fearlessly, while her keen eyes took in everything around her; she paid the tribute of her instantaneous laughter to the wit of others, — never too eager to speak, and never unwilling. Her sense of beauty, not vanity, caused her to make the most of the good physical points she possessed; therefore, although she grew old early, the same general features of her appearance were preserved. She was almost too well known even to strangers, in these later years at the Shoals, to make it worth while to describe the white hair carefully put up to preserve the shape of the head, and the small silver crescent which she wore above her forehead; but her manner had become very quiet and tender, more and more affectionate to her friends, and appreciative of all men. One of those who knew her latterly wrote me: “Many of her letters show her boundless sympathy, her keen appreciation of the best in those whom she loved, and her wonderful growth in beauty and roundness of character. And how delightful her enthusiasms were! As pure and clear as those of a child! She was utterly unlike any one in the world, so that few people really understood her. But it seems to me that her trials softened and mellowed her, until she became like one of her own beautiful flowers, perfect in her full development; then in a night the petals fell, and she was gone.”

The capabilities which were developed in her by the necessities of the situation, during her life at the Shoals in winter, were more various and remarkable than can be fitly told. The glimpses which we get in her letters of the many occupations show what energy she brought to bear upon the difficulties of the place.

In Among the Isles of Shoals she says: “After winter has fairly set in, the lonely dwellers at the Isles of Shoals find life quite as much as they can manage, being so entirely thrown upon their own resources that it requires all the philosophy at their disposal to answer

the demand. . . . One goes to sleep in the muffled roar of the storm, and wakes to find it still raging with senseless fury. . . . The weather becomes of the first importance to the dwellers on the rock; the changes of the sky and sea, the flitting of the coasters to and fro, the visits of the sea-fowl, sunrise and sunset, the changing moon, the northern lights, the constellations that wheel in splendor through the winter night, — all are noted with a love and careful scrutiny that is seldom given by people living in populous places. . . . For these things make our world: there are no lectures, operas, concerts, theatres, no music of any kind, except what the waves may whisper in rarely gentle moods; no galleries of wonders like the Natural History rooms, in which it is so fascinating to wander; no streets, shops, carriages; no postman, no neighbors, not a doorbell within the compass of the place! . . . The best balanced human mind is prone to lose its elasticity and stagnate, in this isolation. One learns immediately the value of work to keep one's wits clear, cheerful, and steady; just as much real work of the body as it can bear without weariness being always beneficent, but here indispensable. . . . No one can dream what a charm there is in taking care of pets, singing birds, plants, etc., with such advantages of solitude; how every leaf and bud and flower is pored over, and admired, and loved! A whole conservatory, flushed with azaleas, and brilliant with forests of camellias and every precious exotic that blooms, could not impart so much delight as I have known a single rose to give, unfolding in the bleak bitterness of a day in February, when this side of the planet seemed to have arrived at its culmination of hopelessness, with the Isles of Shoals the most hopeless spot upon its surface. One gets close to the heart of these things; they are almost as precious as Picciola to the prisoner, and yield a fresh and constant joy such as the pleasure-seeking inhabitants of cities could

not find in their whole round of shifting diversions. With a bright and cheerful interior, open fires, books and pictures, windows full of thrifty blossoming plants and climbing vines, a family of singing birds, plenty of work, and a clear head and quiet conscience, it would go hard if one could not be happy even in such loneliness. Books, of course, are inestimable. Nowhere does one follow a play of Shakespeare's with greater zest, for it brings the whole world, which you need, about you; doubly precious the deep thoughts which wise men have given to help us, doubly sweet the songs of all the poets; for nothing comes between to distract you."

It was not extraordinary that the joy of human intercourse, after such estrangement, became a rapture to so loving a nature as Celia Loughton's; nor that, very early, before the period of fully ripened womanhood, she should have been borne away from her island by a husband, a man of birth and education, who went as missionary to the wild fisher folk on the adjacent island called Star.

The exuberant joy of her unformed maidenhood, with its power of self-direction, attracted the shy, intellectual student nature of Mr. Thaxter. He could not dream that this careless, happy creature possessed the strength and sweep of wing which belonged to her own sea-gull. In good hope of teaching and developing her, of adding much in which she was uninstructed to the wisdom which the influences of nature and the natural affections had bred in her, he carried his wife to a quiet inland home, where three children were very soon born to them. Under the circumstances, it was not extraordinary that his ideas of education were not altogether successfully applied; she required more strength than she could summon, more adaptability than many a grown woman could have found, to face the situation, and life became difficult and full of problems to them both. Their natures were strongly contrasted,

but perhaps not too strongly to complement each other, if he had fallen in love with her as a woman, and not as a child. His retiring, scholarly nature and habits drew him away from the world; her overflowing, sun-loving being, like a solar system in itself, reached out on every side, rejoicing in all created things.

Her introduction to the world of letters was by means of her first poem, *Land-Locked*, which, by the hand of a friend, was brought to the notice of James Russell Lowell, at that time editor of *The Atlantic*. He printed it at once, without exchanging a word with the author. She knew nothing about it until the magazine was laid before her. This recognition of her talent was a delight indeed, and it was one of the happiest incidents in a life which was already overclouded with difficulties and sorrow. It will not be out of place to reprint this poem here, because it must assure every reader of the pure poetic gift which was in her. In form, in movement, and in thought it is as beautiful as her latest work.

LAND-LOCKED.

Black lie the hills; swiftly doth daylight flee;
And, catching gleams of sunset's dying smile,
Through the dusk land for many a changing
mile

The river runneth softly to the sea.

O happy river, could I follow thee!

O yearning heart, that never can be still!

O wistful eyes, that watch the steadfast hill,
Longing for level line of solemn sea!

Have patience; here are flowers and songs of
birds,

Beauty and fragrance, wealth of sound and
sight,

All summer's glory thine from morn till
night,

And life too full of joy for uttered words.

Neither am I ungrateful; but I dream

Deliciously how twilight falls to-night

Over the glimmering water, how the light
Dies blissfully away, until I seem

To feel the wind, sea-scented, on my cheek,

To catch the sound of dusky, flapping sail,

And dip of oars, and voices on the gale
Afar off, calling low, — my name they speak !

O Earth ! thy summer song of joy may soar
Ringing to heaven in triumph. I but crave
The sad, caressing murmur of the wave
That breaks in tender music on the shore.

With the growth of Mrs. Thaxter's children and the death of her father, the love and duty she owed her mother caused her to return in the winter to the Shoals, although a portion of the summer was passed there as well. This was her husband's wish ; his sense of loyalty to age and his deep attachment to his own parents making it clear to his mind as the only right step for his wife to take.

But she had already tasted of the tree of knowledge, and the world outside beckoned to her with as fascinating a face as it ever presented to any human creature. It was during one of these returning visits to the Shoals that much of the delightful book from which I have quoted was written ; a period when she had already learned something of the charms of society, — sufficient to accentuate her appreciation of her own past, and to rejoice in what a larger life now held in store for her.

Lectures, operas, concerts, theatres, pictures, music above all, — what were they not to her ! Did artists ever before find such an eye and such an ear ? She brought to them a spirit prepared for harmony, but utterly ignorant of the science of painting or music until the light of art suddenly broke upon her womanhood. Of what this new world was to her we find some hint, of course, in her letters ; but no human lips, not even her own exuberant power of expression, could ever say how her existence was enriched and made beautiful through music. Artists who sang to her, or those who rehearsed the finest music on the piano or violin or flute, or those who brought their pictures and put them before her while she listened, they alone, in a measure, understood what these

things signified, and how she was lifted quite away by them from the ordinary level of life. They were inspired to do for her what they could seldom do for any other creature, and her generous response, overflowing, almost extravagant in expression, was never half enough to begin to tell the new life they brought to her. The following lines from a sonnet addressed to the tenor singer W. J. Winch, a singer who has given much joy to his day and generation, will convey some idea of the deep feeling which his voice stirred in her : —

“ Carry us captive, thou with the strong heart
And the clear head, and nature sweet and
sound !

Most willing captives we to thy great art.

Sing, and we ask no greater joy than this,
Only to listen, thrilling to the song,

Borne skyward where the wingèd hosts re-
joice.”

Mrs. Thaxter found herself, as the years went on, the centre of a company who rather selected themselves than were selected from the vast number of persons who frequented her brothers' "house of entertainment" at the islands. Her "parlor," as it was called, was a *milieu* quite as interesting as any of the "salons" of the past. Her pronounced individuality forbade the intrusion even of a fancy of comparison with anything else, and equally forbade the possibility of rivalry. There was only one thought in the mind of the frequenters of her parlor, — that of gratitude for the pleasure and opportunity she gave them, and a genuine wish to please her and to become her friends. She possessed the keen instincts of a child with regard to people. If they were unlovable to her, if they were for any reason unsympathetic, nothing could bring her to overcome her dislike. She was in this particular more like some wild thing than a creature of the nineteenth century ; indeed, one of her marked traits was a curious intractability of nature. I believe that no worldly motive ever in-

fluenced her relation with any human creature. Of course these native qualities made her more ardently devoted in her friendships; but it went hardly with her to ingratiate those persons for whom she felt a natural repulsion, or even sometimes to be gentle with them. Later in life she learned to call no man "common or unclean;" but coming into the world, as she did, full grown, like Minerva in the legend, with keen eyes, and every sense alive to discern pretension, untruth, ungodliness in guise of the church, and all the uncleanness of the earth, these things were as much a surprise to her as it was, on the other hand, to find the wondrous world of art and the lives of the saints. Perhaps no large social success was ever achieved upon such unworldly conditions; she swung as free as possible of the world of society and its opinions, forming a centre of her own, built up on the sure foundations of love and loyalty. She saw as much as any woman of the time of large numbers of people, and she was able to give them the best kind of social enjoyment: music, pictures, poetry, and conversation; the latter sometimes poor and sometimes good, according to the drift which swept through her beautiful room. Mrs. Thaxter was generous in giving invitations to her parlor, but to its frequenters she said, "If people do not enjoy what they find, they must go their way; my work and the music will not cease." The study of nature and art was always going forward either on or around her work-table. The keynote of conversation was struck there for those who were able to hear it. We were reminded of William Blake's verse:—

"I give you the end of a golden string,
Only wind it into a ball,
It will lead you in at Heaven's gate,
Built in Jerusalem wall."

Here it was that Whittier could be heard at his best, sympathetic, stimulating, uplifting, as he alone could be, and yet as he, with his Quaker training to silence, was so seldom moved to prove himself.

Here he would sit near her hour after hour; sometimes mending her æolian harp while they talked together, sometimes reading aloud to the assembled company. Here was Rose Lamb, artist and dear friend, and here Mrs. Mary Hemenway was a most beloved presence, with her eager enthusiasm for reform, yet with a modesty of bearing which made young and old press to her side. She loved Celia Thaxter, who in her turn was deeply and reverently attached to Mrs. Hemenway.

The early affection of both Mr. Thaxter and his wife for William Morris Hunt grew to be the love of a lifetime. Hunt's grace, versatility, and charm, not to speak of his undoubted genius, exerted their combined fascination over these appreciative friends in common with the rest of his art-loving contemporaries; but to these two, each in their several ways, Hunt felt himself equally attracted, and the last sad summer of his life he gladly turned to Celia Thaxter in her island home as a sure refuge in time of trouble. It was she who watched him day by day, listening to his words which came clothed with a kind of inspiration. "Whatever genius may be," said Tom Appleton, "we all feel that William Hunt had it. His going is the extinction of a great light; a fervent hand is cold; and the warmth which glowed through so many friends and disciples is like a trodden ember, extinguished." It was Celia Thaxter's hurrying footsteps which traced her friend to the spot where, in extreme weakness, he fell in death. She wrote, "It was that pretty lake where my wild roses had been blooming all summer, and where the birds dipped and sang at sunrise."

Her gratitude to the men and women who brought music to her door knew no limit; it was strong, deep, and unforgetting. "What can I ever do for them," she would say, "when I remember the joy they bring me!"

Julius Eichberg was one of the earliest friends who ministered in this way to her

happiness. Her letters of the time overflow with the descriptions of programmes for the day, when Mr. Paine and Mr. Eichberg would play together or alone, during long mornings and afternoons. "I am lost in bliss," she wrote; "every morning, afternoon, and evening, Beethoven! I am emerging out of all my clouds by help of it; it is divine!"

And again, writing of Mr. Paine in his own home, she said: "I am in the midst of the awful and thrilling music of the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, and it curdles my blood; we are all steeped in it, for J. K. P. goes on and on composing it all the time, and the tremendous chords thrill the very timbers of the house. It is *most* interesting!"

Of Arthur Whiting, too, and his wife, whose musical gifts she placed among the first, she frequently wrote and spoke with loving appreciation. These friendships were a never failing source of gladness to her.

Later in life came Mr. William Mason, who was the chief minister to her joy in music, her enlightener, her consoler, to the end. Those who loved her best must always give him the tribute of their admiration and grateful regard. Mr. Mason must have known her keen gratitude, for who understood better than he the feeling by which she was lifted away from the things of this world by the power of music!

"The dignity of labor" is a phrase we have often heard repeated in modern life, but it was one unnecessary to be spoken by Celia Thaxter. It may easily be said of her that one of the finest lessons she unconsciously taught was not only the value of labor, but the joy of doing things well. The necessities of her position, as I have already indicated, demanded a great deal, but she responded to the need with a readiness and generosity great enough to extort admiration from those who knew her. How much she contributed to the comfort of the lives of those she loved at the Shoals we have endea-

vored to show; how beautiful her garden was there, in the summer, all the world could see; but at one period there was also a farm at Kittery Point, to be made beautiful and comfortable by her industry, where one of her sons still lives; and a *piéd à terre* in Boston or in Portsmouth, whither she came in the winter with her eldest son, who was especially dependent upon her love and care: and all these changes demanded much of her time and strength.

She was certainly one of the busiest women in the world. Writing from Kittery Point, September 6, 1880, she says: "It is divinely lovely here, and the house is charming. I have brought a servant over from the hotel, and it is a blessing to be able to make them all comfortable; to set them down in the charming dining-room overlooking the smooth, curved crescent of sandy beach, with the long rollers breaking white, and the shoals looming on the far sea-line. . . . But oh, how tired we all get! I shall be quite ready for my rest!"

"Your weariest, loving C. T."

This note gives a picture of her life. She was always helping to make a bright spot around her; to give of herself in some way. There is a bit in her book which illustrates this instinct. The incident occurred during a long, dreary storm at the Shoals. Two men had come in a boat, asking for help. "A little child had died at Star Island, and they could not sail to the mainland, and had no means to construct a coffin among themselves. All day I watched the making of that little chrysalis; and at night the last nail was driven in, and it lay across a bench, in the midst of the litter of the workshop, and a curious stillness seemed to emanate from the senseless boards. I went back to the house and gathered a handful of scarlet geranium, and returned with it through the rain. The brilliant blossoms were sprinkled with glittering drops. I laid them in the little coffin, while the wind wailed so sor-

rowfully outside, and the rain poured against the windows. Two men came through the mist and storm, and one swung the light little shell to his shoulder, and they carried it away, and the gathering darkness shut down and hid them as they tossed among the waves. I never saw the little girl, but where they buried her I know; the lighthouse shines close by, and every night the quiet, constant ray steals to her grave and softly touches it, as if to say, with a caress, 'Sleep well! Be thankful you are spared so much that I see humanity endure, fixed here forever where I stand.' "

We have seen the profound love she felt for, and the companionship she found in, nature and natural objects; but combined with these sentiments, or developed simply by her love to speak more directly, was a very uncommon power of observation. This power grew day by day, and the delightful correspondence which existed between Bradford Torrey and herself, although they had never met face to face, bears witness to her constant mental record and memory respecting the habits of birds and woodland manners. Every year we find her longing for larger knowledge; books and men of science attracted her; and if her life had been less intensely laborious, in order to make those who belonged to her comfortable and happy, what might she not have achieved! Her nature was replete with boundless possibilities, and we find ourselves asking the old, old question, Must the artist forever crush the wings by which he flies against such terrible limitations? — a question never to be answered in this world.

Her observations began with her earliest breath at the islands. "I remember," she says, "in the spring, kneeling on the ground to seek the first blades of grass that pricked through the soil, and bringing them into the house to study and wonder over. Better than a shopful of toys they were to me! Whence came their color? How did they draw

their sweet, refreshing tint from the brown earth, or the limpid air, or the white light? Chemistry was not at hand to answer me, and all her wisdom would not have dispelled the wonder. Later, the little scarlet pimpernel charmed me. It seemed more than a flower; it was like a human thing. I knew it by its homely name of 'poor man's weather glass.' It was so much wiser than I; for when the sky was yet without a cloud, softly it clasped its small red petals together, folding its golden heart in safety from the shower that was sure to come. How could it know so much?"

Whatever sorrows life brought to her, and they were many and of the heaviest, this exquisite enjoyment of nature, the tender love and care for every created thing within her reach, always stayed her heart. To see her lift a flower in her fingers, — fingers which gave one a sense of supporting everything which she touched, expressive too of fineness in every fibre, although strong and worn with labor, — to see her handle these wonderful creatures which she worshiped, was something not to be forgotten. The lines of Keats,

"Open afresh your rounds of starry folds,
Ye ardent marigolds!"

were probably oftener flitting through her mind or from her lips than through the mind or from the lips of any since Keats wrote them. She remembered that he said he thought his "intensest pleasure in life had been to watch the growth of flowers," but she was sure he never felt their beauty more devoutly "than the little half-savage being who knelt, like a fire-worshiper, to watch the unfolding of those golden disks."

The time came at last, as it comes to every human being, for asking the reason of the faith that was in her. It was difficult for her to reply. Her heart had often questioned whether she believed, and what; and yet as she has said, she could not keep her faith out of her poems if she would. We find the fol-

lowing passage in *Among the Isles of Shoals* which throws a light beyond that of her own lantern.

"When the boat was out late," she says, "in soft, moonless summer nights, I used to light a lantern, and, going down to the water's edge, take my station between the timbers of the slip, and, with the lantern at my feet, sit waiting in the darkness, quite content, knowing my little star was watched for, and that the safety of the boat depended in a great measure upon it. . . . I felt so much a part of the Lord's universe, I was no more afraid of the dark than the waves or winds; but I was glad to hear at last the creaking of the mast and the rattling of the rowlocks as the boat approached."

"A part of the Lord's universe," — that Celia Thaxter always felt herself to be, and for many years she was impatient of other teaching than what nature brought to her. As life went on, and the mingled mysteries of human pain and grief were unfolded, she longed for a closer knowledge. At first she sought it everywhere, and patiently, save in or through the churches; with them she was long *impatient*. At last, after ardent search through the religious books and by means of the teachers of the Orient, the Bible was born anew for her, and the New Testament became her stay and refreshment. At this period she wrote to her friend Mrs. H. M. Rogers: "K. and I read the Bhagavad Gîtâ every day of our lives, and when we get to the end we begin again! It is a great thing to keep one's mind full of it, permeated as it were, and I think Mohini's own words are a great help and inspiration everywhere, all through it as well as in the beautiful introduction. I have written out clearly on the margin of my copy every text which he has quoted from the Scriptures, and find it most interesting. 'Truth is one.'"

Nothing was ever "born anew" in Celia Thaxter which she did not strive to share with others. She could keep

nothing but secrets to herself. Joys, experiences of every kind, sorrows and misfortunes, except when they could darken the lives of others, were all brought, open-handed and open-hearted, to those she loved. Her generosity knew no limits.

There is a description by her of the flood which swept over her being, and seemed to carry her away from the earth, when she once saw the great glory of the Lord in a rainbow at the island. She hid her face from the wonder; it was more than she could bear. "I felt then," she said, "how I longed to speak these things which made life so sweet, — to speak the wind, the cloud, the bird's flight, the sea's murmur, — and ever the wish grew;" and so it was she became, growing from and with this wish, a poet the world will remember. Dr. Holmes said once in conversation that he thought the value of a poet to the world was not so much the pleasure that this or that poem might give to certain readers, or even perchance to posterity, as the fact that a poet was known to be one who was sometimes rapt out of himself into the region of the Divine; that the spirit had descended upon him and taught him what he should speak.

This is especially true of Celia Thaxter, whose life was divorced from worldliness, while it was instinct with the keenest enjoyment of life and of God's world. She liked to read her poems aloud when people asked for them, and if there was ever a genuine reputation from doing a thing well, such a reputation was hers. From the first person who heard her, the wish began to spread, until, summer after summer, in her parlor, listeners would gather, if she would promise to read to them. Night after night she has held her sway, with tears and smiles from her responsive little audiences, which seemed to gain new courage and light from what she gave them. Her unspeakably interesting nature was always betraying itself and shining out

between the lines. Occasionally, she yielded to the urgent claims brought to bear upon her by her friend Mrs. Johnson, of the Woman's Prison, and would go to read to the sad-eyed audience at Sherborn. Even those hearts dulled by wrong and misery awakened at the sound of her voice. It was not altogether this or that verse or ballad that made the tears flow, or brought a laugh from her hearers; it was the deep sympathy which she carried in her heart and which poured out in her voice; a hope, too, for them, and for what they might yet become. She could not go frequently, — she was too deeply laden with responsibilities nearer home; but it was always a holiday when she was known to be coming, and a season of light-heartedness to Mrs. Johnson as well as to the prisoners.

It is a strange fallacy that a poet may not read his own verses well. Who beside the writer should comprehend every shade of meaning which made the cloud or sunshine of his poem? Mrs. Thaxter certainly read her own verse with a fullness of suggestion which no other reader could have given it; and her voice was sufficient, too, although not loud or striking, to fill and satisfy the ear of the listener. But at the risk of repetition we recall that it was her own generous, beautiful nature, unlike that of any other, which made her reading helpful to all who heard her. She speaks somewhere of the birds on her island as "so tame, knowing how well they are beloved, that they gather on the window-sills, twittering and fluttering, gay and graceful, turning their heads this way and that, eying you askance without a trace of fear." And so it was with the human beings who came to know her. They were attracted, they came near, they flew under her protection, and were not disappointed of their rest.

Four years before Mrs. Thaxter left this world, when she was still only fifty-five years old, she was stricken with a shaft of death. Her overworked body

was prostrated in sudden agony, and she, well, young, vigorous beyond the ordinary lot of mortals, found herself weak and unable to rise. "I do so hate figuring as an interesting invalid," she wrote. "Perhaps I have been doing too much, getting settled. But oh, I used to be able to do *anything*! Where is my old energy and vigor and power gone! It should not ebb away quite so soon!" She recovered her old tone and sufficient strength for every-day needs, and still found "life so interesting." But her keen observation had been brought to bear upon her own condition, and she suspected that she might flit away from us quickly some day.

Except for one who was especially dependent upon her she was quite ready. The surprises of this life were so wonderful, it was easy for her to believe in the surprises of the unseen; but her letters were full as usual of the things which feed the springs of joy around us in this world. One summer it was the first volume of poems of Richard Watson Gilder which gave her great happiness. She talked of them, recited them, sent them to her friends, and finally wrote to Mr. Gilder himself. Since her death he has said, "I never saw Mrs. Thaxter but once, and that lately; but her immediate and surprising and continuous appreciation and encouragement I can never forget." How many other contemporaneous writers and artists could say the same!

The transparent simplicity of her character and manners, her love and capacity for labor, were combined with equal capacities for enjoying the complex in others and a pure appetite for pleasure. It would be impossible to find a more child-like power of enjoyment.

A perfect happiness came to her, during the last eight years of her life, with the birth of her grandchildren. The little boy who surprised her into bliss one day by crying out, "I 'dore you, I 'dore you, granna! I love you every breff!"

was the creature perhaps dearest to her heart; but she loved them all, and talked and wrote of them with abandonment of rejoicing. Writing to her friend Mrs. Rogers, she says: "Little E. stayed with his 'granna,' who worships the ground he walks on, and counted every beat of his quick-fluttering little heart. Oh, I never meant, in my old age, to become subject to the thrall of a love like this; it is almost dreadful, so absorbing, so stirring down to the deeps. For the tiny creature is so old and wise and sweet, and so fascinating in his sturdy common sense and clear intelligence; and his affection for me is a wonderful, exquisite thing, the sweetest flower that has bloomed for me in all my life through."

Her enjoyment of art could not fade nor lose its keenness. Her life had been shut, as we have seen, into very narrow limits. She never had seen the city of New York, and life outside the circle we have described was an unknown world to her. She went to Europe once with her eldest brother, when he was ill, for three months, and she has left in her letters (portions of which will be published in a forthcoming volume) some striking descriptions of what she saw there; but her days were closely bounded by the necessities we have suggested. Nevertheless the great world of art was more to Celia Thaxter than to others; perhaps for the very reason that her mind was open and unjaded. Her rapture over the great players from England; her absolute agony, after seeing *The Cup* played by them in London, lest she could never, never tell the happiness it was to her, with Tennyson's words on her own tongue, as it were, to follow Miss Terry's perfect enunciation of the lines, — these enjoyments, true pleasures as indeed they are, did not lose their power over her.

Gilbert and Sullivan, too, could not have found a more amused admirer. Pinafore never grew stale for her, and her brothers yielded to her fancy. or

pleased it, by naming their little steamer Pinafore. She went to the theatre again and again to see this, and all the succeeding comedies by the same hands. She never seemed to weary of their fun.

But the poets were her great fountain of refreshment; "Siloa's brook" was her chief resort. Tennyson was her chosen master, and there were few of his lines she did not know by heart. Her feeling for nature was satisfied by the incomparable verses in which he portrays the divine light shining behind the life of natural things. How often have we heard her murmuring to herself,

"The wind sounds like a silver wire,"

or,

"To watch the emerald-colored water falling,"

or,

"Black as ash-buds on the front of March."

Whatever it might be she was observing, there was some line of this great interpreter of nature ready to make the moment melodious. Shakespeare's sonnets were also her close companions; indeed, she seized and retained a cloud of beautiful things in her trustworthily memory. They fed and cheered her on her singing way.

In the quiet loveliness of early summer, and before the tide of humanity swept down upon Appledore, she went for the last time, in June, 1894, with a small company of intimate friends, to revisit the different islands and the well-known haunts most dear to her. The days were still and sweet, and she lingered lovingly over the old places, telling the local incidents which occurred to her, and touching the whole with a fresh light. Perhaps she knew that it was a farewell; but if it had been revealed to her, she could not have been more tender and loving in her spirit to the life around her.

How suddenly it seemed at last that her days with us were ended! She had been listening to music, had been reading to her little company, had been delighting in one of Appleton Brown's new pictures, and then she laid her down to

sleep for the last time, and flitted away from her mortality.

The burial was at her island, on a quiet afternoon in the late summer. Her parlor, in which the body lay, was again made radiant, after her own custom, with the flowers from her garden, and a bed of sweet bay was prepared by her friends Appleton Brown and Childe Hassam, on which her form was laid.

William Mason once more played the music from Schumann which she chiefly loved, and an old friend, James De Normandie, paid a brief tribute of affection, spoken for all those who surrounded her. She was borne by her brothers and those nearest to her up to the silent spot where her body was left.

The day was still and soft, and the

veiled sun was declining as the solemn procession, bearing flowers, followed to the sacred place. At a respectful distance above stood a wide ring of interested observers, but only those who knew her and loved her best drew near. After all was done, and the body was at rest upon the fragrant bed prepared for it, the young flower-bearers brought their burdens to cover her. The bright, tear-stained faces of those who held up their arms full of flowers, to be heaped upon the spot until it became a mound of blossoms, allied the scene, in beauty and simplicity, to the solemn rites of antiquity.

It was indeed a poet's burial, but it was far more than that: it was the celebration of the passing of a large and beneficent soul.

Annie Fields.

THREE ENGLISH NOVELS.

THE ingenuous lover of pictures for their interesting qualities is often disconcerted by being told that he admires them for inferior virtues; that they are to be praised only for the excellence of their technique; indeed, that deficiency in this particular cannot be offset by any skill in mere story-telling, and a high degree of technical expertness may dispense with merits which any one can perceive. And inasmuch as painting supposes an art that has arcana, the humble spectator accepts this dictum; he may even give a hesitating assent to the same criterion of poetry, but he is bold to deny it when a similar assertion is made respecting prose fiction. What! may a story fail to be very interesting, and yet be praiseworthy on the ground of its artistic quality? It is conceivable that a reader, untrained in analysis of pleasure, may miss an adequate recognition of the art which has constructed the tale; but can there be any supreme artistic value

to a story which compensates for its failure to arrest and hold the attention of the reader?

The answer would have to wait on one's definition of a story. In truth, the literature of fiction has become so comprehensive, and holds so undeniable a position as outranking all other forms, that all sorts of creative minds are drawn into the production of it, and each contributes of his own highest gift. He may, for example, not be a born storyteller, but have a natural gift for buffoonery, and so he plays his pranks in the guise of fiction. He may be a reformer; but unadulterated reform is not greatly in demand, so he charges a story with this particular form of gas. In the Elizabethan era he would have been a dramatist; in the Victorian he writes novels which are praised for their dramatic qualities. Perhaps the time may come when the highest literary achievement will be held to be an exquisitely worded

monologue, sweeping into its capacious circle such a criticism of life as shall convince by its intuitive truthfulness, and charm by its fit expression. Should that time come, we can fancy an historian of literature pointing out how much George Meredith was hampered by the conditions of nineteenth-century taste which prescribed the novel as the almost universal form of literary art. He was not a novelist of necessity, such an historian might say; internal impulse did not force him into this mould; he was a novelist by choice and by the pressure of circumstance, and consequently belongs among the men of genius who require something little short of genius on the part of others to recognize the special qualities which really distinguish them. If he had been a painter, painters would have discussed his merits with enthusiasm in their studios, but they would have found it hard to translate their praises into the dialect of the uninitiated.

No one can be truly great in his art when the verdict constantly is, How splendidly he does it! And that is the verdict one may pronounce on Lord Ormont and his *Aminta*.¹ There are passages in it which stir one by their appeal to intellectual admiration, but these are not, for the most part, the passages which mark critical points in the development of the drama; they are pungent reflections on the natural history of man. Now and then the brilliant writing coincides with some momentous turn in the fortunes of the characters, as in the famous swimming scene, which will next century be in all the prose anthologies, and be of just as much worth there as in the story itself; but the reader is not inspired by Meredith's nervous language so as to realize to himself more perfectly the figures and scenes; he is quite as likely to forget Lord Ormont, *Aminta*, Matthew Weyburn, or even Lady Char-

lotte Eglett, the best modeled figure of the lot, and fix his attention on the wit and eloquence of George Meredith.

The most enduring impression left upon the mind, after reading this book, is the somewhat elusive one of Meredith's own attitude toward the story he has undertaken to tell. In but one case does he appear to take any pains to give speech to the speaker after his kind. At the end of the story, when Giulio Calliani is introduced, he makes an effort to convey some notion of the Italian's jerky, un-English style of conversation; yet even here he seems not wholly to avoid the air of its all being in the third person. That is the characteristic of the entire book. The people come and go; now and then they speak to one another, but after all it is in the third person. Mr. Meredith had a story to tell; he was interested in the persons who were to carry on the action of the story, but his interest was a literary, philosophical sort of interest, and the result is that the reader seems always to be overhearing Mr. Meredith talking to himself; the story gets out in an allusive, inferential sort of fashion, and inasmuch as he quickly comes to be more interested in Mr. Meredith than in Mr. Meredith's creations, he does not greatly complain if the confidential talk which Mr. Meredith is carrying on with himself drowns the voices of the people on the stage.

Yet when one has thus amused himself with the author of this brilliant book, and has admired his epigrammatic criticism of life, he comes back to a world which cannot be shut up in an epigram, and asks whether after all Mr. Meredith has, in the story itself, passed a sound, wholesome, calm, and enduring judgment upon human nature. For the story has to do with some tolerably fundamental conditions. Matthew Weyburn, when a schoolboy, with a capacity for admiration, at once makes a hero of Lord Ormont, a sort of sulking Achilles of an Englishman, and fixes his young

¹ *Lord Ormont and his Aminta*. By GEORGE MEREDITH. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1894.

love upon Aminta Farrell, a handsome schoolgirl in the neighborhood. These two meet again a few years later, when Weyburn, revolving plans for an international school which is to produce men on the English pattern, is secretary to his lordship, and Aminta is Lady Ormont; really so, but, through a whim of Lord Ormont's, not publicly given her place. Aminta, rebelling against her false position, makes an effort to force her husband to give her her rights, but instead is thrust back into her anomalous relation. Meanwhile, constant association with her quondam schoolboy lover has done for her what might have been done freely had not this marital bond existed. Her starved soul is fed, and at last the two leave England behind them; not like a guilty pair, — quite the contrary: they are setting out for, not from paradise. They set up the school where honor is to be taught! and in the end Lord Ormont commits to their keeping his grand-nephew.

Such, stripped of all sophistry, is the story upon which Mr. Meredith has expended his wit and eloquence. There is a refinement of lust in literature which sets forth unholy situations so delicately that the reader at first hardly knows that he has been poisoned, but the poison works nevertheless. Mr. Meredith has scarcely quickened the pulse of the most sensitive reader by this narrative; he effectually arrests inflammation by a constant use of cooling draughts of philosophy. But he relies for his power on his penetration of conduct, his analysis of human nature, his art of translating good and evil into the terms of the epigrammatist's art; and we do not hesitate to say that the triumph of Weyburn and Aminta is an offense against laws to which the mightiest artists are most humbly obedient. Fancy Shakespeare, or Dante, or Walter Scott making this dance of death lead up to a virtuous schoolhouse in Switzerland!

It is another sort of problem in art

which presents itself to us in Mr. Hall Caine's latest novel.¹ We are accustomed to the minute use which he makes of the little territory of the Isle of Man, and are quite ready to admit that there are advantages in circumscribing one's figures. An island is a good geographical foundation for a novel which intends a cosmic bit of art. Shakespeare knew the use of an island when he wrote *The Tempest*, and so did Defoe when he wrote *Robinson Crusoe*. The very name, moreover, the Isle of Man, is full of suggestion; it has a Bunyan-like significance, and Mr. Caine thus may be pardoned if he clings to his isolated scrap of earth when he would tell of ambition which aspires to the deemster's place, passion which sacrifices friendship, and retribution which follows hard upon the short joys of forbidden love. If Mr. Meredith is primarily an artist so enamored of his fine phrases that he neglects the substantial truth of human nature which can make them endure, Mr. Caine is primarily a moralist so possessed by the intricate errancies of the human conscience that he turns life into a pathological clinic, and practices vivisection on men and women for whom in his heart he has a most earnest affection.

In this story of *The Manxman* he is at his best and at his worst. The plot is not a very involved one. The leading characters are put on their feet early in the story, and though the reader does not foresee every one of the complications in their relations, he perceives clearly enough what their separate natures will work out. The strength of Mr. Caine's hold on the great laws of human life is well shown. There is something Hebraic in his conception of the generations of men, the sins of the fathers visited upon the children, and there is an inevitableness about conclusions which is like the inevitableness of a Greek drama; but the waverings, the ebb and flow of

¹ *The Manxman*. A Novel. By HALL CAINE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1894.

minor currents, the torture of doubt, the alternation of resolute purpose and drifting, — all this is illustrative of a temper neither Hebraic nor Greek, but essentially modern and analytic. The terrible fascinates Mr. Caine, but still more does he delight in forecasting the terrible, and watching every deflection from the straight road which leads from the simple beginning to the complex but sure end. If the subtle pursuit of the human soul through all its windings and turnings were not controlled by an awful sense of judgment to come, if it were accompanied, for example, by a delight in evil, we should have what is not uncommon in this age of morbid fiction, an inflammatory, pestilential book. The *Manxman* is free from this blot, but is it, for all that, a work of art to be admired?

No, for it lacks a prime quality in its treatment of sin and its consequences; it is unreserved and it is tedious. Mr. Caine's conception of his subject, as we have said, is strong; it is comprehensive, too, and faithful to the movements of human life; but he seems to forget that great art in such subjects is swift, not ruminative. He accumulates details; he builds up his story bit by bit, and elaborates each successive scene with such a multitude of touches that he exhausts himself and his reader. Though none of the details is foreign from the story, and each contributes its mite, the strong effect of the central theme is frittered away. It is as if a man having to build a stone wall should select with infinite pains all the pebbles he could find and lay his wall with them, — a wall which, when completed, should be true in line and properly proportioned, but wearisome to the eye from the demand it made in its individual parts. We think few books afford so melancholy an example of the tendency of current fiction to pathological excess for here is a writer of normally healthy mind who cannot resist the temptation to follow his characters step by step through the inner chambers

of their being, and to drag his readers along with him.

It is like issuing from a gloomy forest with a great deal of underbrush into a sunny pasture, to pass from *The Manxman* to *Trilby*.¹ The lightness, joyousness, of this book, its pleasure in itself, are heightened by contrast with the introspection, the heavy sense of the pressure upon life, even the forced gayety, which mark so much of current fiction. It is no wonder that people have been captivated by it. On the title-page of the book the author has drawn a messenger on horseback stopping suddenly in a dashing ride, with hands extended and head thrown up, and underneath is written, —

“Aux nouvelles que j'apporte,
Vos beaux yeux vont pleurer;”

and as a sort of motto to the book he has written on a flyleaf, —

“Hélas! Je sais un chant d'amour,
Triste et gai, tour à tour!”

It is this April-day character of the book which unquestionably sets the reader's pulse quickening, and hurries him headlong over the dancing pages. The spontaneity, which does not always take heed even of good English, sweeps away judgment as one reads; one simply abandons one's self to the book, and only fears he may not keep up with the author's pace. The quick transition from tears to laughter, and from laughter back to tears, gives no time for reflection. Out comes the sun, and we close our umbrellas; a sudden cloud, a downpour, and up go our umbrellas again.

And what is the story? What is the bottom fact on which the whole rests? Ah, that is what one asks when he sees the juggler pulling yards and yards of bright ribbon out of a hat, setting birds flying from an empty birdcage, and performing other feats which one looks at with a vain attempt to escape his delusive action and penetrate the mystery of the

¹ *Trilby*. A Novel. By GEORGE DU MAURIER. With Illustrations by the Author. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1894.

sleight of hand. Mr. Du Maurier has practiced the black art of this polite end of the nineteenth century. He has juggled with hypnotism. While psychologists are experimenting with this occult force, and coming out of their laboratories from time to time with partial results, thinking perhaps to give it a therapeutic turn, or to account by means of it for mob action and other half-understood vagaries of human nature, our trifling novelist and artist gayly possesses himself of the secret of the whole matter, and applies it to the life of that loveliest object in nature, a maiden stepping over the threshold of womanhood. If one were in a mocking mood, he might point to *Trilby* and say to the professional psychologists: This is what your discoveries in hypnotism are demonstrating: the effacement of nice, old-fashioned distinctions of human responsibility; the eradication of those roots of evil which we used to think, and which Mr. Hall Caine still believes, strike terribly deep into the life of generations.

Is then *Trilby* an offense against morals? Rather, we are inclined to say, it is, so far as it can be made, an unmoral book, a nineteenth-century fairy tale for grown men and women. In the fairy tales which have sucked up the elemental truths of the race, there is, properly speaking, no right and no wrong; there is the play of all those animal propensities which find individual expression in the cunning of the fox, the strength of the

lion, the fidelity of the dog, and, translated into human terms, embrace, so to speak, those qualities of character which we sometimes style instinctive, natural emotions and passions, ungoverned as yet by the Conscience. But Mr. Du Maurier cannot wholly unseat this judge. What he does is to divert the magistrate's attention from the subjects which usually occupy him when such a character as *Trilby* is presented to notice, and direct him to the apparent irresponsibility of a beautiful, lovable nature, brought finally to an end which forces tears to the eyes of Conscience.

It is of slight consequence that one should try to predict the length of life of a popular favorite like *Trilby*, and yet prophecy has its twofold attribute of fore-telling and forth-telling. That the grace, the *bonhomie*, of the book will appeal to another generation depends, we think, on how far another generation will be as tired as ours is of the fiction which wrestles with all the problems of life, or which plays the part of devil's advocate. That the story of *Trilby* will continue to fascinate will depend on two facts: how far hypnotism becomes a commonplace of human experience; and how far writers of fiction come again to a sense of the sweetness, the strength, and the enduring power which reside in the pictures of life and character that are obedient to a finely sensitive perception of the everlasting beauty of purity in man and woman.

RECENT TRANSLATIONS FROM THE CLASSICS.

MR. GLADSTONE'S latest volume¹ is interesting not only because it furnishes fresh proof of his versatility and of the ease with which cultivated Englishmen

¹ *The Odes of Horace*. Translated into English by W. E. GLADSTONE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1894.

wear their learning, but also because it illustrates so admirably the singular attraction that has been exercised by Horace over men of affairs, from the days of Mæcenas to our own. Horace and the Budget would seem to be a queer combination, yet many prime ministers

have owned to a peculiar weakness for the ease-loving bard. And one connects them not merely with Horace, but with special Odes. Pitt and the "*Tyrhena regum*" (iii. 29) are inseparable in the mind of any true Horatian. Sir Robert Peel hardly sorts so well with his favorite "*Donec gratus eram*" (iii. 9); but surely few Englishmen or Americans will hereafter be able to read the "*Cælotonantem*" (iii. 5) without remembering that it was to Mr. Gladstone "the great Ode of Regulus, the loftiest in the whole collection." In giving to the world, then, a complete translation of the Odes, the ex-Premier has not departed from the traditions of the office he so honorably laid down; he has rather accentuated them.

The literary traditions that affect a writer and his subject are not, however, matters of prime importance to a reviewer. It is an interesting fact that a scholarly statesman has given us in his old age an elaborate translation in verse of a portion of the works of a great classical poet; but we are more nearly concerned with the question how far these latest renderings of an author who has been the despair of former translators may be regarded as adequate or needed.

Mr. Gladstone himself naturally glances at this question in his preface. He recognizes that the chief note of his versions is their compression, and that in this particular he must bear comparison with Professor Conington. Although he does not mention Sir Theodore Martin by name, it is evident that he justly regards the latter's almost intolerable diffuseness as a quality that makes him rank rather as a fairly successful paraphraser than as a satisfying translator. The rivalry of Francis was not to be feared, because of the fact that each age has its own way of interpreting a classic, nor that of the late Lord Lytton, because, in the present state of English feeling with regard to the use of unrhymed measures in lyric poetry, his

rhymeless versions can be looked at in the light of experiments only. Such, we imagine, were Mr. Gladstone's thoughts when he deliberately coupled his own work with that of Conington, and concluded that the latter's partial success did not preclude another venture along similar lines.

In this conclusion we think he has been justified. His diction is, on the whole, more evenly sustained than that of Conington, his verse movement is easier, his tendency to lapse into prose is not so pronounced. The versions of neither strike one as being the work of a born poet, but the statesman seems to have absorbed more *afflatus* from his lifelong study of poetry than did the Oxford professor. On the other hand, it must be said that Mr. Gladstone falls more frequently than Conington into the delusion that paraphrase can take the place of translation; but he has avoided Conington's error of attempting to use a particular English stanza for every rendering of a special Latin one. He has, for example, too much reverence for Horace and too much consideration for his own readers to give the Regulus Ode in commonplace octosyllabic quatrains. With all its deficiencies, his volume is, perhaps, the best attempt that any Englishman has made to translate the Odes as a whole; but it sets a much-diluted Horace before us, and leaves abundant room for other essays to achieve the impossible.

Singularly enough, Mr. Gladstone appears to be at his best in the lighter Odes, as for instance in the "*Ne sit ancillæ*" (ii. 4), which is admirably rendered. In the graver Odes he does not appear to advantage, not even in his favorite tribute to Regulus, in the translation of which he has been far surpassed by Mr. Goldwin Smith. One would hardly infer this fact from a general knowledge of Mr. Gladstone's character. He ought, it would seem, to touch the panegyrist of Augustus rather than

the counselor in love of Xanthias Phœceus. But perhaps our disappointment results from our conscious or unconscious requirement that the nobly sustained thought, diction, and rhythm of the original shall be fairly matched in the translation, — a requirement that can be satisfied only by a translator who is at the same time, like Shelley, an inspired poet. No writer, for example, whose main concern has been with prose is likely to command sufficient metrical felicity and variety to render Horace with eminent success. Mr. Gladstone has proved no exception to this rule. He has allowed himself to be seduced by the fatal facility of our octosyllabics no less than fifty-one times. Doubtless his laudable attempts at compression are partly responsible for this error, just as they are responsible for not a little of his tendency to paraphrase; but, excuse him as we may, the fact remains that in spite of many excellent lines, and even whole stanzas, in spite of the careful polish that has been given to every verse, there are scarcely six of the Odes that he can be said to have rendered, as wholes, in a conspicuously successful manner. It is only when he is considered as a translator of the Odes in their entirety, and when he is compared with his predecessors, that any praise that is worth the having can be given him. And yet, when all is said, the versatility and scholarship of the writer, and the modesty of the man who, great in himself, has nevertheless spent no inconsiderable portion of his closing years in preparing a worthy tribute to the greatness of another, triumph over his deficiencies as a poet, and one closes his volume with genuine respect.

Mr. Goldwin Smith is another versatile and scholarly Englishman who solaces the evening of his days by en-

deavoring to interpret to his native and adopted countrymen the classical favorites of his youth.¹ He is not as bold and enamored of hard work as Mr. Gladstone, however; for it is a much easier task to translate three volumes of selections, following one's preferences and moods, and passing by what does not appeal to one, than to attempt to give a conscientious account of every line and stanza of a fairly prolific author. Mr. Smith has a further advantage over Mr. Gladstone in that he is not bound by any theory of poetical translation that might not be accepted by a poetical paraphraser. He believes that "it is hardly possible that any but a free translation can be the semblance of an equivalent for the poetry of the original. A literal translation, as a rule, can only be a fetter dance." With such a theory of translation, Mr. Gladstone could probably have completed his Horace in about a fourth of the time actually consumed.

Whatever one may think of Mr. Smith's theory, which has allowed him to consider the *ottava rima* as a fair equivalent for the hexameters of Lucretius, one must be thankful that he has so consistently acted up to his main principle, that a translation of a poem should aim above all at being poetical. It is long since we have read a volume of verse translations that has given us as much pleasure as Bay Leaves. Freedom has not, in Mr. Smith's case, become license, nor has our familiarity with him as a prose writer prevented us from at times believing that we have been reading the work of a real poet. Especially good are the versions of three or four of the best known Odes of Catullus, and that of the "*Cælo tonantem*" of Horace, of which mention has been made.

In his *Specimens of Greek Tragedy*²

¹ *Bay Leaves*. Translations from the Latin Poets by GOLDWIN SMITH, D. C. L. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

² *Specimens of Greek Tragedy*. Translated

by GOLDWIN SMITH, D. C. L. In two volumes. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

Mr. Smith does not please us so much. It is true that the selections have been well made, and that the labor of translation has been conscientiously performed. Unfortunately, however, blank verse is necessarily the prevailing measure, and blank verse furnishes a test that few poetical translators and few original poets can stand. The cloven hoof of the prosaist, if we may be pardoned the metaphor, begins to show here, plainly, if not alarmingly. Mr. Smith's blank verse is correct, but undistinguished. We read it without great difficulty, but we are not disposed to resent an interruption that compels us to lay the volumes down. Now, the great dramas of Greece cannot be adequately rendered, in whole or in part, in mediocre blank verse, and one has but to contrast Mr. Smith's selections from the Agamemnon with the corresponding passages of Fitzgerald's noble version to feel that there are as many different grades in the hierarchy of poetical translators as there are in that of the poets themselves. Yet it is pleasant to believe that Mr. Smith's labors have not been in vain, for his volumes must prove serviceable and gratifying to many people who are debarred from enjoying the original dramas, and have not time to read complete translations; and it is more than a pleasure, it is a duty, to thank him for his charming selections from a body of poets who, if inferior to Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, are nevertheless well worthy of our study and our love.

We have indicated above the class of readers to whom, in our opinion, Mr. Goldwin Smith's more elaborate work is likely to prove valuable and attractive. This leads us to ask whether the general public makes as much use as it might of translations such as those under review, and whether the educational world is fully alive to their importance. There is always, of course, a small circle of cultivated folk to take an interest in such works, but the interest is of a rather

artificial kind. Nothing like complete success is expected of the translator, and his readers are simply mildly curious to learn how he will deal with a problem before which so many have succumbed. Such persons, too, knowing the original well, often read merely to pick flaws and to show their own erudition. The public at large, meanwhile, is profoundly oblivious of the fact that a new translation of a classical or foreign poet has appeared, even if it is dimly conscious of the existence of the original poet. If Mr. Gladstone's volume meets with a different reception, it will be owing to the unique personality of the translator, and not to any widespread interest taken in his work *per se*.

Now, although it is generally useless, or worse than useless, to rail at the public for its neglect of the classics, even the classics of our own language, like Spenser and Milton, it may not be improper to ask whether this state of things cannot be changed for the better. Surely, if men like Shelley, Longfellow, Fitzgerald, Bayard Taylor, Goldwin Smith, and Mr. Gladstone think it worth their while to serve their countrymen as translators, it is worth the while of every critic and teacher, of every man who can influence the reading public, to lose no opportunity of extolling the dignity of the translator's function, and of inculcating the value of these easy and pleasant methods of access to the great spirits of other lands and ages. Of course this has been done in part, and there has been of late a noticeable increase in the appearance and use of translations, chiefly in prose. But it is questionable whether the dignity of the translator's function is yet fully appreciated, and the mass of readers can surely stand more instruction as to the importance of adequate translations.

But we are inclined to think that the educational world has been little behind the unlettered public in its disregard of the value of scholarly translations. In

how many school or college classes in this country, now engaged in reading Horace, is Mr. Gladstone's volume likely to be critically discussed? One would fancy that the average student laboring over the "*Ne sit ancillæ*" would derive more pleasure and profit from having Mr. Gladstone's version of the Ode read him than from being asked to explain the special nature of the dative "*pudori*." Mr. Gladstone appeals to the imaginations of most of us, old or young; dative cases do not; yet how a student can derive much lasting benefit from poetical studies in which his imagination is not continually stimulated passes our comprehension. But will many of the teachers who may think it the correct thing to purchase Mr. Gladstone's volume forbear to have a single dative passed by, that they may find time to read and comment on their new acquisition? From a long and painful experience of the methods of teaching the classics in this country we trow not. Perhaps these methods are responsible in part for the fact that it is not the work of a retired American statesman that we are recommending to our teachers.

Again, we wonder how many instructors will endeavor to supplant the wretched prose version of Horace, from which it is plain that their students are cribbing, by advising the judicious use of Mr. Gladstone's volume? Translations, especially of the classical poets, are often necessities to conscientious students, whatever teachers may say to the contrary; but they are generally necessary merely to give a hint as to the sense of a difficult passage. Good students (and we need speak of such only) are often repelled by bald prose versions, and they have a natural hesitation at using helps not sanctioned by their instructors. To such students the open recommendation of a work like that of Mr. Gladstone would come as a godsend. The mere handling of a book associated with so great a name would act as an inspiration which they

are not likely to derive from the prose version most frequently in use, even though that "*well of English*" defiled is connected with the author of *The Song of David*, with Dr. Johnson's prayerful friend, Kit Smart.

There is, however, another class of teachers who might be expected to make greater use of poetical translations. Teachers of rhetoric and prosody might, in our opinion, find them highly serviceable in their work. There would seem to be no better way, for example, of emphasizing the value of a poetic epithet than by pointing out how its omission by a translator has marred his version. Indeed, the whole topic of poetic diction might be admirably illustrated by a skillful comparison of original and translation, and so of other topics. The obvious difficulty arising from the fact that some students are sure to be more or less ignorant of the language of the original could at least be minimized by the teacher's writing out a literal translation of the passage undergoing analysis.

The use of poetical translations by classes studying prosody is equally important. A discussion of the reasons why the translator chose a particular measure to render his original will bring out the subtle nature of the connection between form and content better, it would seem, than the discussion of any original poem, because we can have no knowledge of the archetypal model the poet proposed to himself, whereas we do have a knowledge of the model the translator followed. Then, again, in the actual practice of verse-making, what better method can be pursued than to furnish the student with the original poem, a literal translation and a metrical translation, and bid him endeavor either to frame a new version or to improve upon the one given him?

But we have wandered somewhat far afield from Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Goldwin Smith, who, although they

must have been constantly reminded of their own boyhood during the progress of their labors. doubtless had slight idea that it would ever be proposed to call

them in to aid in the education of youth, or, in other words, to enlist them in the rapidly swelling army of textbook writers.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Books for the Young. Harper's Young People for 1894 is a comely volume of 888 pages, with pictures sprinkled in so freely that we guess there are more than 888 of them. Fiction predominates, but ingenuity also is given a fair show, and the telephone, the bicycle, the bicycle boat, and aerial boats, kites, and the like, are described and illustrated. In the nature of things, boys seem to be more regarded in this particular than girls. — St. Nicholas has attained its majority, for the two parts for the year 1894 constitute the twenty-first volume. Kipling, Stockton, Miss Wilkins, Mrs. Dodge, Miss Cone, Stedman, Cable, Boyesen, Susan Coolidge, Mrs. Wiggin, Mark Twain, and a very large number of lesser lights (though children are not much affected by our distinctions of reputation) make up a varied miscellany, illustrated by Birch, Beard, Palmer Cox, F. S. Church, Oliver Herford, and many others. (The Century Co.) — The Story of a Bad Boy, by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Illustrated by A. B. Frost. (Houghton.) It must have been a pleasure to illustrate this book, for the writer is a true artist, and in making his own vivid pictures of boyhood he did what every artist does, stimulated, not satisfied the imagination; so that Mr. Frost, in taking up his pencil, could scarcely help catching an impulse from his author. The spirit in which he has added his touch is excellent, and the book ought to be sent on to a new generation with a fresh access of good will. — Robinson Crusoe has been published in the Children's Library (Macmillan, New York; T. Fisher Unwin, London), in an inexpensive but serviceable style. It is well printed, and Cruikshank's familiar illustrations are reproduced. The story has been slightly modified by "the sparing excision of now needless or irrelevant matter." As is usual, the volume includes only the First Adventures.

— The Land of Pluck, by Mary Mapes Dodge. (The Century Co.) Mrs. Dodge's vivacious and cheerful Dutch studies, which appeared a few years ago in *The Riverside*, and afterwards in *St. Nicholas*, have been expanded to twice their original length, and now fill about a third of this book. From them children will get a more vivid idea of Holland and the Hollanders, past and present, than from many more serious and elaborate lucubrations, and some of the illustrations will prove a material help thereto. Nearly a score of stories and sketches, now first collected, complete the book. — The same publishers bring out *When Life is Young*, a charming volume of poems and rhymes by Mrs. Dodge, nearly all of which have already given pleasure to the large clientele of *St. Nicholas*. — Hope Benham, by Nora Perry. (Little, Brown & Co.) A pleasantly written story for girls, refined and unsensational in tone, and also steadily interesting. It should be gratefully noted that the writer is old-fashioned enough to bestow upon her youthful heroine parents quite capable of taking care of themselves, and of their daughter as well, and that the young *dramatis personae* of the tale are regarded as still in a state of pupillage, — or if not, it is to their own detriment. Favorable mention should be made of Mr. F. T. Merrill's illustrations. — Czar and Sultan, the Adventures of a British Lad in the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-78, by Archibald Forbes. (Scribners.) Mr. Forbes has not succeeded in imparting much vitality to the British lad who is supposed to tell the tale, or to the fictitious incidents introduced on his behalf. But though the imaginary portion of the narrative hampers rather than helps the author, he has given a very vigorous and graphic history of the Russo-Turkish war, using as material some of his own personal experi-

ences, and also those of his "brilliant colleagues, Messrs. MacGahan and Millet," with the aid of various authoritative memoirs and reminiscences. The work has a distinct value as a compact, vivid, and doubtless, as far as may be, an impartial account of the conflict. — *Things Will Take a Turn*, by Beatrice Harraden. (Scribners.) The success of the writer's later works has brought us this revised edition of a tale first published five or six years ago. The earlier part of the story — the picture of the second-hand book shop, the poor old scholar, its master, and his bright, helpful granddaughter — is charming; but as the tale goes on, the older reader discovers that the incidents are of the most threadbare sort, and the general effect ultra-conventional rather than natural. But these objections will be of small moment to little girl readers, who will probably find the book fairly entertaining from beginning to end. But its revival was hardly worth while. — *When Molly Was Six*, by Eliza Orne White. (Houghton.) A record of a day in each month of Molly's seventh year, told with charming grace and naturalness. It is a genuine little girl's book, something to be noted in these days of miniature novels, and studies of, not for, children. The grown-up folk, who will probably often be called upon to read it, will also find their pleasure in its freshness, delicacy, and gentle humor. — *Pushing to the Front, or, Success under Difficulties*, by Orison Swett Marden. (Houghton.) The author calls his book further, on the title-page, "A book of inspiration and encouragement to all who are struggling for self-elevation along the paths of knowledge and of duty," and he illustrates it with twenty-four portraits. The volume belongs in a well-known class, of which Smiles's *Self-Help* was perhaps the most conspicuous pioneer. With a great multitude of anecdotes, Mr. Marden enforces the lessons of patience, perseverance, enthusiasm, energy, cheerfulness, resolution, pluck, and all the virtues which go to make up character and success. For it is to be observed that he does not hold up material success and prosperity as the goal to be reached, but has much more in mind the making of men. A fusillade of maxims and pithy sayings is kept up from first to last; and though one anecdote may expel another, and the life of one strong

man achieving success in spite of difficulties is likely to be more inspiring than a gross of anecdotes, there are, no doubt, natures which will be stimulated by this cheerful, energetic book. — *Brother Against Brother, or, The War on the Border*, by Oliver Optic. (Lee & Shepard.) This volume begins a new series by its multitudinous author, *The Blue and Gray, on Land*, — a series which is to include six volumes, the first of which is a Border State tale. — *The Fables of Æsop, Selected, Told Anew, and their History Traced*, by Joseph Jacobs. Done into Pictures by Richard Heighway. (Macmillan.) — *Bible Stories for Young People. Illustrated. By a Dozen Well-Known Clergymen and Women Writers.* (Harpers.) — *Artful Anticks*, by Oliver Herford. Rhymes and pictures. (The Century Co.) — *The Butterfly Hunters in the Caribbees*, by Dr. Eugene Murray-Aaron. (Scribners.) — *The Lost Canyon of the Toltecs, an Account of Strange Adventures in Central America*, by Charles Sumner Seeley. (McClurg.) — *Parables from Nature*, by Mrs. Alfred Gatty. Illustrated by Paul de Longpré. The two series are here given with delicate illustrations. (Putnams.) — *Donald Marcy*, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. (Houghton.) — *The Making of Virginia and the Middle Colonies, 1578-1701*, by Samuel Adams Drake. With many illustrations and maps. (Scribners.) — *Melody*, by Laura E. Richards. (Roberts.) The story of a child, by the author of *Captain January*. — *The Boy Captain*, by Captain Nautilus. (C. Eldridge, Chicago.)

Poetry. The Poetical Works of Robert Browning. (Macmillan.) The sixteen volumes of Browning's poems, issued by his English publishers, Smith, Elder & Co., are imported by Macmillans, two volumes bound in one, and thus set forth in eight volumes. To this they have added a ninth volume, containing Asolando, and Biographical and Historical Notes to the Poems, alphabetically arranged. These notes are for the most part brief, and in many instances simply reproduce information of the sort to be obtained in classical or biographical dictionaries. The page of the poems is a clear one, and there is a general index of titles, and an index to first lines of the shorter poems. — *The Poetic and Dramatic Works of Robert Browning.* (Houghton.) This edition, in six volumes, contains the com-

plete works of Browning. It is issued by Browning's authorized American publishers. It might be bound six volumes in three, but it is not. A full volume of elaborate studies covering Browning's poems, and explicatory of names and obscurities, by George Willis Cooke, accompanies the edition. The page of the poems is a clear one, and there are two indexes, one of titles and the other of all first lines. For convenience of students, both forms of Pauline are given, the first and the final revised one. — A second edition has been published of *The Olive and the Pine*, a collection of poems by Martha Perry Lowe. (Lothrop.) The contrast is in subjects drawn from Spain and from New England. If it would be fair to speak of poetry as old-fashioned, the term might be pleasantly applied to this volume. — *Hannibal and Katharina*, a Drama in Five Acts, by Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. Fife-Cookson. (Putnams.) This drama walks along with occasional quickening of the pace. — *Un-guarded Gates, and Other Poems*, by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. (Houghton.) — *The Torch-Bearers*, by Arlo Bates. (Roberts.) — *Songs from Dreamland*, by May Kendall. (Longmans.) — *Poems, New and Old*, by William Roscoe Thayer. (Houghton.) — *Selections from the Poems of Aubrey De Vere*, edited, with a Preface, by George Edward Woodberry. (Macmillan.) — *In Russet and Silver*, by Edmund Gosse. (Stone & Kimball, Chicago.) — *Narragansett Ballads, with Songs and Lyrics*, by Caroline Hazard. (Houghton.) — *Sonnets of the Wingless Hours*, by Eugene Lee-Hamilton. (Stone & Kimball.) — *Arthur O'Shaughnessy, his Life and his Work, with Selections from his Poems*, by Louise Chandler Moulton. (Stone & Kimball.) — *Balder the Poet, and Other Verses*, by George Herbert Stockbridge. (Putnams.) — *Duck Creek Ballads*, by John Henton Carter. (H. C. Nixon, New York.) — *Dramatic Poems*, by William Entriiken Baily. (The Author, Philadelphia.) — *Quintets, and Other Verses*, by William Henry Thorne. (The Author, 100 Washington St., Chicago.) — *The Aztecs*, by Walter Warren. (The Arena Publishing Co., Boston.) — *The Story of Portus, and Songs of the Southland*, by Mary H. Leonard. (Charles Wells Moulton, Buffalo.) — *My Garden Walk*, by William Preston Johnston. (F. F. Hansell & Bro., New Orleans.) — *The Medea of Euripides*, translated from the Greek

into English Verse by John Patterson. (John P. Morton & Co., Louisville, Ky.) — *Dixie Poems*, by Orie Bower. (The Bower Book Co., Denver, Colo.) — *The Land of Heart's Desire*, by W. B. Yeats. (Stone & Kimball.) — *Rhymes by Two Friends*, Albert Bigelow Paine and William Allen White. (M. L. Izor & Son, Fort Scott, Kansas.) — *A Light Through the Storm*, by Charles A. Keeler. (William Doxey, San Francisco.) — *Elsie, and Other Poems*, by Robert Beverly Hale. (R. B. Hale & Co., Boston.) — *Back Country Poems*, by Sam Walter Foss. (Lee & Shepard.) — *Odes, and Other Poems*, by William Watson. (Macmillan.)

Fine Arts and Illustrated Books. Frederick Keppel & Co., New York, publish an admirable portrait of Lord Tennyson etched by Rajon. It was taken when the poet was seventy years old, before the fire had died down, and he had apparently covered himself from view with his big slouch hat. The head is a noble one, and the delicacy and freshness of the complexion, the alertness of expression, and the dignity of the figure are superbly rendered. The texture, too, of the drapery is given with most effective skill. This portrait must remain an ideal, but not idealized representation of the poet. — The *Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine*, from May to October, 1894 (The Century Co.), appears to gravitate toward the position of a magazine of art accompanied by good text. In this view we look with a little apprehension upon its use of half-tone reproductions. — *Greek Vase Paintings, a Selection of Examples*, with Preface, Introduction, and Descriptions, by J. E. Harrison and D. S. MacCall. (Fisher Unwin, London; The Century Co., New York.) There are forty-three large plates taken from objects preserved in the British Museum, at Munich, Naples, Florence, Paris, and other places, including Baltimore. Miss Harrison's introduction is, like all her work, spirited and direct, and neither the artist nor the student of Greek archaeology will be likely to overlook a volume which helps to reconstruct Greek painting and design to the modern eye. — *Italian Gardens*, by Charles A. Platt. (Harpers.) In this most attractive volume, Mr. Platt, using a great number of plates, both from photographs of existing gardens in Italy and from historic works describing them, has given a clear and methodical account of gardens which

belong to a period of Italian landscape gardening which produced a distinct school. We hope he will follow this interesting study with an inquiry into the adaptation of our own gardens to the demands of villas which are themselves copies of Italian villas. — *The Masters and Masterpieces of Engraving*, by Willis O. Chapin. Illustrated with sixty engravings and heliogravures. (Harpers.) This is a work of great beauty, and the beauty is in large part due to the excellence of the printing. The reproductions are clear where steel engravings or the early engravings on wood are copied by the heliogravure process, and the woodcuts are printed with great brilliancy. Besides the survey which these give of the several processes of engraving, the designs themselves have distinct beauty, for the most part, and excellent taste has been shown in the selection. The text is modest, and not overburdened with technicalities. The book indeed is addressed to the layman rather than to the professional artist. — *American Book-Plates, a Guide to their Study, with Examples*, by Charles Dexter Allen. With a Bibliography by Eben Newell Hewins. (Macmillan.) A very full and careful index renders this book one easy of access, though a lover of books for their own sake, not their author's, will not consult the index at first, but turn the pages with increasing interest as he advances from those plates which mainly represent family pride in coats-of-arms to those which stand for individual taste and caprice. Here one is admitted to the shelves of gatherers of books who are artists in their way, and we are much mistaken if this worthy volume does not make a new group of book-lovers among the younger generation. — A smaller book, somewhat more technical in character, is *On the Processes for the Production of Ex Libris*, by John Vinycomb. (A. & C. Black, London; Macmillan, New York.) Some of the illustrations are very attractive, but we question if the instructions given would be of much use to the amateur, as they certainly are superfluous to the regular engraver. — Somewhat allied to these two books is a generous quarto, *Heraldry in America*, by Eugene Zieber. (The Bailey, Banks & Biddle Co., Philadelphia.) After an introductory sketch of heraldry in general, Mr. Zieber proceeds to delineate the seals of states, societies, institutions, and persons,

and to initiate the reader, and especially the draughtsman, into the mysteries of heraldry in general and particular. Nearly a thousand illustrations, some in color, decorate the volume, and a copious glossary and good index add much to the usefulness of the book.

Literature and Literary Criticism. *A Shelf of Old Books*, by Mrs. James T. Fields. (Scribners.) Under the general divisions, Leigh Hunt, Edinburgh, From Milton to Thackeray, Mrs. Fields has written some very agreeable sketches of books and men, suggested by a collection of books containing autographs and other personal memorabilia. She takes down one book after another, and makes it the text for some little reminiscence, or some bit of criticism or appreciative comment. The accompanying illustrations, both in the way of portraits and of facsimiles of handwriting, are choice and sometimes unique. Altogether the book is one which a book-lover will linger over, browsing in it as he would browse in the library itself. — Two little books, numbers of the Elizabethan Library, previously noticed here, are, *Green Pastures*, a selection from Robert Greene's works made by A. B. Grosart, and *The Poet of Poets*, being the love verse from the minor poems of Edmund Spenser, by the same editor. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.) It would be enough to have Spenser's sonnets brought thus together into convenient form, but Mr. Grosart has culled from other parts of Spenser's works those verses which come strictly within his plan. In the selection from Greene we have both prose and verse: apothegm on the one hand, and on the other such dainty verse as his *Cradle Song*. We cannot wholly praise the *format* of these books. Pretty outside, they have an unnecessary affectation of old age in their rheumatic backs and stiff joints. — *The Poems of William Drummond of Hawthornden*, edited, with a *Memoir and Notes*, by W. C. Ward. (Imported by Scribners.) Two volumes of the *Muses' Library*. When we come to value poetry and to read it with delight, we shall not be so affected by the contemporaneous as we are in other forms of art, and Drummond's poems, with their delicate fragrance, their gentle reflection of a great age of poetry, will be more familiar than they are now. But a generation of readers which overestimates the

quatrain is not likely to inquire very earnestly after the leisurely work of a recluse. — Two small volumes introduce a new series, *The Lyric Poets* (J. M. Dent & Co., London; Macmillan, New York), which commends itself by the prettiness of binding and the beauty of typography; for the print, though small, as it should be on a small page, is clear and sharp. They are both edited by Ernest Rhys; the first being a collection, under the title *The Prelude to Poetry*, of notable prose and verse by poets in defense of their art, — Chaucer, Spenser, Sir Philip Sidney, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Wordsworth, and others being drawn upon. An etched portrait of Sidney prefaces the volume. The second contains the *Lyric Poems* of Spenser, and covers a little more ground than Mr. Grosart's selection already mentioned. — *Talk at a Country House*, by Sir Edward Strachey, Bart. (Houghton.) Readers of *The Atlantic* who have read these papers as printed in the magazine will need only to be reminded that they have been gathered into a comely volume, with a charming frontispiece, showing the Squire among his family portraits, and Foster, shall we say, transformed for the nonce into a comfortable cat. An engraved title-page gives a hint, also, of the old manor house where the talks were held. The genial mellowness of tone which pervades this book is most welcome, for grapes which have long hung in a sunny exposure have a flavor which is wanting to mere hothouse culture. — *In the Dozy Hours, and Other Papers*, by Agnes Repplier. (Houghton.) We are half disposed to look the other way when we praise this little book, for Miss Repplier is so identified with *The Atlantic* as an essayist that it is like looking at the most thumbed pages of the magazine to turn these leaves. The light touch is here, the penetrating shaft of the other light, the generous appreciation of good things in literature, the witty turn upsetting mere conventions, the sense always of abundance and spirit in life.

Biography. *The Life and Letters of Maria Edgeworth*, edited by Augustus J. C. Hare. (Houghton.) Mr. Hare has limited his editorial function almost exclusively to the selection of letters, and he has based his work on the privately printed collection of Miss Edgeworth's letters which

her stepmother gathered. Inasmuch as this is in effect the first full and authoritative memoir, we think Mr. Hare would not have exceeded his privileges if he had given a fuller commentary both in the way of connecting passages and of notes. For the reader who is in a measure familiar with the subject these two volumes are most delightful reading, and even he who makes Miss Edgeworth's acquaintance here for the first time will encounter a pretty distinct figure, though he may not at first clearly grasp the family connections and the course of her career. — *Three Heroines of New England Romance*. (Little, Brown & Co.) The three heroines are Priscilla, Agnes Surriage, and Martha Hilton; the tellers of the romance are Mrs. Spofford, Miss Alice Brown, and Miss Guiney; and Mr. Edmund H. Garrett has illustrated the book liberally with sketches, besides providing an agreeable little running comment of notes at the end of the volume. The three narrators have rendered Longfellow and Holmes into prose, and Mr. Bynner is lightly hinted at. The product is graceful, but we suspect a good deal of the reader's pleasure is like that given by outline memoranda of pictures, dependent upon the lively filling up which the memory supplies. — *Lucy Larcom, Life, Letters, and Diary*, by Daniel Dulany Addison. (Houghton.) The reader who is already familiar with Miss Larcom's early life through her own delightful *A New England Girlhood* will turn with most interest to that portion of her life which shows the outcome of the early years. Mr. Addison has wisely allowed the letters and diary of Miss Larcom to speak for her wherever it is possible, and the narrative, consequently, of her religious expansion is almost autobiographical. It is noticeable how her friendship for two men, Whittier and Phillips Brooks, colored and enriched her own experience. The mellowness of her later years, in spite of privation and ill health, is very apparent. — *The Life of John Patterson, Major-General in the Revolutionary Army*, by his Great-Grandson, Thomas Egleston. (Putnams.) — *Memoirs of William Nelson Pendleton, D. D., Rector of Latimer Parish, Lexington, Va.; Brigadier-General C. S. A.; Chief of Artillery, Army of Northern Virginia*. By his Daughter, Susan P. Lee. (Lippincott.)

—More Memories, being Thoughts about England, spoken in America, by the Very Rev. S. Reynolds Hole, Dean of Rochester. (Macmillan.)

Fiction. Synnövé Solbakken, by Björnsterne Björnson. Given in English by Julie Sutter. (Macmillan.) The first of a series of translations of Björnson's writings, and so introduced by a leisurely essay by Edmund Gosse. If a new translation of Björnson's writings was needed, especially in America, where the complete series can be had in good form, it is a pity it should not be closer to the original than this, — more tintured with the peculiar Norse flavor. — Pomona's Travels, by Frank R. Stockton. Illustrated by A. B. Frost. (Seribners.) Mr. Stockton shows his art in this amusing book by the care with which he preserves the image of Pomona, and yet recognizes the development of that ingenious handmaiden into the presentable wife of Jone. She writes her letters descriptive of travel in England with just enough departure from the correct usage of the English tongue to make them in keeping with her education, and not so much as to cheapen them. It is the same Pomona who used to read aloud her thrilling stories in Rudder Grange that now goes to a hunt on a tricycle, and has dealings with the family-tree man. It is an example to our humorists, this nice reserve, this stopping short of the burlesque, and the result is a thoroughly characteristic and delightful book. — Two Strings to his Bow, by Walter Mitchell. (Houghton.) Readers of *The Atlantic* who recall Mr. Mitchell's capital story with this title ought to know that, in reprinting it in book form, he has added as much more, giving the entertaining love passages of the Rev. Cresswell Price with the complications which grew out of his early masquerade. — Out of Step, by Maria Louise Pool. (Harpers.) — His Vanished Star, by Charles Egbert Craddock. (Houghton.) — What Necessity Knows, by L. Dougall. (Longmans.) — A Flower of France, a Story of Old Louisiana, by Marah Ellis Ryan. (Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.) — In Exile, and Other Stories, by Mary Hallock Foote. (Houghton.)

Religion and Philosophy. Religious Progress, by Alexander V. G. Allen. (Houghton.) It is possible that to those who do not know Dr. Allen's writings the title of

this small volume may not be especially suggestive or inviting; yet we do not believe any one ready to be interested in the large problems of life could fail, after he had read a few pages, to go on to the end, and then because there was no more to turn back and re-read certain portions. The book, containing two lectures originally delivered before the Yale Divinity School, is a searching and illuminating inquiry into the "reconciling power in life," as he finely says, "which builds the institution under which we live, without regard to intellectual consistency, and to this end makes compromises, or bridges the abysses and contradictions of human philosophies." Dr. Allen is concerned broadly with the religious nature of man, but he has provided a touchstone by which other great interests of human living are given their true value. — *Historical Philosophy in France and French Belgium, and Switzerland*, by Robert Flint. (Seribners.) The able author of a treatise on Theism has begun with this volume the issue of a series of works on the history of the philosophy of history. He proposes to examine those writers who have undertaken in their philosophy to account for the development of human history, and his plan leads him thus into a critical examination of literature which is itself critical on a large and generous scale. The advantage of the scheme is that the reader never gets far away from the facts of human history, and that he is engaged in the study of some of the most interesting of philosophical writers, as Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, Condorcet, Michaud, Thierry, De Maistre, Saint-Simon, Comte, Taine, among others. — *A History of Philosophy, with Especial Reference to the Formation and Development of its Problems and Conceptions*, by Dr. W. Windelband. Translated by James H. Tufts. (Macmillan.) The author states his design in these words: "What I offer is a serious textbook, which is intended to portray in comprehensive and compressed exposition the evolution of the ideas of European philosophy, with the aim of showing through what motives the principles by which we to-day scientifically conceive and judge the universe and human life have been brought to consciousness and developed in the course of the movements of history." This serious textbook has 640 large octavo pages.

History and Geography. Venice, by Alethea Wiel. The Story of the Nations Series. (Putnam's.) To recount the history of Venice, its rise, glory, and decay, a history extending over fourteen centuries, within the limits set by this series, is no easy task. Necessarily, the record will sometimes take the character of, so to speak, an annotated catalogue of facts, but Mrs. Wiel's work is in the main very well proportioned, and the more significant events are duly dwelt upon, though we wish, for the benefit of the general reader for whom the book is intended, that not quite so few pages should have been devoted to Venetian art and architecture. The volume will serve as an excellent introduction to the story of Venice, reflecting as it does enough of the splendor and romance which pervade the annals of that unique city to lure, it is to be hoped, many of its readers to further study. — The Dominion of Canada, with Newfoundland and an Excursion to Alaska, Handbook for Travellers, by Karl Baedeker. (Imported by Scribners.) It is a pleasure to find Baedeker's methods applied to travel on this side of the water, for heretofore the traveler has been at the mercy largely of railway companies. The dry, explicit statement of well-sifted facts is very acceptable, and there is a suppressed glow about the information relating to the Canadian Pacific which well prepares the tourist for a splendor of scenery which ought to discourage the ordinary guidebook writer, but does not. The editor, by the way, ought not to have overlooked the little pocket cathedral at Winnipeg. — Civilization during the Middle Ages, especially in Relation to Modern Civilization, by George Burton Adams. (Scribners.) A most interesting essay, in which Professor Adams, gathering up the various threads of life in the Middle Ages, traces the development of ideas and institutions from the end of the fifth century to the beginning of the sixteenth. The commercial, the legal, the ecclesiastical threads are by turns followed; the gradual rise of nationalities, the influence of the papacy, and finally the Reformation are all considered, and very intelligently marshaled. The student finds himself in the hands of a clear, orderly thinker who deals with phenomena; if, in addition, he will read Professor Allen's Continuity of Religious Thought, he will find a still more profound

line of orderly development. The two books complement each other.

Nature and Travel. Wild Beasts, a Study of the Characters and Habits of the Elephant, Lion, Leopard, Panther, Jaguar, Tiger, Puma, Wolf, and Grizzly Bear, by J. Hampden Porter. (Scribners.) The author of this very readable volume makes an earnest and praiseworthy attempt to depict the true nature of each of his subjects, letting neither popular fancies nor fallacies influence him. Sometimes, perhaps, in combating views which seem to him imaginative or mistaken, he errs a little in the opposite direction; but be this as it may, he shows unusual fitness for his task, and a good deal of skill in its accomplishment. With one striking exception, his studies do not appear to have been made, at least to any considerable extent, at first hand, but he reviews the testimony of many mighty hunters, making liberal excerpts from their works. By far the most noteworthy pages in the book are those which tell the story of Gato. Generally tales of domesticated wild beasts end abruptly when the pet has passed babyhood, but this puma of pumas lived in close intercourse with his human friend from infancy to "splendid maturity," and the tie was unbroken when the poor animal perished untimely. In this vivid but all too brief record of personal experience the writer is at his best; but why should he try to analyze the kind and degree of regard or respect received from Gato? Was it not enough to be honored with his preference? The illustrations to the volume are from excellent photographs. — Our Native Birds of Song and Beauty, being a Complete History of all the Songbirds, Flycatchers, Humming-Birds, Swifts, Goatsuckers, Woodpeckers, Kingfishers, Trogons, Cuckoos, and Parrots of North America, by Henry Nehrling. (George Brumder, Milwaukee.) This is the first volume, quarto, of an extended work, and contains thirty-six colored plates after water-color paintings, by Professors Robert Ridgway and A. Goering, and Gustav Muetzel. The author's residence in Wisconsin and his travels in the South and Southwest render his work complementary to those more distinctly Eastern, and he enters his field with genuine enthusiasm and first-hand knowledge as well as discriminating reading. — Across Asia on a Bicycle, the Journey of Two American Students

from Constantinople to Peking, by Thomas G. Allen, Jr., and W. L. Sachtleben. (The Century Co.) — Hoofs, Claws, and Antlers of the Rocky Mountains, by the Camera, Photographic Reproductions of Wild Game from Life. With an Introduction by Hon. Theodore Roosevelt. (Frank S. Thayer, Denver, Colo.) These pictures were taken by Mr. and Mrs. Wallihan, and are truer to life, undoubtedly, than if the photographers had been dominated by some inscrutable artistic purpose. Their own notes on the pictures are simple, direct, and effective.

Entertainment. A Century of Charades, by William Bellamy. (Houghton.) The character of this truly ingenious book is well sustained by the felicitous manner in which the would-be guesser is given the key to the answer in each case without at the same time having any other secret unlocked. The

very human sphinx and the puzzled owl on the cover typify well the attitude of questioner and guesser engaged on these one hundred poetical charades, which range from a distich to a page in length, and from ease to great puzzlement in quality. We hope the book will divert many from the profitless attempt at the solution of graver riddles. — Four farces by Mr. Howells and a comedy by Brander Matthews are included in Harper's Black and White Series. Mr. Howells's little group appear in *The Mouse-Trap*, *Five O'Clock Tea*, *The Garroters*, and *A Likely Story*, and disport themselves with that delightful extravagance which in real life, if kept up, would take them all to Somerville or the Nervine. Mr. Matthews has made a capital little comedy, which is not above being a possibility on the stage.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Interest in
the Uninter-
esting.

If one were looking for a clue which should lead into the innermost secret of modern educational reform, one might find it in the word "interesting." The fundamental proposition of the present is that one can do well only that in which one is really interested. So far, so good. It would be hard to find any opponents to this thesis; for no one who has accomplished anything in this world can fail to recognize the vast difference between his results when he has been doing routine duty, and when he has, if only for a moment, been carried forward by an absorbing interest. The turning-point in the life of many a youth has come when he has first actually felt the passion of work upon him. I recall the case of a lad who, during three quarters of his college life, was the despair of all who knew him, idle, indifferent, silly, apparently without even character enough to be bad. Four years from that time he was graduating from the medical school at the head of his class, and with an unblemished record throughout his course for diligence, enthusiasm, and sound sense. I asked him what it was that had waked him up; and he said it was simply that, in the summer vacation

after that third college year, he had taken hold of a job of work which he was compelled to do to save his degree, and, for the first time in his life, had carried it through to the end. In carrying it through he had found his interest aroused, and from that time on it had never flagged. He could hardly speak of the beautiful operation for appendicitis without emotion.

There can be no doubt about it: one does thoroughly well, in the highest sense of the word, only that in which one is interested. But our friends the educators have added a corollary to this proposition. They have said, or implied, that, this being the case, one should undertake to do only, or at least chiefly, that in which one is already interested. Is this safe ground? If one confines it to the choice of a profession for life, the argument appears sound enough. One ought to choose as a life work that in which one expects to find the deepest and most permanent interest, even if it be only the interest in getting money. Only so can one hope for true success. Yet even here one assumes that he who is beginning life has already a well-defined interest in something; and in how many cases this is not the fact, we all know, if we know any-

thing of youth. As we go down in the scale of experience the argument gets less and less trustworthy. It answers pretty well in the higher stages of college study, and the good results are hardly questioned by any who have watched the experiments now going on in the use of the elective principle in colleges. By means of this principle it has been possible for young men to turn their activities into those lines of study which especially appeal to them, in this way to get better results, and so to gain something, be it ever so little, of that exaltation of spirit which comes from actual achievement. Still, one who is familiar with the student mind cannot overlook the fact that choice of one field of work means the neglect or avoidance of another; and he who knows the ways of youth knows that the principle of the least resistance is far too tempting to be trusted without caution. The method of choice works well in the higher grades of college work, but its dangers are manifest.

As we come into the lower stages of education, we reach a zone, not precisely definable, in which the dangers become more prominent and the advantages more questionable. To almost any youth under, say, eighteen, nothing in the way of study is either violently uninteresting or notably enticing. Doubtless one thing "comes easier" to him than another, and if left to himself he is very, very likely to mistake this ease of acquisition as an indication of permanent interest. Of course, in all this talk genius is barred. Genius, as it will submit to no rules, so also needs no rules. The question is: For the vast multitude of youth, is it safer to say, "Attempt nothing in which you are not interested, lest your accomplishment therein be poor," or to say, "Don't worry about whether a subject be interesting or not, but believe that, on the whole, the traditions of the past will guide you more safely than you can guide yourself just yet, and do what comes to you as if it were the only thing possible for you to do at the time"? Good accomplishment is indeed one of the great stimuli to the intellectual life, but it is only one. The sense of having done faithfully, and a little better than we have done it before, some kind of work that was not "interesting" is also a stimulus, and a powerful one. I hardly know of a more precious gift to

any man than the power of seeing the interest which lies concealed in the "uninteresting." Everything is interesting if you can get into it far enough, and he who can fit the sweeping of his room into its right place in the law of God finds that it is no longer the sweeping of a room, but the adjusting of one tiny yet essential spring into the mechanism of the universe.

The vast burden of every human life is routine, and one's own routine is seldom "interesting." The real problem of every education is how best to prepare a man to carry his lifelong burden joyfully. Surely it is not by deceiving him into the hope that it will be entertaining, nor by teaching him to avoid it as far as he can. Is it not rather by trying, in so far as in us lies, to make him see the interest which the uninteresting may have for him? We Americans are perhaps in greater danger than others in this matter, because the whole tendency of our life is towards the avoidance or the removal of unpleasant things. It is a curious fact that the Continental languages do not offer precise equivalents for our word "comfort." We all understand, however, what that word means: it is the avoidance of discomforts, the making our way as straight and as soft as possible, the padding of rough spots, the cultivation of fastidious refinements, in which the American leads all the world. The danger in our education is that we shall go so far in directing our children's minds to the interesting that they will cultivate the same dread of that which does not interest them at once which we are all cultivating as to the stuffing of our chairs, the elegance of our traveling arrangements, the fastidiousness of our toilet, and so on.

By the side of the principle that one does best that in which one is interested let us place two others in equally large letters. First, that within the dullest routine there lies hidden some element of interest, if we will only do the thing nearest as if there could not be any other work possible to us. There does not seem to be much poetry in the digging of a garden bed. To the clown there is none, but the man of thought and refinement will find in the sweet odor of the upturned earth, in the skill needed to bring the under layer to the surface, to open all to the action of the sun and air, to finish off the top true and even, ready for the

seeding, and in the thought that this is not mere earth, but potential life and beauty in form and color and perfume, — in all these he will find an interest which will lift his work at once upward into the region of true creative activity. The second principle is that, even when work is wholly without interest, there is a discipline in the conquest of a disagreeable task which is of itself an indispensable part of the training of a man. "Waterloo was won on the football field of Eton," and the lesson of discipline which the youth knows so well how to apply in his sports must be learned also in preparation for the Waterloos of the intellect.

Mugwumps and their Forbears. — The late Regius Professor of History at Oxford has left to the world as a parting legacy his brilliant lectures on Erasmus. In these he has given a picture of one who may be called the ideal member of that rare order of which I write. That order has been designated by various names, more or less derogatory, — time-servers, Laodiceans, trimmers, Adulterates, and, more lately, by the epithet "mugwump," which, having a local usage in Connecticut, traceable to Eliot's Indian Bible (wherein, by the way, it stood for something entirely different), has become a part of our political speech. Those to whom it is applied form a class, never a large one, of persons who possess the power of seeing fairly the opposite sides of a question, and who lack the barnacle faculty of sticking tight to whatever one is attached, whether it be the steadfast rock or the restless keel. Either conservative or progressive, party men are the rule, "mugwumps" the exception. But the mugwump is not to be confounded with the Vicar of Bray class, nor yet with the "third party" adventurer who makes his profit by holding the balance of power, though he may resemble both. When the mugwump wavers, it is to desert the winning for the losing side. If he creates a party, he presently steps out of it to criticize. Cleanness of hands and cleanness of head are his virtues, and these often go with a squeamish niceness which uses the sunshine of good fortune to discover the spots which in days of cloud are invisible.

The reason for the smallness of this class is not far to seek. The judicial talent — that is, the power of accurate maintaining of mental equipoise — is won by slow degrees. Men

of action require present certainties or preponderant probabilities, and have no time to waste in examination. It is often noticed that when a lawyer of eminence is raised to the bench, his first year at *nisi prius* is apt to stir the wrath of the bar. He cannot at once lay off the advocate's habit of identifying himself with the side to which he inclines. He decides justly enough, as a rule; but the piece of evidence or the line of argument which moves him stands to him in his notes for his brief, and instead of charging his jury he labors for their verdict as if he held a retainer from Doe or Roe. It is only after a few reversals *in banco*, and the purgatorial fire which counsel so deftly and politely apply to their legal masters, that the ermine emerges from the silk gown.

The mugwump is a product of modern civilization. He is not to be found in the history of the Grecian states any more than in that which nearly resembles it, the history of the Italian cities of the Middle Ages. There was a triple influence at work which prevented the chances of his arising. Each Greek commonwealth felt the inextinguishable jealousy of its rivals. Sometimes in concert with this, and sometimes in opposition to it, was the ever-moving struggle between aristocracy and democracy. Over all was the broad bond of Hellenic nationality, which was felt when the little peninsula between the Adriatic and the Ægean seas was threatened by foreign foes. A Greek was swayed now by one and now by another of these forces, and was never sure which would be the prevailing one. The statesman who attempted to take a middle place between contending factions found himself forced into alliance with one or the other of these outside influences.

When authentic Roman history is reached, the day of political principles has passed. In the time of Julius Cæsar, in the days of the triumvirates, and under the Empire, the only real question was one of personal leadership. A Roman followed Cæsar or Pompey, Antony or Octavius, as the chief in a great civil strife, either from attachment to the man or from self-interest in his triumph. It was a simple calculation of the odds of success. It is impossible to read a page of Sallust or Cicero without seeing how the personal element predominated. All the high-flown declamation about the *res augusta Romæ* meant only the Rome

which should belong to my party, and not to your party. When, after the fall of the Latin Empire, the huge imbroglia of feudal Europe arose, the same personal instinct was uppermost. It was of the essence of feudality that a man should remain true to the chief to whom he owed immediate fealty. Upward through various gradations everybody was supposed to belong to somebody else, till the two topmost over-lordships of pope and kaiser, in church and state, were reached. To fall off from one rule was to come under its rival.

It might seem as if, in the Wars of the Roses, a political principle was involved, but that was the mere pretext under which the great houses of York and Lancaster struggled for the crown. The real motives by which Warwick was swayed from side to side were the fortunes of the Nevilles, and his personal friendships or antipathies toward Henry or Edward.

The Reformation offered the first opportunity for the divided and balancing mind to find its place. Erasmus is the foremost representative of a position in which many found themselves. Though he remained faithful to the ideal Church into which he was born by baptism, and from which he received the orders of the priesthood, he never ceased to fight the actual Church. Its doctrines, its organization, its rites, its crimes, and its follies he never apologized for or ceased to attack. He seems to have clung to his nominal allegiance chiefly for the chartered liberty it gave him of saying more effectively what he thought fit. Of the two real adversaries, the Romish clergy, the monks especially, who resisted all reform, and the root-and-branch Lutherans, he was equally the foe. Both parties tried in vain to secure his great powers in their own exclusive service. He loved ease and literary leisure as only one of his high abilities and delicate temperament could love these, and yet to the last he refused the positions which could fetter his freedom of utterance. He shrank from peril, but less from personal timidity than from his conviction that persecution settled nothing. He was equally unwilling to burn or to be burnt, because he felt that this was the most illogical and ineffectual way of refuting an opponent.

One must come down a century to meet with the next great illustrator of this topic,

Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland, whom the present Contributor has always greatly admired. Macaulay used his polished satire upon him, and has sketched for him a possible career on the supposition that he survived the fatal field of Newbury. A thoroughgoing partisan like Macaulay, of whom a friend said, "I wish I was as cock-sure of anything as Tom Macaulay is of everything," was unable to comprehend a man who would not commit himself unreservedly to one side or the other in a great civil strife. Like the Church of Rome, he was indeed willing to allow the plea of invincible ignorance to those not on his side. They are mistaken, yet perhaps cannot help it. But that any should see the good and the evil in both parties, and espouse neither for better or for worse, was to him the sign of radical weakness. He felt in the same way toward Halifax and Temple, men by no means of the same loftiness of character, but whose likeness in intellect and temperament led them in the same path.

The mugwump earns no high place on the rolls of fame. He does not bring great results to pass, or reach an absolute end. But the world is more and more learning that great results are not always happy results, and absolute ends desirable finalities. Luther achieved the dismemberment of Latin Christianity, and to-day the hearts of the good and devout are anxiously asking for the restoration of lost unity. Could it be offered on the platform of Erasmus it might be gladly accepted. Cromwell overthrew the ancient monarchy and the Church of England. The nation was glad to get them back on almost any terms. Robespierre triumphed over the Girondins. To-day their memory is pityingly honored, while his is execrated.

The looker-on who notes the headlong rush of the locomotive, or peers into the engine-room of a great ocean steamer, loses himself in the contemplation of power and energy. But he does not see, unless instructed, the restraining devices by which the enormous forces of the steam are checked and controlled. The work of the mugwump is akin to that of these hidden valves and stops. He is angrily or contemptuously thrust aside by the men of sharp and fixed ideas, who are ready to pay any price to reach their millennial imaginings, but who find out, when these are reached, the reality

of the latent defects which lurk in their schemes.

To recur to the figure used before, the partisan barnacle sticks to its rock, let the waves lash it as they will, or clings to moving ship, unknowing that it really clogs the progress it exults in ; but out of it comes nothing (unless we accept the ancient legend), not even a goose.

"He that wavereth," said that stanch old conservative, St. James, "is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed ;" but the wave has power not only to wash clean the shores of continents, but to preserve the purity and vigor of the illimitable ocean. To its sharp and bitter brine the barnacle owes the life which enabled the shellfish to cleave fast to the support of its choice. Give to the extremists, whether ultramontane or radical, their own way, and the consequences would be unmix'd calamity. It is the far-seeing and moderating influence of the mugwumps of the world, the remnant who do not bow the knee to the Baal of the hour, which enables the true prophet to come in his appointed time, and to do his needful work.

Rossini, Composer and Gourmet.

— The bringing out of Verdi's *Othello* at the Paris Opéra, and the final closing up of the restaurant Magny, — both important events of the late autumn of 1894, — have stranded safely from the ebb tide of Rossini's fame some noteworthy anecdotes.

It was in 1816 that Rossini wrote his *Otello* and brought it out in the Fondo theatre of Naples. Murat had just been driven away, and the people were celebrating the return of the Bourbons. Rossini's director at that time was the "prodigious *impresario*," of whom Stendhal spoke so often, not always in good part, — a man who had risen from being messenger boy, horse jockey, café waiter, usurious money-lender on a small scale, farmer-out of the public gaming-tables, to be director, first of La Scala at Milan, and afterwards of San Carlo and the Fondo in Naples. *Il Napoleone degli impresarii* made a cast-iron contract with the composer, whose coming popularity he had scented, binding him to write two new operas a year, and to arrange suitably any old ones that he, Domenico Barbaja, might choose for either of his two theatres. This was to go on for several years, during which Rossini was to be paid annually

twelve thousand francs, with an interest of some two thousand more in the gaming-tables, — not three thousand dollars in all.

Rossini made hay while the sun shone, in more senses than one. His first opera was on Elizabeth, queen of England, in which the title rôle fell to the singer Colbran, Barbaja's special favorite and property. Rossini ended by running away with her and marrying her, to repent of his bargain later, so far as one of such ineradicable high spirits could repent.

Meanwhile San Carlo was burned, and the composer was allowed to go off to Rome to write the Barber of Seville. When his director demanded the opera for the Fondo, *Otello* was forthcoming. The libretto was contemptible as poetry, but it followed in the main Shakespeare's story, and the music won a great success. So the piece went travelling through the Italian cities. Lord Byron was present in Venice when it came out, and wrote : "They have crucified *Othello* in opera. The music is good, but lugubrious. As to the words, all the real scenes of *Iago* have been cut out. They have substituted for them the greatest nonsense conceivable ; the handkerchief has become a *billet-doux*, and the leading singer would not black his face." In Rome things went worse yet. The audience would not hear of Desdemona being killed. So it was arranged that when *Othello* raised his *cangiario* to strike her, she should fall on her knees, crying, "I am innocent !" "Is it true ?" questioned the terrible Moor. "I swear it !" was the answer. And *Othello*, taking Desdemona by the hand, led her to the front of the stage, where, both smiling, they sang the duo from the composer's *Armida* — and the curtain fell.

In 1821 *Otello* was produced in Paris, and for a time nothing was heard along the boulevard but the songs of the gondolier and the willow. Poets like Lamartine and the very young Alfred de Musset joined with musicians like Boieldieu in extravagant praise. Stendhal wrote : "The glory of Rossini has no other bounds than those of civilization ; and he is not yet thirty years old." Malibran took the part of Desdemona to her father Garcia's *Othello*. The latter was so real in his tragedy that the daughter sometimes feared he would actually kill her. (The Roman softening of the plot had been abandoned.) In

New York, where they were singing, the wicked squint-eyes of her father made so terrifying an impression on her, one night, that, seizing his uplifted hand, she bit it till the blood flowed. Garcia bellowed with rage, and the audience applauded frantically, not dreaming how real was the artists' acting. It was in Rossini's *Otello* that Tamberlick made his famous *ut* heard. The piece kept its vogue in Paris as long as it was sung in its original Italian. In 1844 a French adaptation was given at the Opéra proper, and the Romanticists, who prided themselves on knowing and appreciating their Shakespeare, indignantly organized a campaign against it. Théophile Gautier led the attack, with a criticism more delicious to present ears than the *naïvetés* of the piece itself.

First was the regulation compliment to Rossini, as to Wagner nowadays. "All the Germans and all the Israelites [Meyerbeer, evidently] will vainly gnaw their nails and wear out their arms up to the elbow on their pianos, to find little phrases of three or four measures; they will never succeed in producing one of those melodies which the *maestro* sends flying from his bedside without taking the trouble to gather them up."

Next comes the serious head-shaking. "When the poet is the great William Shakespeare, neither more nor less, the case is grave. . . . It is very probable that Rossini, ignorant great genius that he is, had no knowledge of the real Moor of Venice." And so on *ad infinitum*.

The piece did not survive the attack, and only fragments of it remained popular for concert music. Rossini himself, in a letter to "a young composer" who had asked him how to make an overture, amused himself long afterwards with remembrances of these earlier pieces.

"1. Wait till the eve of the day fixed for the representation. Nothing stirs up the spirit more than necessity, the presence of a copyist waiting for your work, and the importunity of a director in trouble who tears out his hair by the handful. In my time, in Italy, all directors were bald before they were thirty years old.

"2. I composed the overture of *Otello* in a little room of Barbaja's palace, where that baldest and fiercest of directors had shut me up by force, with nothing but a dish of macaroni, and with the threat that I

should not quit the room with my life until I had written the last note.

"3. I wrote the overture of the *Gazza Ladra* the day of its first representation, under the roof of La Scala, where I had been imprisoned by the director, and where I was watched by four stage carpenters, who had orders to throw my work down from the window, sheet by sheet, to the copyists waiting below to transcribe it. In default of paper with music on it, they were to throw me out of the window.

"4. For the Barber of Seville I did better. I had not composed an overture, but I took one which I designed for an opera *semiseria* called *Elisabetta*. The public was highly pleased.

"5. I composed the overture of *Comte Ory* while fishing, with my feet in the water, in company of M. Aguado (the well-known Spanish banker of Paris), and while he was talking to me about the finances of Spain.

"6. The overture of *William Tell* was written under very similar circumstances.

"7. As to *Moses in Egypt*, I made no overture at all."

Rossini might treat his music lightly, but his dinners — never. One biographer says of him: "I have seen him weep only twice in his life. . . . The second time was on Lake Lemán, one day when a sudden swell caused to fall into the water a truffled pullet which he was making ready to carve."

In 1842, a famous cook who had married the sister of Papa Brébant, *restaurateur des lettres*, opened the restaurant Magny in an old house in a narrow street of the Latin Quarter. It was as old as the first theatre of the Comédie-Française, which has left its name to the neighboring Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie. This was the centre of the life of the schools before Baron Haussmann opened the wide Boulevard Saint-Michel. At the corner was the Rue Saint-André-des-Arts, which Du Maurier has thinly disguised in the very real romance of the unreal Trilby. Here were the Café Procope frequented by Voltaire, and La Belle Rôtisserie, and many another nucleus of art, culinary and otherwise. One of the first clients of Magny was Rossini. The two respected profoundly each other's art, as did Alexandre Dumas and Bignon later. Between them they invented an artistic triumph, which has so far lived as long as the master's music. This was the "*filet* Rossini," with

the "*purée* Magny." Rossini needed three saucepans for the preparation of the dish to which he has left his name. One was for the meat itself, the second for the *foie gras* with butter, the third for the truffles *au Madère*. The *purée* was made from potatoes baked in the oven, emptied out of their jackets with a spoon, passed through a sieve, and worked with an equal quantity of the freshest butter of Normandy.

These were Rossini's golden days, when his patronage was good as gold. By the time of the first Paris World's Fair in 1855, the little old place, with its miller's ladder leading to the upper rooms for private dinners, could charge a boulevardier fifty francs for his special dish of "chicken lights *à la suprême*." It was in the later years of Rossini, and without his presence, that Sainte-Beuve and Gavarni the caricaturist organized the dinners at Magny's, where Turgéneff met Théophile Gautier and Flaubert, and Renan held the indiscreet discourse reported by the Goncourt brothers.

Collecting Birds' Eggs. — If it be true that the child, in his individual life from the cradle up, is a fair representative of the various stages in the advance of the race, then at some particular period every boy must be a young savage. One peculiarity of the savage is his recklessness of life, and it is therefore important that the boy should be educated out of that stage as fast as possible. It is sometimes hard to do this, and at the same time develop a taste for natural history. But the two can go hand in hand, if there be wise instructors. Is it wise, however, as has been suggested, to advise the robbing of birds' nests as one step in this development in street boys? Even those who should know better destroy many rare birds by taking the eggs. The rarer the birds, indeed, the more diligently does the professional collector seek for their eggs.

Mr. Eldridge E. Fish, the author of that charming book *The Blessed Birds*, says with reference to this: "The Agassiz Association, itself a worthy organization, with laudable aims, soon had thousands in its ranks who degenerated into mere specimen-gatherers. The egg-collecting craze infected boys alike in cities, villages, and rural districts. The country was scoured far and near for nests and eggs. Lawns, hedges, orchards, fields, and highways were mercilessly ransacked, and every nest, common or rare, despoiled;

even cemeteries, always favorite resorts for the birds, were not exempt from the destroyer. Within the last few years millions of eggs have thus been destroyed, and little scientific knowledge gained by this manner of study. . . . I have had thousands brought to me by boys for identification. . . . The boys had little or no knowledge of the subject, often not knowing what species they had robbed. These eggs were to them as so many marbles, or other toys, — trophies, valuable only as objects of barter; but the effects on the bird population were none the less injurious. . . . Our birds have all been identified and described, and a further persecution of them in that direction is selfishly barbarous, and ought not longer to be tolerated."

By all means let the boys learn to know the birds. Mr. H. E. Parkhurst, in *The Birds' Calendar*, tells how that can be done without killing a bird or robbing a nest. And if boys wish to know more about the eggs of the different species, any city lad can have the privilege of studying eggs at the various natural history museums, and can exercise his skill in other directions by making wax imitations of them. A complete description of the way to do this is given in *The Extermination of Birds*, by Edith Carrington.

An egg seems a trifle, but if it is the cradle from which might have sprung a wood thrush or a bobolink, it is a serious loss to crush it.

One of the surest ways of acquiring an influence over rough boys is to instill into their hearts a love of nature, or rather to develop that love which is dormant in most of us. But is it not better, along with such an education, to give also lessons in self-control; to teach them to find nests, study them, and even examine the eggs, without touching them; to gather for botanical purposes only as many flowers as are really necessary, leaving some to beautify the earth and to multiply their kind; to study trees without girdling the trunks; and to hunt for frog spawn without stoning the frogs? A genuine love of nature means such sympathy with all nature's children, animal and vegetable, that the lover learns to exercise a jealous care lest they suffer at his hands. With this proviso, let the street boys go into the fields and woods; the more of them, the better.